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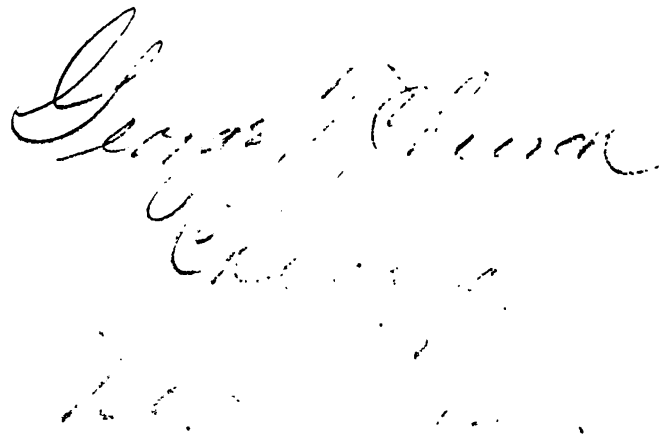

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G. L. Morrill

TRACKS OF A TENDERFOOT.

In Africa, Asia and Europe

BY

GULIAN LANSING MORRILL

ILLUSTRATED

MINNEAPOLIS
1902

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To My Mother

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THE WANDERINGS OF THE TENDERFOOT.

FOREWORD.

I have been told that the gulls which follow ships as they cross the Atlantic are the ghosts of travelers doomed to expiate the innumerable lies which they have told on their return home. "Haec fabula docet." But I'll not preach and this moral has no story. If this book is as prosy as a sermon the reader is at liberty to do as he did when I occupied the pulpit—nod with Homer and wake up with the benediction—after the collection.

G. L. M.

Minneapolis, May 1902.

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TRACKS OF A TENDERFOOT.

CHAPTER I.

ON SHIPBOARD

Our ship was like a chained leviathan panting to be free in the sea for which she was made. Hundreds of friends of passengers came to say "Bon voyage." One woman in particular of starboard length and portly width remarked, "How I hate a crowd," and proceeded to prove it by shipping herself between me and the foregangway. Later she was the "Girl I left behind me." It was a cold, raw morning. The decks were crowded. "All visitors ashore" at last rang out on the frosty air, chilling the flowers which had been brought, but not the prayers or tears of those who knew a love which neither time nor shock could weaken or destroy. The hawsers were cast off; the tug boats pulled us around; the pilot boat came along side; the pilot climbed our ladder; and steered us toward the open sea so wide, so deep, so long and left us. Tennyson's thought was ours.

For though from out this bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.

Figures are deceiving, but try to imagine our ship of twelve thousand tons burden; five hundred and seventy-five feet in length; masts one hundred and twenty-five feet from the upper deck; and the whole ably manned from Captain McAuley on the bridge, to the stokers in the hold feeding one hundred and thirty-six fires with one hundred and eighty tons of coal per day. The New England was the largest passenger boat floated in the Mediterranean sea; to say nothing of the passengers' size, three hundred and five woman and two hundred and twenty men, some of whom were the biggest and best one could possibly meet with on land or sea.

What Irving says in his "To an American visiting Europe the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative," I question. If you are well you are prepared to eat and drink and may be merry all the day long in walking, talking, reading, smoking, writing, studying, playing cards, dressing, flirting, playing piano, singing, listening to orchestra, napping, boasting how much your friends think of you and you of them, or planning how to do the city without being "done up" by some infamous interpreter,

heartless hack driver or swindling shopkeeper whose knowledge of Scripture is limited to "I was a stranger and they took me in."

If you are sick you will feel like giving up all you hold dear except your hold on the side of the bunk, which you tighten as the ship rolls and pitches, thanking the builder that the state room is no larger for you to be banged and bounced around in; while at lucid and quiet intervals you wonder what idiot wrote "Life on the Ocean Wave." "Oh my," I said and groaned, while my Christian Science friend said: "Sea sickness is a delusion!" But "can such (imaginary) things be and overcome us like a summer cloud and not excite our special wonder?"

Scene on Deck, 5 p. m.—Husband to wife: "Well, I think we had better dress for dinner." Wife: "I don't feel like it, but I suppose we had."

Same people in the saloon at 5:30; lady in silk and laces, gentlemen in tuxedo. At 5:35 lady is leaving saloon in a hurry; at 5:45 the gentleman does ditto.

Moral: Be sure of your dinner rather than of your dress.

Count Mal de Mer is no respector of persons. He will take a young belle and wring her until she looks old and worn and her voice is thin and

cracked, while the dear old body whom your heart called "mother" and for whom you feared, is always on deck for a walk and ready for three sittings in the dining-room per diem. There are remedies for sea sickness but the best one I am inclined to believe is death. The preventives are many and expensive; powders, pills and humble diet. The cures more so; bromides, lemons, and phosphates, even to placing a newspaper on your chest and lying down right away. I had a downright lying paper with me and it did very well for everything but the thing it was prescribed for. Let me not be misunderstood. I was not very sea sick. I just felt bad enough to want to be real sick for a change; and the monotony was not relieved for three days. I wasn't like the man who wanted to die but couldn't, and then was afraid to. I just hated myself and between the acts of the comedy of dressing myself in sections and lying down, wished I had an auger long enough to bore through to the keel and sink all on board.

The animals on shipboard enjoyed the passage very much. In our menagerie I saw a Baer, Bull, and Wolf. Later I met a Fish in the swim and a Swan on the water. We had Frost and Snow on leaving Boston, and bright Stars visible day and night. Let the great dramatist

ask now, if he pleases, "What's in a name?" and take the above for an answer.

One must be a "good mixer" to make friendly progress on shipboard. It is not so much who your father was, or where you studied or how big your bank account is, but what can you do to please the crowd?

At the dinner table fruits and nuts were served in great abundance. Among them these chestnuts were passed around; "Why are the passengers of the New England like a party going to a comic opera?" "Because they are going to Fun-call." "Why should all bachelors on board get a wife before they return?" "Because they are going to the Maid-era."

Time was ours in large quantities. No papers to read or letters to answer, 'phones to ring up or calls to look after, sermons to prepare or preach or listen to. Clock hands give way to bell tongues which ring out the hours; four hours making a watch (and unmaking every timepiece half an hour a day) until we are driven to desperation. Six watches in twenty-four hours; at 12:30, one; at 1, two; and so on until when 4:00 comes it rings eight. Easy isn't it?

My friends knew the piano was my forte and mathematics my foible, so I learned to keep up with the times by dividing the number of bells

by two, which gave me the hour if I could remember what it was by the "watch."

"The hell of waters, how they howl and hiss!" A stormy sea gives us a new scripture. Dr. Duff, the good missionary, had often read Psalm cvii., 23-31 on land, but when the "Lady Holland" struck the Cape of Good Hope bar and was wrecked, he found the "Traveler's Psalm" a very different thing. We had no big storm and the foolish passenger who wanted one was not gratified; but we were at the look the captain gave him. There had been one the day before and so we got the ground swell of it. Our big ship was the sport of the whistling wind and the savage waves that rolled and rearing themselves thirty feet in the air, washed the upper dack and bridge. This led the captain to send word that there was danger for us who stood in the bow, and we had better come aft or go below, so we accordingly acted upon the hint. Neptune calmed himself somewhat, but we were restless. Our sea legs struck strange attitudes; our bodies various angles; we stood not upon the order of our introduction or going out or going in, but embraced each other without leave or leaving and just held on. One lurch of the ship sent twenty steamer chairs sliding down the deck and their occupants into the scuppers; the fruit, cracker

FUNCHAL, CATHEDRAL.

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and beef tea lunch into each other's arms and faces. An elderly lady struck the rail which resulted in a bruised forehead and blackened eyes. A man lost his balance, upset his wife, clasped another woman and heard his partner shriek, "I think you might hug me instead." Mrs. Lucian Swift strewed shawl, books, Journal, pen and a two-pound box of fine candy over the deck; while Mr. W. B. Chandler, the genial "Soo" Line agent, fell on his knees to a strange lady and laid his head in her lap.

"O Tempora! O Moses!" Let the light go out on this dark picture. An hour after I went to dinner and the dinner went after me in spite of table racks; the ship lurched, waiters lost their balance, and the whole table d'hote took a tumble in my lap. I always was a lucky dog and this was an added proof. "Everything comes my way."

Seriously, the sea's "wide waste of weltering water" is a sublime sight in what it is or seems or does. Byron's matchless Apostrophe is but "moonlight to sunlight" compared with itself. Leaning over the rail looking at the phosphorescent gleam, the curling foam, or the greenish blue wake, I recalled and repeated his "dark, deep, blue ocean; boundless, endless sublime" with new and never before dreamed of feeling. To

think that the great God holds it as a drop in the hollow of His hand and it is the symbol of His mercy in its "wideness."

Through the black and bright, from time of evening till "jocund day stands tip toe on the misty mountain tops," let this wonderful work declare to the children of men, "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

CHAPTER II.

MADEIRA.

The Madeiras belong to Portugal, but I claim them by right of discovery. The islands have an undulating appearance like the crest of a serpent and rise in places from four to six thousand feet. Hills and valleys are covered with violet and purple vines, little villages nestle like flocks on the hillside, and stray huts like lost lambs are found here and there. Madeira means "wood," and once the island was heavy with timber, but some George came here with his little hatchet and got in his deadly work for building material or a match factory.

Early history refers to a big match affair here

between Robert Machim and Anna d'Arfet, whose thoughts lightly turned to love. They promised to leave their happy homes for each other and eloped from England to France in 1346. They were pursued by the storm of papa's boot and Neptune's blow, which took them out of their course and landed them at a spot called Mochico in memory of their devotion. You may dilute this story with sea water, for history, like character, is often doubtful and deceitful. For instance, what of Napoleon, who was brought to Madeira on his way to St. Helena, or of Christopher Columbus, who came to Porto Santo, studied navigation, and married the daughter of Governor Perestrello? We have discovered that he did not discover America, and did do some other things which would not make good reading in Sunday school libraries.

Funchal is the capital of Madeira. It lies on a curving shore; white houses called "quintas," with terraced gardens, surrounded by vineyards and patches of sugar-cane, beautify the slopes.

A small fort, Loo Rock, close to shore, guards the bay, and on the hill behind the city there is a formidable fortress which thundered a salute to us after we had raised the Stars and Stripes and English Jack.

We dropped anchor in the open roadstead

and "dropped" it was, for the cable broke when three hundred and sixty feet had been let out before bottom had been reached. The officers showed a warmth of feeling which made it necessary for the health officer to board the ship and ask what the matter was.

The natives are of Portuguese descent, with a mixture of negro and Moorish blood. They stretched hands across the sea which threatened to overturn their canoes, and tried to sell us lace, parrots, wickerwork and jewelry. They held out umbrellas to catch the coin which we threw them or dived out into the deep water for other pieces, which never got away from them.

On shore the men wore a skin-tight fitting trouser which came to their knees, a coarse shirt covered by a short jacket, rough yellow boots, and a little cap of blue cloth, called "carapuca," shaped like a funnel with a pipe on top, through which we tried to convey a few ideas. The women were polite, some pretty and young and some pretty old. They dressed in a gay looking gown of some native material and a cape of red or blue wool cloth.

But I wanted to see a man, and I had a letter of introduction to him from my friends in Owensboro who had been his early playmates in the old town. This gentleman was the Hon.

Tom Jones, our American consul, and when I say he was a true Kentuckian, the world understands he was the soul of chivalry, courage and companionship.

He asked me if I would take a ride. I said "Yes," and he ordered a bull-cart, for Funchal is the place of the horseless carriage and was even then negotiating for wireless telegraphy, motionless messenger boys and speechless banquets. A bull-cart is a kind of car, built on runners, curtained and made to hold four people, and drawn by oxen which your driver prods and curses as he trots by your side, placing a greasy rag in front of the runners so that they may slide easily. When you want a different ride you climb into a hammock, made of strong canvas fastened to a long pole carried by two men. Instead of a wheelbarrow or truck, laborers carry heavy burdens on their heads, which develops a kind of bull-neck and makes them head strong, as we soon learned.

I found the streets narrow and clean, paved with small round stones. There are no sidewalks; you keep in the "middle of the road." Two public walks, with trees, invite a promenade, and in spring time streams run down the hills and flow across the town in deep channels.

The stores are small. I bought a silver ring,

two bulls and a cart. No window display attracts and bargain counters are unknown. Markets offer poor meat, fresh fish, and vegetables. These, with salt herring and cod, are the leading articles of diet. The dwellings have their ground floor windows fitted with iron bars which give them a jail-like appearance. The houses are painted white, with green latticed blinds. Rich people have larger houses. My friend, Ladd, was attracted to one, met the lady, and with gesture and speech said, "Beautiful, I look around here?" To which she replied, "Certainly, sir; you are very welcome." She was the English-speaking wife of a Portuguese merchant. He was invited in, shown the furnishings, and asked to remain and dine with the husband, whose appearance was soon expected.

The town has a fine public garden, with plants and flowers and a band-stand where an excellent orchestra furnishes free music in the afternoon. I saw a large hospital built by the late Empress of Brazil for the care of consumptives of Brazilian or Portuguese birth. Many things were foreign in name and arrangement, for instance, the proprietor's name, "Jesus," in big letters over the door and gate entrances into paved vestibules from which a double flight of stairs lead to the main room above.

For pleasure, the people go on an excursion by bull-cart, or climb the mountain and descend in a basket sledge on the principal of a toboggan slide. There is a Portuguese club house with card, billiard and ball rooms ,and an English club house, overlooking the sea. The theater is large and finely decorated. The Casino Hotel is built on the site of the house Columbus once occupied. I visited it by night. The gardens were artistically laid out, lights gleamed like stars overhead. while within the building men and women were engaged in playing faro and roulette. A brunette came and said, "Welcome; have some cake and wine," after which she added, "Will you not play?" I said, "Certainly," left her, and sat down to the piano, to her surprise.

A prominent object is the governor's castle-like residence. The city is governed by a president and council of seven. Revenue comes from a tax on imported grain and salt; on fresh fish and meat sold in the open market; on the wine that is exported, the houses occupied, and the merchants carrying on trade. Expense for public improvements and care of the town cannot be very much, and there is a chance for the microbe graft to pursue its dishonest career.

The natives are rich with a poor man's wealth. In this tropical climate the real house plants

are children, and they are very many. The law says they shall go to school; some did, but I'm sure more were down to meet us. But school without "hookey" is like ham without an omelet. I always regret that 'mid all my youthful joy of study I missed the pleasure of playing truant.

Roman Catholicism is the established form of religion. The bishop is at the head of the clergy and his cathedral is at Funchal. Years ago Protestants were regarded as heretics, they had a hard time in life, and at death were taken out for burial at sea, but other beliefs are now tolerated. The wine trade brought the British merchants, they erected a church and have a resident chaplin who conducts the Episcopal service. The Presbyterians followed their example, built a church and stand in their faith for the Free Church of Scotland. On my return from the old cathedral, with its cedar roof, red and gold, Moorish style and silver ornaments, I met a funeral procession. The body was carried on the shoulders of four bearers; the priests marched in front with open book, chanting the service, while relatives and mourners followed behind. Here, as elsewhere, there is no land one can visit where the dark shadow of the grave does not fall on the hearth and heart of man.

We had delightful weather. The city is a

sanitary resort; the mean annual temperature is 66 degrees and sick and tired people come here to find the climate mild in summer and winter, day and night. In such an atmosphere there are innumerable insects, many moths, and nearly a thousand varieties of beetles. One finds a few lizards and turtles. Young Isaac Waltons go out and find choice of several hundred kinds of fish. When it comes to botany, the vegetation is like southern Europe.

The island shows volcanic formation and action. Lagoa, to the east, has a crater five hundred feet in diameter and one hundred and fifty feet deep.

Virgil's "Bucolics" were not inspired by this country. The people generally rent the land but own the house, walls and trees, paying their rental by a per cent of the produce raised. Hired men are not needed, for man and wife are literal "helpmeets." Farming implements are old-fashioned affairs. In absence of meadows, the cattle are fed in the stalls when they are not out in the mountains. Oxen furnish power and the horse is as rare as the Dodo bird. Water is scarce, comes through courses built of masonry, or driven through rock tunnels and has a marketable value.

The people were very sweet to us, for sugar

is one of their staple articles. A long time ago some one brought the cane from Sicily. It may have been an Evil Spirit, for the people have been "Raising Cain" ever since, making a kind of fire-water from a distillation of the thick juice after extracting the sugar. They further grow wheat, barley, Indian corn, good common vegetables, poor apples, pears and peaches, lemons, oranges, guavas, figs, bananas, pineapples, and a custard apple that melts into the remembrance of pies "like mother used to make." They raise a little tobacco from which they make atrocious cigars. A few date palms, more picturesque than palatable, are found on the hill sides, and the upper hills are full of Spanish chestnuts which form a big item of food for the poor.

Some of the natives make coarse linen articles, and boots and shoes for their own use. The girls do a lot of needlework and embroidery, while the old women make wicker-work baskets and chairs from the osiers which grow in the ravines. One of our lady tourists bought a chair which proved to be a kind of white elephant on her hands and under our feet, for it was always on deck and as unmanageable as Victor Hugo's cannon.

I went to a local bank where English merchants cash your bills and checks for a consid-

eration of something more than friendly interest. The people have the French decimal system, a kind of visionary "reis" coin, which makes your calculations crazy. Four thousand five hundred equal a pound sterling, and one thousand make a mil-re or dollar, equal to four shillings and five and one-third pence. I was compelled to go to the postoffice. I wanted some postal cards and stamps for a collection I intended to make. I offered my money and the clerk said, "Fifty reis for one-half dozen." I thought he had raised the price, but I paid the money and staggered to the cable office to wire my family I had reached Madeira in safety and was doing as well as could be expected.

The word Madeira is a synonym for wine. The vine was brought here from Crete as early as the 16th century. The peasants cultivate it on their little patches of land; the merchant buys the "must" from the press, takes it to his store, where he ferments and treats it until it is fit for market. The famous Madeira wine is made from a mixture of black and white grapes, which are also made separately into wines called "Tinta" and "Verdelho." My friend, Consul Jones, insisted that I should dine with him at Reid's new hotel. It is built on the margin of a cliff, one hundred feet above the blue water, and offers

a fine view of shore, mountain and sea. I was introduced to the proprietor and sat down to a big banquet. To my left there was a sweet, old English lady from London who divided her talk between good Queen Victoria and the bad Indians in the Rocky Mountains. She was in fine spirits and not less so when a bottle of Madeira of the vintage of 1860 was opened and a toast was drunk to the success of the "Innocents Abroad."

May not Madeira be spelled Madera? Paul told Timothy, "Use a little wine for thine often infirmities," but history proves that much wine makes bad medicine. If it is true that "In the trembling hand of a drunkard every crimson drop that glowed in the cup is crushed from the roses that once bloomed on the cheeks of some helpless woman," then we must conclude, "O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee 'devil.'"

It was midnight when we left Funchal. The moon veiled herself like a nun and entered her chapel, lit by stars, and I drifted "gently down the tides of sleep."

CHAPTER III.

A DAY AT GIBRALTAR.

We entered Gibraltar strait,—it's about thirty-six miles long with much varying width—and sighted Tarifa on the coast of Spain, with Africa only nine miles away. Tarifa was too unimportant to visit with more than a glance through our glass, but the word is associated with something all good citizens are interested in, and tourists especially on their return home, and that is "tariff"; a rate of duty leveled on all things imported. It was the custom of these Barbary pirates who built a castle at Tarifa, to force toll nolens volens from every vessel that passed by.

Gibraltar welcomed us with torpedo and war vessels, and a steam tender on which an officious foreigner informed us that "kodak machines were not allowed on land." But that was just the place for a kodak; so while an officer at the wharf confiscated a reverend Father's photographic outfit, my simple-looking machine was smuggled in a passenger's shawl and later brought back to the ship in a basket of lemons and oranges which I purchased on shore.

Of course, I took a few pictures on the sly, as it was a good year for Americans abroad, and

our relation was so cordial with England in a brotherly "alliance," that I could not be denied the privilege of freedom of an American cousin and ardent admirer of good old England. What were a few snap shots, anyway, when they were shooting all the time in Africa, and at that very minute were snapping their fingers at Oom Paul?

Gibraltar is more than a "gob of mud on the end of a stick." If you are mathematical you will be interested in knowing that it is a promontory three by seven miles, whose greatest height is one thousand four hundred feet. If mythological, that, with Ceuta, on the African coast, it formed the Pillars of Hercules, west of which nothing was supposed to exist but chaos and darkness. If historical, that it was called Gebel Tarik, from the Moorish conqueror who came there in 711 A. D., since which time the game of war has been played with varying fortune by the Christian, Moor, British, Dutch, Spanish and French, until the spirit of Sir Gilbert Eliott prevailed; a spirit which starvation, sickness and shot could not down, so that England has retained Gibraltar as her possession, though Spain is said to regard the rock as only "temporarily" under a foreign flag. A flat, sandy isthmus joins the rock with the mainland.

The rock is honeycombed with galleries, in which are formidable-looking guns, and, with battery and bastion, make it almost invincible.

We entered the rock gallery near the old Moorish Castle, built in 725 A. D., and splendidly preserved. Walks, walls, ivy, moss, fern and flower lured us up and on, till we were in a Mammoth Cave, from whose embrasures we saw a most magnificent panorama. To the East lay the blue Mediterranean; to the West, the snow-mantled hills of Granada; and near us, the Spanish mainland. On this side of the Neutral Line was a race course, rifle range, two large cemeteries, great cattle sheds, and the Devil's Tower, whose strange stories make one feel a little like Tam O'Shanter when he and Meg had such a fine time; while just beyond this dead line was the Spanish town of Linea, with its bull ring and everything to match.

We did not have time to climb the stony staircase that led to Queen Isabella's chair, and so made a "bee line" over to Linea in Spain, along a road sentineled by fierce mustachioed soldiers, thronged by workingmen and women, beggars to boot, and some others putting tobacco in their boots and stockings to smuggle through the custom-house; a custom in principle, I understand, practiced by some Americans on their return

home, when the word "duty," which they had almost forgotten suddenly confronts them. The town was one of the worst (I hope) in Spain, and a short sight-seeing made us glad to leave its dirt, rags, drunkenness and general deviltry. A little ragmuffin scanned our company and, making a thumb and nose gesture, said, "Americans no good."

Returning, we climbed from the King's bastion to the Alameda esplanade, where there is a beautiful garden in which the military band plays, and there, as everywhere, people bent on pleasure showed their wealth and dress by promenading up and down.

A W. C. T. U. sign woke familiar associations. We wished it well and passed on mid a throng of black-eyed women, pale and half-blind children who cried "adios" and "good-by" for the coppers we tossed them.

A little later we met a different kind of greeting. It was from a flushed faced little woman who had missed her husband in the crowd and met him with a private party. She looked much, but only said, "Well I'm provoked at you," and he coolly replied, "Well, my dear, go up on the fortifications and you will feel better." It was only a war of words and there was no grave danger for the American consul, John Sprague, was

STREET SCENE IN ALGIERS

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near by for the protection of defenseless Americans as he and his father had been for forty-five years.

We drove along the water's edge to Europa Point, showing fortifications, barracks, patches of green, splashes of blue, and a fine lighthouse which has taken the place of the votive lamp the Spanairds dedicated to la Virgen de Europa. The governor's summer residence is around the point, beyond which is the "Thus-far-shalt-thou-go-and-no-farther" of the rock rising perpendicularly from the sea. 'Mid all this rock there is something relenting—all is not stony any more than in a human soul. In nook and cranny were patches of soil cultivated by the growth of trees, shrubs and flowers. Wild olive, acanthus—and another "wild" plant from which our French friends make a drink called absinthe—grow in profusion and festoon the hard angles dressing the bare stone with a beauty you observe at the harbor and fall in love with as you walk or ride over the rugged sides.

In stormy weather the "live thunder" may leap from peak to peak, but on the summer day's visit we saw Barbary apes jumping on the ledges and running among the rocks. They are protected by law from the arms of their murderous broth-

ers; and as the only apes in Europe, looked with wonderment upon the antics of their descendants we wondered what they thought.

Bright British soldiers were much in evidence and the Cameron Highlanders were a splendid set of fellows. Although finely equipped, they seemed to me to be the targets for murderous bullets, or for more deadly assaults of "Wine, women and song" which lay in wait for their money and morals. I noticed an "ad" for a masked ball for the war in Africa and listened to a beaming Briton sing, "The Absent-Minded Beggar." That night I heard two English civilians talking about Buller's retreat. One of them remarked: "I guess we'd better pack up and go home."

In absence of newspapers, almost as necessary to life as air to lungs, I learned one theory about the late Cecil Rhodes: "The British empire wanted an unbroken dominion in which to run a railroad from Cairo to Cape, and had a right to take what it pleased in this world; the English will govern the Boers better than they will govern themselves; trade and money ought to be more to 'progressive' people than the old fogy words of liberty and self-government. England's creed can be summed up in the famous old resolution: 'Resolved, That the earth is the Lord's and He has given it to His saints. Re-

solved, That we are the saints; therefore we will drive out the non-progressive Boers and take possession of their gold mines.'"

I have an acquaintance, a church member who took extra insurance on his life before sailing and was resigned to the future. In case of death at sea, he simply requested to be buried at Gibraltar; in Africa, at the base of one of the pyramids; or in Europe, at Westminster abbey, and expected his friends to come and visit him.

I heard a band. I saw a crowd. What did it mean? "St. Peter," approached, holding the key of the city gates in his hand; in a few minutes the sun would set, the evening gun be fired and the gates closed and locked till sunrise the next day. What a commentary on the text, "The Door was Shut." The right side means home and heaven!

CHAPTER IV.

ALGIERS—THE BEAUTIFUL.

We reached Algiers by sunrise, and while we looked upon the "dawn's early light," a sailor climbed the mast one hundred and fifty feet to float our flag in the skies.

The city looked like a collection of lime kilns, moles, quays, barges and beggars in rags and bags, as well as some in velvet gowns. We landed, and it was worth our life to get a cab, and when we finally persuaded the driver to terms, my companion, a Kentuckian, objected to getting in because the horses were not big and blooded stock, and so another ten minutes elapsed before we found another team only a little worse than the former. The first driver went away muttering an Englishman's American oath, and my friend found it in his heart to echo it many times in a warmth and way hotter than the African sun that was giving us a "Hot time in the old town" long before night.

Algiers is four hundred and ten miles from Gibraltar. Its harbor is artificial but well fortified as a French garrison, dockyard, arsenal, light-house and many varieties of troops proved.

Curious little and big craft went silently in and out and told their life story in grain, wool, hides, rags, tobacco, iron and copper ore and coral. What a lot of things, but what a lot of people—eighty-three thousand! "Men must work" as well as "women must weep!"

The city was founded by the Arabs in A. D. 935, and became headquarters for a tribe of pirates who terrorized Christendom for years; con-

demned twenty thousand Christian captives at one time to build its fortifications and harbor defenses, until the French succeeded in gaining possession of the city in 1830. They have held it ever since.

Algiers climbs from the harbor on a range of hills in semicircular order, the buildings are substantial, snow-white and rise regularly, and are surrounded by a rim of greenery which has led to its native characterization of a "Diamond inclosed in an emerald."

The Maraout, or Arab quarter, is the upper or Southern part of the town, and at once both picturesque and irregular in Moorish art, architecture and manners. The French occupy the Northern part of the city and the language, look, money and morals of Algiers are all decidedly French; so, too, the names of streets and squares, and what is left of Arab features is what the Gallic conquerers could not eradicate.

We found the French part of the city clean and well paved—shops and arcades everywhere invited the tourist to invest his money for embroideries, ivory, coral, metal, curious fans, inlaid work in wood, mother of pearl and ivory and semi-barbaric manufactures of colored leather.

We now learned the oriental habit of two or twenty-two prices. It is as beautifully change-

able and multicolored as the sea water by sun, moon or starlight. But we got our money's worth, I'm sure.

What do you think we saw? Something more than nothing at all—bloomer girls and men bebloused; bread all round that looked like life-floats and preservers carried on peasants' arms; jugs by doors, and jars on heads and veils on faces (fortunately, if the women were as homely as some of the girls); family laundry in a public washing square, unmindful of the proverb of "dirty linen"; men cooking food and drink on a little brazier by the door, burning oil and wick; a cemetery with a lot of veiled persons kneeling; crying women who were making a paying business of it for three days; Arabs asleep on the sidewalks with their shoes removed to the gutters and street for safe-keeping; men working in dark and dingy holes and boxes which they call stores and shops; boys and girls fighting; blind boys scratching; children and dogs in a row which was not broken up until an officer snatched a horse whip from a bystander and vigorously applied it to various parts of the offenders' anatomy; boys and girls kissing each other and turning somersaults and kissing their hands towards us, looking sweet and asking for "bucksheesh" (hang the word and them); school children con-

ning lesson cards in their hands while sitting on the floor of a dark, musty room and yelling out their lessons to a teacher cross-legged and half asleep in the corner; modest Moorish ladies, like veiled prophets, walking the narrow sidewalks; immodest Moorish girls leering from latticed windows at passers below; dancing girls everywhere, until one of our elderly ladies laughed so that her upper teeth fell down, and a little Arab who saw it came to a young woman expecting hers to do the same; all this and more you may see, and we did.

I'm not surprised that "A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers"; even now there is enough to kill a regiment; life's common decencies are disregarded by old and young. As we climbed the hills the people seemed to go down in morals, so that I was only moderately shocked when I met an elderly man (whom I had taken for an ex-clergyman on the boat) red of eyes and thick of tongue, laboring with and almost belaboring his guide. Seeing me he shook his fist in the yellow fiend's face and said, "For heaven's sake, Morrill, take me to the boat; this old fool has walked my feet off for two hours and doesn't understand a thing I say."

I had broken my spectacles and left them to be mended at a little shop around the corner, or the

sight of such depravity must have quite overpowered me. As it was, I only sighed and smiled and made our fallen friend one of our company.

"All that glisters is not gold." There's the house the ex-king of Anam lived in; there goes whirling by the exiled queen of Madagascar; here is the guide, called "Two Time Roberts," because of his many wives. Let us go to the L'Oasis restaurant and get a drink of black coffee or mineral water served at a little stand on the sidewalk nearest the street, and while we view Algerian tragedy and comedy, drink to its better future prosperity with thanks for the fun it has afforded us.

While sipping my coffee I gave a little half-clad Arab a penny. He put my foot on his box and began to scrub my shoes with a thick paste. It was quite unnecessary, but he was a winsome fellow, and I allowed the work of affection. When finished, I offered him a penny (two cents) for charity's sweet sake, and he raised a row because I did not give him twice as much. He was insistent, and my French guide, Dumas, had all he could do to talk and threaten him away. I must learn the native language in self-defense, or French, which goes everywhere. But how treacherous a new tongue is! Think of the sweet

Miss Blank of our party asking for butter and receiving a glass of beer. The excuse she made for the mistake was, "That old waiter must be an Italian." But the American consul, Mr. Kidder of Florida, is here to protect us and deserves a better office than the one we found him in on a back street. The "office" of an American consul should be an object lesson to the natives and visitors, and unsolicited I speak for furnishings and flags befitting the best nation in the world.

Good-bye, Algiers, with thy Muscat wine, jugs, jars, veils, palms, mud-plastered houses, governor's "summer palace," cave of wild women, sommersaulting boys, assaulting men and insulting women; farewell, Bresson square, Cathedral St. Philippe, Church of Our Lady of Africa, Mosque el Tebir and Old Citadel of Kosbah, Place of Government and Statue Duc de Orleans; au revoir, archbishop's residence and cathedral and royal burial place of St. Jerome; mosque, with thy shoe-removing, hand-and-foot washing, head-and-body prostrations, and Boulevarde de la Republique.

Beautiful roads lasso beautiful hills, a look gives grand views, till from the highest point of Algiers your driver turns a corner and says: "Ah, there," or something that means the same thing. And there lies the city with its architecture, the

bay with its shipping, the blue sky above you, the iridescent sea, beneath you, and a little hymn in your heart: "All things are beautiful," made so by the good Father who loves to please his children.

CHAPTER V.

QUAINT OLD MALTA.

A clear sky, a little land bird on deck so tired, Galatea islands towards the African coast rising like Aphrodite from her sea couch, an oriental sunset with sky and cloud fading into flashing star, moon and phosphorescent wave, and we sight, after coastwise and crosswise sailing, Valetta, Malta, with hills, foliage, walls and houses like pictures of Jerusalem. Thirty-five English war vessels looked at us with their black steel eyes, swarthy natives eyed us curiously, and black-veiled women with "faces covered for penitence of former profligacy" danced through streets in maskball fashion.

But Malta is not irreligious altogether. Its language is a mixture corruption of Arabic and Italian. It is willing to declare, "There is no God but Allah," but it hates and hesitates to say,

"and Mohammed is his prophet." Malta, one of the three Maltese islands belonging to Great Britain, is about sixty miles in circumference. It is the rendezvous of the British Mediterrenean squadron and troops to the number of five thousand. The land looked rocky and barren to us from ship, but on nearer view we saw where unremitting toil had terraced banks, carried soil and made gardens in which vegetables, oranges and grapes abounded.

Casal Dingli, seven hundred and fifty feet above the sea level, looked down on us telling us we could enjoy a mild winter or a scorching summer, fanned by a sirocco in autumn which would serve as a change if we desired. Malta's history is very misty. It is said that Homer peopled it with giants and called it Hyperia. Egyptians came and left their mark. In 1400 B. C., Phoenicians called it Orgygia and made some pottery. Greeks, Romans, Carthaginians and Saracens have fought for the possession of Malta, and the names of Regulus, Hamilcar and Sempronius are found in its war annals. But all is peaceful now, and our American consul smiled when he said: "I am happy today; witness this can of Boston beans and jug of Kentucky whisky; here's how"— and they did.

On the main guard entrance I read, "Treaty of

Paris, 1814, the love of the Maltese and the voice of Europe confirms these islands to great and invincible Great Brtiain." This is memorable, but I shall remember Malta for several other reasons; its old library, which Thackeray visited and referred to with its "good old useless books," and an Agaricus insect which reduced to powder what the critics left of the book; its big theater capable of seating one thousand four hundred people and the glittering chandeliers of crystal; its barracks' view of bay, port and harbor in which were vessels containing Lord Charles Beresford and Prince Henry of Germany; the old governor's palace two hundred years old; the armory in which I saw the trumpet which sounded the retreat from Rhodes in 1522; the bull or act of donation of Malta to St. John of Jerusalem in 1531; the batons of Grand Master La Valette of Wagincourt; rope cannon; council chamber with tapestries by Le Bland portraying countries, animals and flowers; the chair of Pirillos which Napoleon and myself sat in; the relic of a thorn of Christ's crown; the right foot of Lazarus; the stone cast at St. Stephen; the Beheading of St. John by Caravaggia, who makes the trickling blood from the thigh spell M. A. C.; all this and more impressed me. So did a man's remark to

a fakir vender, "No, I won't buy souvenirs of places where I don't have a good time." As did the nice old minister who spent almost all his time on ship and land, writing letters to each member of his church and congregation. As did the Maltese cats which were as frequent as snakes in Ireland. But what I most cannot forget is my embarrassment when one of our party who had lost her guide and her head, came to me and, with a look of painful interest, asked, "Excuse me, sir, do you speak English?"

Herds of goats are seen in the city and on the sidewalk. If there is just room for a man and a goat, the man goes in the street, and gives the goat a chance. Well, there are goats and goats, and these are remarkable. The driver herds them and suddenly halts them, grabbing them by the legs when he wants to milk them. This is the dairy, the milk is pure, (the animals are examined daily by the doctor), and you see the process of filling your cup or pail; a good investment, (for the owner at least), if a goat gives fifteen pints three times a day and the fluid retails for three cents per pint.

Other places of interest are the main guard, Borsa and the military hospital said to contain the largest room in Europe, being one hundred and eighty-five feet long, thirty-five broad and

thrity-one high. The old Fort St. Elmo, fartamed for its heroic defense against the Saracens, and eulogized by Miss Evans in her novel; and the catacomb chapel, a death's-head affair with skulls and bones of two thousand bodies of priests and Crusaders from the catacombs buried here in soil brought from Gethsemane. The arches and decorations are all formed of bones. "Alas! poor Yorick!" On all sides they stare and say, "Memento mori." I was not afraid in this chapel, only in a hurry to join my friends who had gone on before and left me alone long enough to try to find a bony souvenir. How I fell up the steps—my shins and kodak testify.

As Sir Knight I was interested in the glory of the warrior knights, St. John's cathedral, whose corner stone was laid in 1573—a conventual church, and like Durham cathedral, "half church of God and half castle." It is a mass of mosaic, marble and heap of heraldric emblazonry which would fill a library; the floor is paved with the graves of four hundred chevaliers, while in the crypt below I saw the tombs of twelve grand masters with that of L'Isle Adam, who took first possession of Malta; a venerable dome of death filled with skurrying skeletons, when the clock overhead with three dials and chime of ten bells, marked the hour, day and month.

The knight was despotic no doubt at times and in ways, made the natives stand off the pavement on his approach, and no woman was allowed on the main street; yet his benevolent character is undoubted; he planted forests for the poor, fed the hungry and built hospitals for the sick and was a good Samaritan.

"His sword is rust, his bones are dust,
His soul is with the saints, we trust."

Josh Billings says, "There is two things fur which we ar never quite prepared, and them two things iz twins." I am sure of that, for I have a pair of twin brothers, known as "The Rev. Morrill Twins," and there is another pair in my sister's home. So I was surprised to find, in addition to the city of Valetta, the town of Vecchio, seven miles away. We stumbled up a stony hill to a gayly decorated cathedral said to occupy the site of Publius' house, the place of Paul's entertainment. The church of St. Paola is built over the grotto which Paul occupied for three months. Three minutes of its shape, size and smell were enough for me, but for fear I might forget it, I was offered one of St. Paul's teeth by an enterprising curio dealer outside the door.

The catacombs were near by, and we entered there, wending and winding our way through

former homes, cradles and graves. Our guide was more familiar wtih St. Paul's history than we were, and with no regard for time or place, told us: "Paul come here—Paul who break up de Mohammedan church." That was as near right as to call me proprietor of the hotel bearing the sign reading "Morrell's Hotel, 150 Stradi Forni."

A Roman villa recently excavated welcomed us for a small fee with its mosaics, vases, coins and specimens of architecture, and we were beguiled into the souvenir habit again. Blessed be the Americans. They not only shall inhabit the earth, but they have filled the city with visitors and thereby gladdened the hearts of the hotel keepers and tne many others who await the coming of the tourist like the Jews that of the Messiah.

So my guides say in these or words equally significant, and it explains the warm hand and heartfelt reception which we have received.

The "Dunera" of Scotland, No. 1 transport, is in the harbor by our side, with one thousand three hundred men en route to Egypt. Their band plays the "Star Spangled Banner," and our band responds with "God Save the Queen." American and English flags exchange a wave of

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patriotism that dashes high and splashes the salt tears in our eyes.

"Adios," say we, all of us, and the big search-lights are turned on our vessel, the white Mediterranean crests cling to her sides, and a full moon looks down upon some tired tourists who have enjoyed a great and never-to-be-forgotten visit.

CHAPTER VI.

IN HOARY OLD EGYPT.

I've been to Egypt and feel that anything less than a mile high and a million years old is not worth looking at. What are Independence hall, an English cathedral, the Roman forum or the Acropolis of Athens to Egypt, whose calendar is a block of stone un-numbered ages old? I shall be proof against enthusiastic guides and act as my friend from Chicago did in London.

Englishman—Look at that great hotel there. It has three hundred rooms.

Chicagoan—Don't make such a fuss over nothing. In Chicago we have a hotel five miles long and the waiters ride on horseback to take the orders.

Alexandria! The name sounded familiar. I had

heard of it several times at school and college. How a great man, Alexander, founded it in 332 B. C., and subdued lands as Cleopatra conquered hearts. Here the graceful Greek language flourished, here the Colossus of Rhodes stood, here the marble Pharo's lighthouse shone, here the world-famed library and museum were visited, here the obelisks pointed their glittering fingers skyward, and here the harem and grandee palaces were simply delightful. Alexandria, your boom must have burst, you seem hardly worthy of your remarkable history. But having come so far I thought I'd look you over, and this is what I found: Plumed palms leaning against a tender blue sky, a tower lighthouse, veiled women, turbaned men, donkeys and dates, flies and fleas, Pompeys and pillars, mosques and minarets, camels and cheese, beggar girls and bucksheesh boys.

We took in the city with a Jehu, who made the approach to Pompey's pillar at a rate that threatened to paint the town with a more sanguinary hue than the color of the shaft itself. What statue stood on its top, and whence came this pillar originally? There is no answer from the dead past any more than from the dead in the cemetery near by, on which it looks silently and sadly. What an old Mohammedan cemetery it

is, too. No fence, a lot of stones decorated with a turban here and there, or a splash of green paint to show that John Smith Mohamed Ali, Esq., was a descendant of the Holy Prophet, or had made a pilgrimage to Mecca, or had done some other equally important or devout thing.

Saint Mark used to preach here until martyred by his enemies, or worried to death by his congregation, and has a cemetery all to himself in the form of the mosque of the One thousand and one Columns. I was greatly interested in the guide's description of this mosque, but could not learn why they put in a thousand pillars for a resting place and then added one more. Good measure, I suppose.

The European quarters in stores, streets and residences would do honor to Minneapolis. The Square of Mehemet Ali is a monument to the man whose name it bears. A man who shook off sultan control, became dictator of Egypt and made the Mahmoodeah canal in one year by forcing a million slaves to labor on it, even though twenty-five thousand died on its bank from overwork and underfeed. This is the man who went out from Egypt, subdued Syria, and even threatened Constantinople, till the united powers of Europe called him off.

My driver kept driving like Alexander Fur-

ioso. In vain my courier shook his fist at him and said, "Slow!" I quietly whispered, "No" and gave him a tip which the horses felt in a crack from the whip which kept us in the lead, through old and new Alexandria, past palace and dock. The natives had a kind of John Gilpin race affair and appreciated it, too. Higher than his whip I held my umbrella with my silk American flag floating from it. Arabs saluted it with "Good," a Frenchman raised his hat and said, "Vive l'Amerique," while an Irishman, a kind of section hand overseer on the canal road, yelled, "Three cheers for the red, white and blue," and as soon as we could restore our surprised breath, we gave them three cheers and a tiger. Alexander never felt prouder in his chariot than we in our carriage.

We left Alexandria in a twenty-car train, after I had taken a snapshot at its officials, beggars, Arabs, camels, and landing, with its boats, baggage, cotton, bananas, oranges and licorice-water vender. The last named came to me in his oriental garb of fez, shirt and bloomers, while I was talking to some ladies, rattled his metallic cup and a Scotch bagpipe looking receptacle, offering me a drink of what he called, "Good for bellie," as he slapped his fat stomach. I was foolish enough to try it. One drink was enough. The

day was hot and it had the desired effect. I've not been thirsty since (for this beverage). Though jammed and locked in a kind of baggage car coach, our conductor let us out for a breath or refreshments at way stations, served by dusty men and dirty women.

Lake Mareotis, broad and shallow, mirrored the copper sky above and looked a huntsman's paradise with strange looking water fowl On we rushed to the profane town of Damanhoor, where Napoleon had a close call from being taken prisoner by the Memlooks in 1798; over the iron bridge crossing the Rosetta branch of the Nile, where the brother of the khedive was drowned by the train taking a plunge into the open draw, to Kafr ez Zyat in Egypt's delta, where we halted. Oranges and bananas were all we wanted—we were not thirsty any more—and so we had time to notice the fertility of the Nile-deposited soil which grows cotton, sugar and grain in the canal-marked farms with an abundance only surpassed by the dirt and life on the natives.

We had been brought up on the farm and knew something of its cultivation, but for the next few hours were to study it a la mode Arabic. I always hated to plow; it was hard to hold the handles so the rocks and stumps would not throw

them against my ribs, and to keep the horses in a straight line and the plow in the ground. But here it was different; a literal "soft snap," because the ground was dry and easily powdered by a little crooked kind of a stick, which two camels or buffaloes, or a camel and a buffalo, lazily dragged along. Bible pictures of this oriental scene came to my mind, and the Scripture, "Be not unequally yoked," a disregard of which has made hard plowing and cultivation for many families.

The chief occupation of these naked farmers is not plowing, but watering the land. Things will not grow without water; it does not rain, water is scarce, and that may be one reason why the natives use so little of it for bathing purposes. I counted scores of shadoofs and sakiehs. You know what they are without going to Africa to see them. The shadoof is a kind of old-fashioned well-sweep with a stone on one end and a watertight bucket on the other, resting on a pivot, lowered and filled with water, and raised and emptied into a little gutter and run across the part of the farm that's dry and needs a drink. The sakieh is a cogged wheel turned by buffaloes. It works upon another wheel at right angles, and on it are fastened pots and jugs which empty themselves in pools or troughs.

Still another way, more primitive and striking is seen when two men stand in the water with a basket between them, which they fill with the regularity of a machine, and pass up and on to number three on the bank, who sends it in the needed direction. How the poor fellows worked. How hot and tired they were, how listless and hopeless their work seemed, how their bronzed black bodies glistened as the perspiration ran down!

The people are the Copts, descended from the ancient Egyptians; fellahs, or farmers; and Arabs, or conquerors. They raise wheat, corn, rice, beans, flax, cotton, cucumbers, melons and dates. The principal animals are the ox, camel, dog, ass, crocodile and hippopotamus.

We rush on past a number of mud villas and stations, till, passing Tookh, I shout, "The Pyramids!" I am the first on the train to discover them, and am filled with the pride of a Columbus or Balboa. Instantly many heads crowd the car windows and echo, "Pyramids!" With the Mokattaim hills on the left and the minarets of the city in the distance, we enter a paradise of beautiful scenery and our train stops at Cairo. We are met by a crowd of noisy Arab baggage workmen and donkey boys, whose well intentioned yells, gestures and assistance make us glad we

carry extra life insurance, hope to enter heaven, and are under the management of a friend, who will make it as comfortable for us as if we were at home.

Old and New Cairo are distinct cities in location, buildings, manners, morals, and dress, but the Saxon is dominating. Modern stores and hotels are encroaching, the red-coat is found on British soldier and Egyptian guard, and we find an influence for good government which natives as well as tourists commend.

But I want a guide and not a guard, and Ali is my man. A tall, turbaned, bloused boy fellow, who, though not very old, is brown and sedate as the mummies, but not quite so mum, and cordially promises, "I do you much pleasure."

The amusements offered were varied; I could attend the opera-house and listen to Italian music or see a French farce; take a turn at the hippodrome and have a circus; or stop at an open-air play on the Esbekeeyah; or if religiously inclined, take in the convent with its dancing dervishes and barbarous music; watch a snake charmer; drink cafe noir (sweetened mud) in a little shop where the waiters and loungers were as thick as the drink; or see Arabs gamble with dice and cards, much as they do in America; go to a kind of vaudeville,

where a stringed band of lady performers tried to beguile us by American airs and Persian dances into buying drinks for them at the rate of one or two dollars a bottle, and poor stuff at that; or meander through the fish market at midnight, where streets were filled with citizens and sightseers, sidewalks with roystering soldiers, shops with shrewd traders, dens with drunken natives and miles of houses with women outcasts from all quarters of the globe, leering, luring and lustful, caged like beasts looking through iron-barred gratings which were necessary to keep them from murderous assault on the morals, money and lives of the passersby.

"Variety is the spice of life." We had some of it in the Midway at the Chicago Fair, but the real thing, the red pepper and mustard are found in Cairo after twelve p. m.

All this and more I saw. Alī was a very good guide and guard, and did me "much pleasure." We visited Cairo's curious bazars, where the most fastidious feminine shopper may find cloth, porcelain, glasswork, slippers, embroidered leather, jewelry, precious stones, coffee, if she wishes to drink; tobacco, if she wants to smoke, and arms if she must fight.

The drives of Cairo are delightful, and none more so than on Shoobra avenue, shaded by

acacias and sycamores, where for five miles we see humanity in all kinds of vehicles out for airing and pleasure; royalty and richness with a Nubian, Sais, black and bedizened with gold and jewels, running before it like a John Baptist to prepare the way—or beggars and donkeys, merchants and leering camels, till you reach the palace with its pavements and porticos, frescoes, lake and Alhambra-like columns.

"Who's at my window?" or Mashrebeeyah, as the Arabs say. What a dainty latticed window of cedar and pearl to keep out light and heat, the curious gaze of neighbors across the alley street, and yourself, who would give much to see the flashing eyes, red lips and pearl teeth of the girl who laughs at you, makes love to you or calls you a Byronic "giaour" (Infidel).

We drove out to the pyramids through a nine-mile line of acacias and palms on a fine road built by the khedive for the Prince of Wales in 1860, and myself. We climbed from Gizeh to the pyramids, forty feet above the plain, where a mob of men would have massacred us had it not been for the sheik, to whom we paid paistres for a kind of permission to ascend the pyramid, and for police protection in the form of three guides whom we feed to pull and push us up about sixty feet higher than the cross of St. Paul's cathedral.

We crawled up like beetles and jumped like grasshoppers and were bucksheeshed for water bottled in clay jars, coin, typhoon, and scarabs, from base to apex. We tried to be calm, classical, historical, and reverent, but "that old guide" was heard on all sides. The most fortunate man in our party was Rev. Mr. B., who had his shoulder pulled out of joint when he had only climbed five steps and was carried down to the hotel at the base of the pyramid, where he could eat, drink and listen to the orchestra, or visit with Dr. George Dana Boardman, the well-known Baptist Christian scholar and gentleman who was stopping there for his health.

Hops, steps and jumps from two to four feet is no joke whether you make them in fifteen or twenty minutes, but at last you are on a platform thirty feet square. I took a drink (flask of water), wrote a postal card home, waved my American flag to the sphinx at my right, took a hundred-mile view, which included beautiful Cairo, the fertile Nile, picturesque palm trees, and the sandy Sahara sea with its white-capped Bedouin tents.

The "descensus" was not "facilis"—as Virgil said of something else. I thought it was, tried to come down alone and almost succeeded, but with a presto agitato that would have

left no "musical memories." Tired of my guides, I said one "would hold me for a while." Relustantly No. 2 unclasped my hand, and the other guide holding my left with his two, I tried to step down a three-foot stone, turned my right ankle with a sprain that made me lose my balance, and would have resulted in a fall severer than Minnesota weather and made this chronicle unnecessary, had not my faithful Ali jerked me back and the other ally come to the rescue, telling me what a fool I was and how, if I had been killed they would have lost their job. I said yes, gave them each an extra half dollar and was providentially placed on terra firma again.

On and In was our Excelsior motto. How hot and tired I was, and the guides still exasperating. But I entered a hole forty feet above the base, even if to do so were to realize Dante's hell motto "Leave Hope Behind." For aught I know he wrote that line after making a journey to the interior of Cheops. We crawled and slid three hundred and forty-seven feet until we got ninety feet below the base of the pyramid into a forty-six by twenty-seven by eleven foot room; thanked God and took courage. Nearer the entrance, sixty feet, is an upward passage leading to the center of the pyramid, and at a distance of one hundred and twenty-five feet one reaches

the great gallery. We found a well of communication one hundred and ninety-one feet deep and later visited the Queen's Chamber (she wasn't in); climbed the great gallery's smooth surface till we reached the King's Chamber (he was out also, so was our magnesium light). Above this place we learned that there were some other rooms, built to lessen the weight of the upper part of the pyramid. We knew enough. How dry our throats and wet our clothes were; how we described incredible base slides and off-hand feats; how I helped one woman (afraid of her guide in the dark), a forlorn female, pulling her out of the narrows as one would a cat from an ash barrel; and how she resembled an umbrella turned inside out by a gust of wind—are matters of tourist notebook record.

The pyramids are beyond the power of kodak or critic to portray. On the shore of the Great Desert sand sea they look like a great triangle whose base is in the earth and apex in the sky. So large that if Cheops were hollow it has been estimated that St. Peter's could be placed within it, dome and all, like an ornament in a glass case. St. Paul's could then in turn be easily placed inside of St. Peter's, for the top of its dome is one hundred feet lower than the summit of the great pyramid.

Thirteen acres of stone! There is material enough to build a wall ten feet high and one and one-half feet thick around the whole frontier of France. Cui bono? For gymnastic feats by your scribe, for astronomical calculation, for an inspired standard of perfect measurement, or for monuments of vanity? No, but for graves on the "desert setting sun" side of the Nile, as at Thebes, a monarch's mausoleum. How true it seemed, "All things fear Time, but Time fears the pyramids."

But the camels are coming and I want to ride one. The driver takes my money with one hand and with the other strikes the beast's forelegs with a stick. Mr. Camel kneels to the accompaniment of strange sounds from his internal machinery; leers at me with his off eye; drops his lips, showing teeth which would leave but a grease spot of my anatomy, then I board him and the ship of the desert pitches fore and aft, rights itself, and I sail through waves of yellow sand and dust to the portals of the Sphinx temple and the great statue itself.

The Temple of the Sphinx, below the figure, was exhumed by Mariette. Within it he found nine statues of King Cephren, who built the second pyramid, almost rivaling Cheops. Its situation in the Necropolis of Memphis has led to the

conclusion that this shrine was used for funeral obsequies. Overturned and forsaken are the altars, the shroud of sand has swathed its portals and "dead! dead" is the epitaph.

The Sphinx is different and still alive. "O, sleepless, changeless, voiceless, majestic, eternal sphinx," with human head of intelligence and lion's body of strength, carved from natural rock at the edge of the desert, from crown to outspread paws, sixty-four feet, and within them an altar to the rising sun. Stony, silent, staring into futurity, the sole survivor of races and religions, image of eternity, what sacred thought is thine? "We have our day and cease to be," but thou dost outlive all. And yet we like to be remembered; pictures as well as initials are proof of the desire for immortality, and so mounted upon my camel steed, with the pyramids for a background and the sphinx for a pedestal, I had my Tenderfoot picture taken!

Poor old sphinx! The French used her nose for a target and she looks battered and wanting in an expression, said to have once been of "softest beauty and most winning grace." But she antedates Cheops, and we left her eyeing us with stony indifference, as she had Egyptian kings, Roman conquerors, and Napoleonic warriors.

CHAPTER VII.

RAMBLING IN EGYPT.

I visited Helwan, a Cairo summer resort, well named for its sulphur springs. I shall remember it for several reasons. It was the residence of my mother's brother, Dr. Gulian Lansing, whose name I bear. He was a missionary in Egypt for forty years. His body lies buried in the European cemetery outside Old Cairo, but his influence lives in the books he wrote, the church he built, the friends he made and his sons, Dr. McCarrol Lansing, a prominent oculist in Cairo and John G. Lansing, D. D., America.

The doctor and family lived at Helwan. I had played with Carrol in York state when a boy, and so I hurriedly decided to visit him, rushed to the station and could just gasp "Helwan;" the porter bought my ticket and pushed me into a first-class car. This was unnecessary, for a second-class would have done just as well, or even a third—if you could get first-class company. It is not so much the sitting as the surroundings. Soon we pulled out—we, that is, myself and a first-class passenger by my side. He was tall, bronzed, well dressed, and earnestly reading a paper and smoking a cigar-

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ette. Not to choke, but to attract his attention in a friendly way, I coughed. He looked up, said "pardon." I replied "merci."

Alone in this compartment and far from home, the sun setting and the pyramids casting a doleful shadow, I felt skittish, and so ventured more French. He replied in Arabic or something equally unintelligible; whether he was from Paris, doing business in Cairo, or an Arab working for a French firm, I could not make out. I pointed to the passing scenery, he nodded. I said, "Helwan." My accent caused him to start; he put his hand in his pocket and I felt my time had come. He drew out a rice paper and tobacco and rolled a cigarette, which he handed me.

Shades of Pharaoh and Holy Moses! I don't smoke even cigars, and as for cigarettes, had I not denounced them as "dainty bits of damnation?" But life, perhaps, was at stake, and so I took it and a match, lit it, seized it between my teeth and took two big puffs. He smoked elegantly, the result of years of practice, and could inhale and exhale deliberately and divinely. I tried to but swallowed the smoke so deep I couldn't raise it and choked and coughed and cried. I hurriedly finished it and he gave me another; that went in four gasping puffs, and

then he offered me still another. I don't know what would have happened if we hadn't reached Helwan, where my cousin was waiting for me. Seeing my companion he called him by a titled Arabic name and introduced me as his relative from America. All's well that ends well, and the cigarettes didn't make me very sick. But I've often felt sorry for my first-class friend who could not understand a word of the two languages I spoke with equal proficiency and correctness.

Returning to Cairo I saw the palace of Gezeereh. It was built by Ismael Pasha, on an island formed by a branch of the Nile. He was a luxurious fellow and spent money like a Louis XIV. There is a fine ball and reception room, hall and stair-case, pretty gardens and apartments where the Empress Eugenie, emperor of Austria and myself and friends were entertained. The palace is used now for a first-class hotel. But it was a little too far away for bald-headed men who wanted to be near the city's center at night and so many of my friends were transferred to the Grand Continental.

Old Cairo was not forgotten. We visited its shops and lazy smoking people lying like insects in the sun, its "Crown of Mosques" and Coptic churches with paintings. I was held up

in an alley-way by a beautiful girl, who said, with outstretched hand, "Me bucksheesh to give God." Rhoda was near with her Nilometer to mark the rise of the annual inundation and spot where Moses was found. Ebers makes Rhoda a second Paradise, but it was Paradise Lost on me with its dinky-boat ferry and dirty little hoodlums who threw stones at us, and some sickly-looking water carriers who first bathed in the water they afterwards dipped up into goat and donkey skins to sell in the city for drinking and culinary purposes. I felt as Douglas Jerrold once said: "If I were an undertaker I know of several persons whom I could work for with considerable satisfaction."

Mosques are as numerous in Cairo as mosquitoes in my native New Jersey. There may be a thousand; I visited five hundred, more or less. Sometimes I took off my slippers at the outer door, and at others I wore a kind of moccasin over my tourist shoes and shuffled and slid over the old floors, wondering how in the name of everything sacred I could profane anything with a good sole like mine. In Cairo you must do as the Cairenes do and I wanted to "do them" more than once.

I visited the famous tombs of the Caliphs. The tracery was broken and the alabaster blackened.

"Sic transit gloria mundi;" Caliphs' tombs yesterday are homes of Egyptian beggars and bats today.

The citadel is Cairo's show place and special object of interest. It is made of stones from one of the pyramids. We crawled up the winding path leading to it and entered its elliptical gate. On a red letter day, four hundred and fifty Memlooks and their leader were killed. One man escaped by spurring his horse from the terrace. I know he did, for Ali showed me the prints of the horse's hoofs as they struck the walls in making the leap. There is a splendid view overlooking the city, lower Egypt, with its domes and delta, pyramids, palaces, obelisk, desert and Nile, which rocked Moses to sleep and played erotic music for Antony and Cleopatra.

The Mosque of Mohammed Ali, one of the most costly, is modeled after St. Sophia, with its cupolas, domes and tapering minarets and lining of alabaster. Here, as elsewhere, one of Mr. Ruskin's "Lamps of Architecture" has gone out, for we meet the "lie" of parts of columns painted to look like alabaster. The body of Mohammed Ali lies near by, in state, and the tombs of the Memlooks just yonder.

I had been separated from my party that

morning and took a special carriage and guide to this mosque. Joseph's well was near by and so I ran up the hill to it, and down the winding stairs in it, wondering at its fifteen feet width and depth of nearly three hundred to the Nile level. I found donkeys raising the water to the top by an endless chain with little pails attached and was sorry one was not large enough to put me in and lift me to the top.

The Gizeh museum is the most fascinating and valuable thing in the city to the antiquarian. It is the monument of Mariette Bey's labors in digging up and deciphering Egypt's old records from temples, tombs, statues, sphinxes and serapeum. His study cost him his life, but he will live long after his statue crumbles.

The golden age of Egyptian art culture, politics and religion was not in Rameses II.'s time, but Cheops' and Menes was no barbarian but a king of some civilization, the finished product of a long line of ancestors.

Sphinxes stare, granite growls, scarabs crawl, pottery pleases, mummies meekly look in your face with pitiful mien, while as a commentary on the "abiding word" Rameses II.—Israel's oppresser, Moses' opposer, lies with folded hands as if praying dumbly for forgiveness for the great wrong done God's chosen people. More impres-

sive than cathedral service was the time spent in this museum. It was a sudden shock to be asked to lunch outside in the garden beyond Mariette's statue, and be forced to investigate antiquarian bread, butter, chicken and fruit, which may have been exhumed from the royal tombs. The only redeeming feature was a kind of drink corked in bottles which foamed when popped, and had the odor and taste of hops. Of course it wasn't, but when we got through there was none left.

One thing in the museum I remember as distinctly as Poe did the raven. It was a wooden statue known as "The Village Chief," and called so by the Arabs, because of its resemblance to their master. But my tourist friends said it looked more like me than him, and if you want to know what that is there are several of my photos to tell you. It is only four thousand years old. Was he my ancestor, from whom I had transmigrated? His eyes were white quartz and the iris of darker stone, with a silver nail for a pupil, covered with lids of bronze. Bartolini was an excellent sculptor, ranking next to Canova, but if my friend, "Bart," of the Minneapolis Journal, will go to Cairo and make a drawing of that wooden man, he will achieve fame and infamy

at once. I wonder if the overseer was bright, even if not handsome? I shall never forget how I felt when I looked into his face. Even now I often jump with fright at remembrance of that statue, and say, with the darkie, "Is dis me or not me, or has the Debbil got me?"

Heliopolis, the Greek city of the sun, is a city often mentioned in the Old Testament, under the name of On. Here Joseph is said to have married the daughter of the priest, and Moses, Pythogoras and Euclid received instruction. There was a fine temple once to which rich gifts were made by Egyptian kings. Yet all that is left of former greatness and grandeur is a majestic obelisk, on whose sides are hieroglyphic hymns to the gods, in letters once filled with gold, bright as the sun ray's which it symbolized. Returning to Cairo we halt before the famous sycamore known as the virgin's tree, within whose sacred trunk Mary and the Christ child are said to have found refuge during the flight into Egypt.

The palm is a beautful tree, straight, branchless, often rising one hundred feet. It furnishes the Arabs with food, drink, medicine, shelter, clothes and fuel. I heard there was a new use for it every day in the year, and that the natives

celebrated its utility in prose and verse. They take the palm for tall stories.

Mariette made Memphis, the oldest city in Egypt, and capital of Menes, and large enough to require a half day's journey to cross it from North to South. His research here found five thousand statues and tablet inscriptions and two thousand sphinxes, now found in the world's famous galleries. What remains is sand, silence, stately palm trees, occasional tourists, with natives, camels and donkeys, and the big statue of Rameses II.—dust to dust, prone on its sculptured face, too large to be uplifted or removed.

Luxor, Thebes and Karnak are six hundred miles from the Mediterranean sea, but they were the Mecca of my pilgrimage. The railroad accommodation was not Pullmanic. We bought water when we could not steal it. The weather grew cold enough at 2 a. m. for ulsters and blankets, and the dust settled on us till we rose from our beds in the morning like bodies exhumed from the sands.

I was domiciled at Pagnon's hotel. This was my first Oriental experience. I found no soap in my room, and only enough water in a little earthen jar to wash my face. I shook my

fist at a black-skinned, turbaned servant, who brought more "maia," water, but no soap. I took some from a traveler's valise and gave him what was left (not much); went out to breakfast and gorged on coffee, rolls and omelet. Our companions were little birds—I wanted one on toast —which flew in out out the door and lighted on our tables and backs of chairs. From the window was a picture of the Nile, village, palms and ruins that no money could buy.

My guide here was "Ki Yam," whose card declared he was the "best in the city." I took him on faith and at sight and can recommend him for superior service. He gave the names of former patrons, showed us all the curios of the hotel's big garden and introduced us to a dozen curio stores, where merchants waylaid us every time we came near.

But we are going to Thebes. It gets hot very early here, and so one morning we were roused at 4 o'clock, ate an Oriental lunch, were rowed over the Nile in a tubby boat. It could not land, and this made it necessary for brawny, bare-legged rascals to pick us and the women up, put us on their backs, frog style, wade with us to the shore and then demand bucksheesh. Then followed a scene. As the "Asyrian came down like a wolf on the fold," so a hundred donkey boys

besought us and belabored each other in the mad effort to hire out their donkeys. They yelled and fought, cried and crowded, until, by some unknown legerdemain, I found myself on Jumbo's back, a ruin of my former self, en route for the ruins, famed in song and story.

Over there I made one valuable discovery, which entitles me to a place with Champillon, of Rosetta stone fame. The hieroglyphs look just like my penmanship, which has puzzled to profanity so many compositors and readers. I may have been the "heathen" that they called me, and if so, an Egyptian in a pre-existent state before I arrived at America. If my critics will visit Egypt and decipher its old monuments my hand writing will be "dead easy" and their occupation will be gone.

On this west side we visited the Tombs of the Kings in, "Bab-el-Moluk, Tomb of Seti I., called Belzonis after the discoverer with its fresh and perfect looking paintings; of Rameses III., called Belzoni's, with its high relief figures at the entrance; of Rameses IV., with its high ceiling and granite sarcophagus; of Rameses IX., with the famous pictures representing resurrection after death; and of Rameses VI., with its great length and astronomical figures on the ceiling.

We promenaded through the Ramesium or Memnonium, unrivaled for its architecture. It was built by Rameses II., whose fame is lettered on its walls. Its demolished pylons and sculptures of battles, its court with figures of Rameses and attributes of Osiris, and the most gigantic statue in Egypt, cut from a solid block of granite, once seen are not soon forgotten.

We interviewed the Colossi, those statues of King Amunoph III. as faithful as the Roman guard of Pompeii. Fifty-two feet in height, they stand as they did before the ancient temple. Mennon was vocal that afternoon. I stood beside it, with no priest to climb, conceal himself or chant within, or sun to warm the dew-chilled, earthquake-cracked stone.

I was entertained at the Temple of Rameses III., second only to Karnak in grandeur, with its military monument, palace, decoration of Rameses presenting his captives to the gods, and painted specimens of races inhabiting Asia, Lybia and Soudan.

What a marvelous court, with its seven Asaride columns, suggestive of funeral services, and eight columns with papyrus capitals, beyond whose granite portals we entered a second pylon into the inner court of pillars and bright-colored sculptures.

Thebes in its monumental record was a marvelous city. Sad words "what might have been" if time and vandal had spared, when even now its walls are found supported by statues thirty feet high, whose stolid stare and folded arms look silently down on a fallen brother's statue of King Rameses, which measures twenty-six feet across his polished granite shoulders. If quarried, how carried here and set up? What Lucifer thoughts caused him to be cast down?

What a time! How my old and sick driver could run all day by Jumbo donkey's heels, gouge his sides and steer his tail to the accompaniment of a guttural "ah-yereglah" cluck and not kill the donkey, him or myself, I've never learned. Dear little Egyptian donkeys, mouse-colored and frowsy looking, long-haired or clipped, white, dirty or painted with zebra stripes, long ears, little feet and big, braying voice; how patient and serviceable you are. If Luther believed there were to be horses in heaven; if kind preachers put the asses of their congregation in Paradise; if ancient religion and modern art have apotheosized the bull, cow, dog and cat, let me take off the big saddle and foolish brass and glass ornaments from thy neck and garland thee with flowers of respect and affection, and give

thee plenty to eat and drink and an eternity of rest to which thou are entitled.

A look at Luxor, which looks on us as the pyramids did on Napoleon's soldiers, and I shall end this Egyptian chapter. Luxor means "palaces," and was a luxurious place. The barbarians wondered at it; Homer sang about it, and in its commanding ruins it burns its memory into the traveler's brain.

Next to the pyramids the Temple of Karnak is the world's greatest ruin. Its two-mile avenue approach must have been lined with two thousand colossal sphinxes, whose crouching, crumbling fragments stretch towards you as to the worshipers of long ago. Beyond is the portal seventy feet high, and under it the multitudes marched. You enter and gaze on templed ruins a mile and a half in circumference; walls eighty feet up; towers one hundred and forty feet high, while obelisk fingers, clean cut in this preservative climate of the Nile, point to an inscription on the wall where Rameses asks help from the gods because he had built them "eternal mountains."

Think of obelisks forty centuries old! Mouldered the hands that carved them from the volcanic granite—prone or perpendicular, plain or lettered, one reads a wonderful story. As the Yosemite trees grew larger as we approached

them, until what was large was small in comparison, so here the columns grew as we threaded the temple's main avenue. One hall had one hundred and thirty-four columns, some thirty-six feet in circumference and sixty-six feet high, supporting solid blocks forty feet long, all crowned with giant lotus leaves, which gave a grace to these granite mountains. Would you insult or strike old age? Yet vandals have, and one of the columns they tried to overturn, but it only leans. Beautiful in their ruins, what must they have been with blue-domed roof and gold-starred ceiling and inscriptions of praise to their deities when their stony lips spoke adoration!

Egypt has gods by the wholesale. Wilkinson stops at seventy-three and says there are more. I saw some representations of first and second-class deities and they all looked like the devil. Ra, the "Sun God," was a royal deity; he had a hawk's head with a disk on end for a hat, trimmed with a few plumes or a snake charm. The beetle (scarabaeus) was one of his chief emblems. I have one taken from the body of a mummy by the khedive and given to Dr. Gulian Lansing, who gave it to me, his namesake. It is of an emerald green color, bears the royal cartouch, and is good for another five thousand

years. They used to worship the powers of nature, especially the sun; the moon was set way back; evil deities were not forgotten and various live animals were especially venerated in certain towns. Rawlinson suggests that the many gods of the popular mythology were mere names, "personified attributes of one true deity, or part of the nature which he had created, considered as informed and inspired by him."

When it comes to show their ceremonials were splendid. Buildings painted and sculptured exceeded all others in grandeur. The image of the god was placed on a central shrine, surrounded by chambers of the priests, courts, colonades, sculptures, sphinxes and obelisks and towers at each side of the entrance. Costly ceremonies were conducted, incense rose, hymns of prayer and praise were sung.

The Egyptian may have had curious and confused notions in religion, but he didn't believe that this world or the next would be the same to the sinner as to the saint. Birch says his life was "to be pious to the gods, obedient to the wishes of his sovereign, affectionate towards his wife and children, giving bread to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, oil to the wounded, and burial to the dead." We need a revival of an Egyptian "old time religion."

Undertakers were busy in those days as now, only they embalmed, and the office was regarded as sacred. They emptied the body of its vitals, filled it with drugs, anointed the skin, soaked it in nitre, wrapped it in linen bandages, stuck it with gum, put it in a coffin and there you are, or were, or could be set up or carried around like so much cordwood by your relatives. Very handy.

At death the Egyptian believed his soul went to the "Hall of Truth" and was judged in the presence of Osiris. A pair of scales was brought out, in one end was placed the emblem of truth, in the other a vase of the man's good deeds. If they were enough to weigh down the scale, his happy soul entered the "Boat of the Sun," and was ferried to the "Pools of Peace." If he had been long on creed and short on conduct, his miserable soul was sentenced to transmigration in bodies of unclean animals. If that didn't make him better Osiris just annihilated him. If he had been good the four ape-faced genii singed off his little faults and made him the companion of Osiris for a little visit of three thousand years after which the soul flew back to its mummy, rose from the dead and tried it again on earth. This program was repeated until the cycle was

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complete and he was rewarded by being absorbed into the divine essence whence he came.

Philae, the beautiful island, is sacred to Isis, the burial place of her husband, Osiris, who was embalmed in Egypt's most sacred oath, "By him who sleeps in Philae." I was anxious to rest in "Pharaoh's bed," beautifully built by Tiberius. Then there is the Temple Abou-Simbel, carved into the river's rocky hillside for a length of three hundred feet, with statues whose forefingers are four feet long. Who was this mighty Angelo who gave time and distance for art factors?

We know but little. Maspero has said: "Egypt is far from being exhausted. Its soil contains enough to occupy twenty centuries of workers, for what has come to light is comparatively nothing."

Sunday afternoon I was tired, hot and dusty, and wanted a bath. The Nile was inviting. The boatmen wondered why I did not bathe by the bank if I had to bathe. Their immodest scruples were overcome when I gave them good money to row me to the west shore. Money talks all languages and a gold skeleton key opens all hearts. I left my clothes in the boat with my watch and pocketbook. The black rascals mo-

tioned me to take a long swim or dive far down or stay under long. But it was too dangerous. They are born thieves and thugs and I feared them more than I did the crocodiles. So I kept one eye on them and the other on the pets of the Nile and had a royal bath in the royal river. I floundered around and fished to see if I could find some buried souvenir. All I gathered was mud. Dr. Murch, the American missionary, said I was lucky to get off so lightly.

The Nile is the main artery of Egyptian life. It symbolized life in contrast to the desert with its death. One is not surprised that it has been deified and that the traveler looks with pleasure on the statue of the Father of the Nile in the vatican, reclining upon a small sphinx with sixteen sportive pigmies playing on his arms and legs, representing the river's annual rise of sixteen cubits.

Historically, Egypt was back of Greece and Rome, the mother of art and cradle of invention.

Biographically, she was the home of Rameses and Pharaoh, Moses and Joseph, Alexander the Great and the Ptolomies, Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra.

Sentimentally, she was as mysterious as the pyramids, sphinx, palm and Nile.

Mentally, she was the garden of astronomy,

philosophy, architecture, sculpture and painting.

Religiously, she was the sanctuary of a learned priesthood, elaborate system of theology, and inspiring ritual for the dead.

Egypt has intoxicated me, the sculptured leaf of the lotus flower which gives grace and airiness to the granite columns, has entered my blood. I, too, am a lotus eater.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HOLY CITY.

Joppa has a hard name among sailors because she offers rocks and wind-swept surf to land in instead of a good harbor. But she was kind to us, and sturdy natives in big boats on a smooth sea rowed us to shore. I had no dread of being ground to kindling wood or capsizing or falling into a big fish's mouth as Jonah did here. My only fear was that the salt water splashed on a new box coat would put leopard's spots on it which could not be changed. I was anxious to land and see Sister Dorcas, for I was out at the elbows and several other places and she had a reputation for making and mending garments for the poor. But she was gone and none of the

family in, so I left my card and her house a sorry sight. Judging from the appearance of the ragamuffins who followed me, no sewing is done nowadays, and if cleanliness is Christian, Joppa ought not to be included in a journey in the Holy Land. But it has to be—Jerusalem via Joppa. "Was your wife reconciled to her last sickness?" asked a sympathetic inquirer. "She had to be. She vas dead."

Joppa is not much more than a pile of stones in an orange grove today, but yesterday she was quite important. On one of those horns of rocks yonder Andromeda was chained; here Hiram, king of Tyre, floated his cedars of Lebanon for Solomon's Temple; there stands the house on whose top Peter prayed and saw a sheeted vision of charity; later Constantine saw fit to make it the seat of the bishop's see; and last and worst, Napoleon stormed the city and slaughtered his Turkish prisoners.

Joppa's streets (or alleys) are narrow and filled with camels, donkeys, beggars and smells. I went to the alleged house of Simon the tanner, dyed my hands in the vat, climbed to the roof and had my picture taken—my Peter's vision being the blue sea, the rocks, the stone-piled city and big steamer in the distance. Courier Beyeres almost had a fist fight

with a big boy who fell in love with me and wanted to be my guide. The discarded lover threw a stone at the boy I did hire to take me to the depot—depot because camels are out of date. Once aboard the train and seated by Joseph Finan, the chief of Lydia, we had cigarettes, flowers and big delicious oranges galore. I think I ate four dozen. But my big coat was missing—I knew I'd need it and could prove it. It was like Grimes—"all buttoned down before." Just as the train was pulling out, a native rushed to my compartment, threw the coat to me, saying, "Givee goodee manee backsheesh," and I did, a shilling and got off cheap at that—and ate more oranges.

Joppa is less than forty miles from Jerusalem but there are more than forty volumes of fragrant history in that distance.

Ex-American consul, Herbert Clark, pointed out gardens of golden oranges beyond the fabled Hesperides; Sharon's plain, fragrant with Bible roses and memories; Wely with a well called Abraham's fountain; Ramleh the ancient camel caravan turnpike road and later camping ground of Crusader and Napoleon; Askelon, and Gath of giant Sampson fame and brook of David's sling-stone story; Lydda, where Peter healed the palsied Aeneas; Valley of Ajalon where the moon

stood still and Joshua subdued the Amorites; Neby Samwil, Samuel's birthplace and the site of ancient Mizpeh; Ain Karim, the birth place of John the Baptist; the Valley Kolonech, connected with the ark of triumpn; the road associated with Christ's walk with the disciples to Emmaus, pilgrimages of devout Israelites, tramp of Roman legions and cry of crusaders. Then came the city of song and story—Jerusalem.

We raced through the narrow streets of Jerusalem till we came to Lloyd's German hotel where the weather strips were heaps of sand to keep the rain out and the stoves to warm and dry us were pagoda-looking porcelain things, and the piano had been thumped out of tune, and the cooking was good when you got it, for the hands were slow and "hasty pudding" was not on the bill of fare; and my stone-floored, iron-grated, feather-blanketed, bolstered bedroom opened into an inner court filled with beautiful fragrant flowers, kept fresh and moist by rain which fell incessantly from a roofless square above, to the time of a male quartette of German voices which lulled me to rest in Vaterland airs.

It's springtime in Jerusalem and the rain, "it raineth every day." My rubbers were on shipboard thirty miles away, with no Sheridan to bring them and no chance to buy any more. But

I was in the Holy City and could afford to have wet feet for a month or no feet at all; just wings of curiosity would do, for, whether I was animal or angel, I could not tell.

"Come," said my guide, Selim, a slim, shrewd, scholarly fellow, who was full of facts and knew how to impart them in half a dozen languages. "Come to the Jew's wailing place, for its Friday, the only day they cry." A stranger, sadder sight I never saw; the old wall of the temple, the crevices filled with grass and flowers or nails and pebbles sent by devotees who could not come; throngs of old and young, rich and poor, shabbily or royally dressed, hands filled with sacred books or psalter, reading, praying, crying, muttering, swaying to and fro, all lamenting the downfall and forsaken condition of their deserted city—all this made a picture time can never fade. The Jew has much to be proud of in religion, literature, music, finance, philosophy, drama and philanthropy. My prayer is that they may see Christ as the fulfillment of the Hope of Israel, and that Jew-bating, and anti-Semitic prejudices may everywhere cease.

More rain (indignant tears over our party), so I took a longer rest at the hotel, played the piano for the landlord's daughter until the tourists, tired of my music, left without me. Be-

lieving I could easily find them, I started to Howard's hotel. Not there. Through the New Gate to the Franciscan convent. Not there. In and out of the shops and stores. Not there. Until mortified to desperation I went back to the office and Mr. Clark furnished me with another guide who steered me through the slime and stench of what he called the best way to Omar's mosque, whither the party were headed and where I found them listening to a lecture. I got one I didn't relish. Moral: Don't procrastinate and don't think you can "go it alone" through the Old and New Jerusalem. You may get left and lost.

I walked the streets of this city, followed by donkeys as large as dogs, with big Turks or Jews astride and digging calloused heels into the little fellow's sides; entered stores filled with fruits and vegetables, long loaves of dirty looking bread, old shoes, amber beads, ornaments of olive wood, incense and crucifixes. David is the leading street, filled with bazaars and beggars, donkeys and dirt, camels and cats, tourists and Turks. In the absence of a board of trade, I went to the corn market. My guide said they would give, "good measure" and shake it down to "overflowing" according to the Scripture. They failed to connect that day, for at the cor-

ner of David and Christian street my friend went in to change one pound and got fifteen counterfeits out of twenty pieces. It is a common proverb in the east that, "a Greek will get the better of ten Europeans, a Jew will beat ten Greeks, an Armenian equals ten Jews and a Syrian is more than a match for Greek, Jew and Armenian together." I believe it.

Via Doloroso, sorrowful way, is the name of a rough, narrow street filled with ancient arches and houses said to be associated with our Lord's last Journey. Of course, it isn't, for the street is only six hundred years old, but in a true sense most of the streets in Jerusalem are "sorrowful" ways, whether you tramp them in wet or dry weather, by daylight or at night, in absence of street-lights carrying a lantern in Oriental darkness, groping between narrow walks, filthy curbs, greasy boxes and beasts. What a city! No cheerful libraries, clubs, concert halls or anything of the kind before or after 7 o'clock. Think of a "Thousand and One Nights" in such a place.

The money changers are here as in former days, but my money changes hands soon enough without help from them. I met Mr. Shylock and he still wants his "pound of flesh." I wanted a widow's mite, handed him a franc, expecting a mite and a half franc in return. Instead of that

he wanted another franc. I regard the mite as a valuable souvenir. I wish I could speak Volapuk and that Volapuk was English, for its all very fine to air your French and German, but when you want to make a bargain, English is the real thing. I am so earnest about this that I've dipped my pen in Turkish coffee. "Amen" to the litany "have mercy upon all Turks, infidels and heretics and take from them all hardness of heart."

Yet it is difficult for even an American always to carry the jewel of consistency across the sea. Mr. Blank goes with me to Jaffa Gate and buys some phylacteries. Mr. Blank is a Sunday school teacher and wants souvenirs for his class, but wants them cheap. The dealer is in a kind of syndicate and says he cannot cut the price on those pictures and things. Mr. S. S. man says, "No one will know it." Mr. Heathen looks him in the eye, points to his heart, and says, "I will know it."

I visited the German Church of the Redeemer. The beadle spoke of King William's generosity, showed me his royal signature in the big Bible and, noticing my covetous gaze at the big Berlin organ, asked me if I wanted to play. Yes, I did, and I got there with both hands and feet. It was a different make from any I had ever tried

before but I experimented with some of the stops and pedals, and growing confident, added others, turned on the big swell center wheel until the arches rang with "America," "Doxology" and "Dixie." This was formerly the hospital of St. John; what the old buried knights of the eleventh century thought of my performance I did not wait to learn.

"Walk about Zion." I did in about an hour, for it was only about two and a half miles. What a fortress with foundation and walls of stone! "Count the towers thereof." I did that, too, for awhile, until they grew too many, admiring most the massive masonry of David's tower, a monument of age and strength. "Mark ye well her bulwarks"—if that may be translated "gates" according to the revision or accommodation which preachers practice, I found seven, five open and two shut, and all of them more or less remarkable.

"Consider her palaces"—one of them is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. I believe in all the historic facts of Scripture but not the specious shows collected under this domed, Byzantine roof. The Stone of Unction; Station of Mary; Holy Selpuchre; Rod of Moses; Column of Scourging; Bonds and Prison of Christ; Chapel of Vestments; Chapel of the Finding of the

Cross; Chapel of the Crown of Thorns; column marking the center of the earth; Calvary; Tomb of Melchizedek; Chapel of St. Helena where the Basilica of St. Constantine once stood; tomb, sword and spurs of Godfrey de Bouillon. These last two places were of interest because of probable truth. Concerning the other sights enumerated, I looked and listened but was utterly skeptical.

Do not misunderstand me; I was reverent and thoughtful; I listened to all that was said and looked at all that was pointed out; I gave alms when asked and where it was not expected; I was moved with sympathy towards the pilgrims who were there at the cost of life earnings and home associations; I saw youth and age, beauty and deformity, standing, kneeling, crying, smiling, praying and prostrate beyond anything I had read, heard or seen in fact or fancy, but I did not and I could not and I will not believe in the local A to Z of our Lord's suffering which is collected and classified in this church.

The Mosque of Omar is the other "palace;" it is a beautiful thing and you have seen pictures of its inside and outside. There are many Jewish, Moslem and Christian legends connected with the "Dome of the Rock," in fact some of the rockiest legends I have ever heard. I gazed

in the Well of Spirits whence dead Moslems are to be dragged up to Paradise by the hair on their heads and felt that if hair was necessary my bald scalp was a strong argument against my accepting the Moslem faith. I wandered over to the Sacred Slab, where the Devil knocked nineteen nails into the stone. But three and one-half remain. When these go, the world ends. The kneeling priest implored alms and said what translated meant "You'll go to hell if you don't put some money down." I replied with my Bible, "Go too thou," but relented and fear no immediate danger of collapse.

Solomon's quarries are still the Mecca of devout Masons. I was secretary of a meeting on the ship that took up a good collection for the R. S. mother lodge of Jerusalem. The kindness was appreciated and a meeting was arranged for the traveling Masons in the quarry. Asked to address the lodge in this historic spot, I complied; my interpreter must have improved upon what I said, for they gave me three beautiful gavels which I presented the K. T., the Chapter and Blue Lodge of Owensboro, Ky. These quarries resemble the Mammoth cave in some respects with their boulders, ravines and immense slabs of stone. The ancients quarried by drilling holes, inserting wedges of wood which

when wet swelled and pressed out the stone. I remember a spring of water in this cave because it tasted salt and because I slipped and fell in the mud.

With my brother Masons I had my picture taken in a group at the entrance of the quarry with the foundation stones of the old wall for a background. The sun was shining, I failed to remove my glasses so that I look like a wall-eyed pike—not the Grand Commander, Albert Pike.

I had repeated conversation with some citizens of Jerusalem who complained of lack of protection from the American consul and government, and wanted a representative appointed who would think more of American citizens and less of black coffee with Turkish officials. During the Armenian massacre Americans in Jerusalem had no protection from the American government until they made a big kick through the American newspapers. It's a shame that Americans are at the worst possible advantage in Jerusalem.

Eight years ago the American cemetery on Zion was "desecrated" and sold to the French, who dug up and threw out the bones of some great men with their families. The Jews own Olivet today and you may buy a simple grave on its slope for $250. I didn't

take one. America is good enough for me.

It is still raining and we splash and slip with great discomfort. But when we learned how much this rain meant to the natives, we stopped complaining and said, "The Lord reigneth, let Him do what seemeth good in His sight." In February, 1899, there were twenty-five inches less rain than February, 1900. For four months the city was almost without water. The poor had to pay three piastres, fifteen cents, for a skin of good water. When they only made six piastres a day it didn't leave much for solid refreshment. Still, even in America, I've known a man's bill to be more for drink than food or clothes.

"If I forget thee, O, Jerusalem, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." I shall not forget thy Oriental, Gothic, Byzantine and Italian architecture, or thy Orientally costumed natives, fur-capped Jews, white-capped women, robe-padded Russians, long-haired Greeks, hooded Armenians, fezzed Turks and outlandish tourists—or the days of thy early glory, when vineyards, terraced hillsides of corn and grain made thee the city of milk and honey.

Jerusalem, thou art indeed the most historic and holy city in all the world. No wonder the Old Crusaders wept for joy when they saw the

sacred city of Abraham, David, Solomon and Christ. There's an Oriental proverb that the worst Moslems go to Mecca and the worst Christians are those who have been to Jerusalem. I hope not.

CHAPTER IX.

SCENES IN SAMARIA.

"Saddle me the ass, and they saddled HIM," was the professor's misaccented Scripture. To avoid such a mistake, I said: "My kingdom for a horse," and on the principle that you get what you pay for, I was assigned an animal with a tail as short as a preacher's bank account and a neck as long as a weak sister's tongue.

I had prided myself with knowing something about horses. A plow horse once ran away with me and scratched me off under an apple tree, where I would have remained like Absolom if I had not thus early given proof of baldness. To-day my back bears the harrowing mark of this John Gilpin ride. Later a pig ran under my horse while I was talking with a neighbor's daughter. He was off before I was fairly on and as a hay wagon loomed up in the distance, I

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trusted to luck and threw myself into the road; when I got up I looked very much like a zebra. Some years ago, in California, I tried to ride a mustang. As a tenderfoot I was not familiar with a cowboy's tactics. The more I said "Whoa" and pulled back, the faster he went, until from sheer exhaustion I dropped the lines and he stopped. "Similia similibus curantur" and a liniment by the same name restored me to my usual health. In Minneapolis I had a horse, Fred, well known on the Harriet speedway in summer, and Lake of the Isles in winter, with a record of 2:22½, which wasn't bad, though a park policeman thought so and told me that if I drove that way he would have to run me in. You see the ruling passion for horses was strong in Samaria and I fell into my saddle as naturally and easily as Silas Wegg used to drop into poetry.

But the first thing my beautiful Arab steed did was to suddenly throw back his head with the force of a battering ram. He hit my forehead and I was so dazed and dumb that for a long time I could only utter a word of one syllable. This was one of his peculiarities and for a week through Samaria and Galilee I had to learn to suddenly shift right and left so that when he repeated his headstrong habit he might just brush

my ears with his. The second thing he did was to take fright at a Jew, who was carrying a ton of lumber on his head, and run me into a bake shop, where the proprietor called me down with a "Howajji," to which I replied: "Very well, how are you?" These men of Palestine have been known to carry a piano on their backs. They are good burden-bearers and might be serviceable in some Gentile churches where harmony does not always prevail.

I wish you could have seen our party. It was composed of men and women, short and tall, fat and lean, blonde and brunette, with goggles, green umbrellas and white flopping veils around their hats (to keep the sun off), and flapping down their backs like pigeon wings. Sitting aside or astride, as many of the ladies did, with their feet, stuck in short stirrups, they looked as if they were frogs ready to jump. It was a sight calculated to knock the camera crazy with astonishment.

We had a big party, consisting of one hundred and twenty-two horses, thirty-seven mules, nineteen donkeys, fourteen waiters, forty-three tent boys and baggagemen, six dragomen, twenty-two tents, seventy-one tourists and a palanquin which headed the party like the old ark of the covenant. I had a big dragoman, whose

name was "Salah," six feet four inches high, weighed two hundred and fifty-six pounds and twice as much in kindness and intelligence. He was tall, straight, brown as a berry, wore a yellowish tasseled scarf wound around his head, a drab silk jacket, a gorgeous girdle, baggy blue breeches, high top boots, and was armed with a horse pistol, a cheese-knife-shaped scimitar that made your blood thicken. Mounted on a little pony that no one else could ride because he was so vicious, he led us forth over hill, through valley, and the cultivated fields of the natives whenever we could make a short cut.

I was sorry to leave Jerusalem, but I prayed for its "peace" as I passed a guide whose chief object in life was to get ahead, and was fighting a fat woman, whom he had helped into the saddle, for money. "Money makes the mare go." The golden calf is still worshipped, and when the good missionary comes here and offers a gospel, "without money and without price," the people are surprised, think it must be worthless, and so reject it.

Outside the walls we saw many places which made us feel, with Carlyle, "Let silence meditate that sacred matter." It did, for fickle human nature is offset by abiding nature, whose geography

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remains while men come and go. The country lay before us, a commentary on our Old and New Testament, and pleasure-seeking for the present was lost in the far sacred past.

Dismounting at Gethsemane, I entered the garden of agony; walked through it silent and alone. As I left, an old Franciscan monk gave me a handful of flowers and leaves from the old olive trees. Thinking this place and Gordon's cavalry yonder might be the true sites of suffering and crucifixion, I was startled by a piteous plea for alms by eyeless, noseless, fingerless, toeless men and women, whose poor condition would melt a heart of stone.

We climbed Olivet's summit and entered a chapel in whose stone floor was an alleged foot print made by the Savior at His ascension. Disgusted with its unseemly size and the superstition, we went out and climbed a minaret with a tourist's spirit as sacrilegious as a Mohammedan's sneer, and looked out upon the wide sweep of the Holy City and the hilly country.

Beyond Olivet we were nearly run over by a train of a hundred camels, loaded with sacks and swinging and stilting along with a "get-out-of-the-way" air, like a locomotive. We moved, for the camel can walk over your little horse and not strain himself at all. I like the camel; he is

homely but very handy, and said to carry a well of water inside him. I have never seen him drink, but I've watched him eat a bushel of thistles, any sticker of which was worse than a darning needle, and he seemed to enjoy every mouthful.

Bethany has the traditional home of Martha and the tomb of Lazarus. It used to be a quiet, delightful city, but from the time I entered it I was followed by a crowd of blear-eyed rag-bags who bombarded me with, "Tombo Lazarus—bucksheesh, bucksheesh—tombo Lazarus." Even the dogs looked mean and barked bucksheesh, and little babies who could not talk stretched out their filthy fingers and lisped, "Sheesh."

Was this the Well of the Magi, where weary they paused and saw the star reflected which led to the Manger? Is this domed structure the tomb of the sweet, sad Rachel? No doubt, according to the belief of Jew, Moslem and Christian. Yonder in picturesque setting was the birth-place of David and David's Son and Saviour. The Convent of the Nativity, with its star-marked manger; tomb of St. Jerome, Paula and Eudosia; Pit of Slaughtered Innocents; Milk Grotto, House of Joseph, and nearby Shepherd's field, David's Well and Cave of Adullam.

Bethlehem's historic and holy star was shining for us on a Christian and industrious community, which makes stars, crosses, chains, beads and boxes of olive wood and mother of pearl, and a very excellent wine.

I knew the Pools of Solomon were larger than the Helena plunge. But, like Mother Hubbard's cupboard, there was nothing in them. The pools could be put to use today and I learned a philanthropic woman offered to repair them, but the sulky sultan said "No." No modern improvements need apply. I explored the Lower, Middle and Upper pools. They are of magnificent shape, size and preservation. The lower could float one of our big ships and the others would make a fine "swimmin' hole" for small boys.

Hebron is the oldest town in the world and means "alliance" or "friendship." Abraham lived here and entertained the heavenly visitors before we came. Absalom used to play on its streets, and I'm not surprised he turned out bad. We were not allowed to enter the Cave of Macpelah, in which Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are buried; we only wanted to see it, and on our way the natives threw stones at us, made faces and insulting remarks to the ladies, and if it had not been for our Sheik, would have beaten us with sticks.

I felt like giving them their medicine in the pool of Hebron, where David hung the lifeless bodies of Saul's murderers, or taking them out to Abraham's oaks at Mamre and holding their stiff necked judgment in suspense, or banishing them from the land as Abraham did Hagar. With new meaning we sang Hebron, "Thus far the Lord hath led me on," in the dining room, upstairs, over a stenchful stable. The sheik rushed telling us to keep still for our singing had attracted the hoodlum rabble outside, who threatened vengeance. But what could you expect in the town of Joab, who murdered Abner and where Jacob deceived; and we rent our clothes?

Hostelries! "Weariness can snore on flint," but some resting places were darker than Egypt and drearier than a sepulchre. One of them that I recall would make a good grave for Lazarus or a cliff for a cave-dweller. But life's law is compensation and one must get real tired to enjoy a real rest.

The distance from Jerusalem to Jericho is about eight hours. That is the way they reckon distance here, so it is long or short according to the conveyance. Jordan used to be a hard road to travel, but a princess who met with an acci-

dent on her journey gave a thousand pounds for good roads so we fared better.

I was always sorry for the young man who was held up, and while it is easier and safer to-day, one meets with surprising experiences. The Apostle's Rest is remembered. At the foot of the hill which I raced down for exercise, leaping over rocks like a chamois, I came up to the door of the inn and was met by an Oriental who said, "Whisk, whisk." Did I look like a Kentucky colonel? My dress was semi-clerical and the red on my nose was oriental sunshine and nothing more. My driver came to investigate, took the proffered drink, performed a dance and smoked a narghili; so I think they mistook me for one of their brethren. One of my companions will also remember this Jericho drive, for he lost his note-book of months' keeping; worried about it all the way from Jerusalem; sent an Arab to look for it along the road, and later found it where he had left it in his room at the hotel. My accommodating driver, after he had watered the horses, picked up a chicken, running in his way; put it in his blouse; sat on its head until it was dead, and later selected a wooded camp, where he dressed and roasted it.

We came to the place of the Good Samaritan,

where I found material for a new sermon. You see, I wanted a bottle to put some Jordan water in, so I purchased a bottle of lemonade for ten cents, but after I drank the vile stuff they wanted the bottle back or ten cents extra. That's the reason I haven't any sacred water to give my Paedobaptist friends. On my return, I got even with this cheating fellow. He kissed and fondled his horse in true Arab style. I smiled and drew out my American flag. He went to the inn and brought out a Turkish flag on a pole, floated it and asked for mine. I said "No," reached for his, and laughingly put mine above the crescent. His reply was a look that would have meant mischief if Selim had not excused me, saying I was "big American." That was literally true, but then I love the flag and what it represents and long for its elevation and extension everywhere.

Jericho used to be a city of the first class. Elijah lived here and the fountain Elisha sweetened still sparkles with cool water for man and beast. Later Herod built and beautified the city. It had gardens and groves and mad Anthony gave them to his sweetheart, Cleopatra. But if I had to live here today on this rubbish heap or in the tower they call Zaccheus' house, I'd hunt a sycamore tree and fasten a rope to it and to my neck and cut loose.

We have been looking for the "land flowing with milk and honey," where the turtle's voice announces soup for supper, but it is a mockery. With slight variations in the order on the bill of fare, it is lamb, ram, sheep and mutton, goat-milk, camel's hair and butter, spring water and oranges. At Jericho my friend, R., covered his shoes with holy mud which he would not allow to be blacked or scraped off, but intended to carry back with other sacred souvenirs to Kansas City. Naturally, the traveler develops into a curio-hunter, a stone-cutter and vandal in general. We had broken and brought spemimens enough to require an extra stateroom, and dreaded the customhouse officer in Boston who would eye us to see whether Mr. Gotrox was on board.

The Brook Cherith was a gorgeous affair. The deep ravine, colored rocks, huts of hermits, perching like a martin's box, looked very odd. Men come here and go away, but the brook murmurs forever the story of the prophet Elijah, and sleepless care of Providence. Poe's weird raven story took a new interest from Elijah's rocky summer resort.

Half dead with fatigue we reached the Dead Sea and found it alive with Jordan's overflow. We viewed it as Moses did the Promised Land.

I had enjoyed a Salt Lake experience with Spurgeon's son and knew what salt water tasted and felt like when it filled your mouth and eyes. It is so salt it flavors the apples of Sodom on its banks with a "seal brown" taste a man is said to wake up with after a champagne dinner.

Dead Sea water is eight times salter than other water. It is a low body anyway, three thousand feet below sea level and is associated with Sodom and Gomorrah. What valuable real estate we saw here has long ago been retired from the market. The whole country seems a monument of desolation.

We sang, "By Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand." The river was higher than it had been for fifty years and was so dirty and dangerous that we could neither fish nor swim in it. It staggers two hundred miles to make sixty miles between Galilee and the Dead Sea. Its story flows straight through Old and New Testament history with a fascination to every creed and clime. We bathed our dirty hands and faces in it, then drank of it, took a row boat and went to the traditoinal point of Israel's crossing and Christ's baptism. After the crowd had gone, I remained with Dr. Courtland Myers of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, who baptized his little eight-year-old son.

We had climbed over rocks enough to pave all Europe. In stumbling over them I had met so many social natives that I invented a greeting upon which I have a patent right. It was "Salam bucksheesh, your royal nibs." The first words always made them bow and gesture; the second caused them to look up in a knowing way, while the last sounded so well, that they took it for a compliment and passed contentedly on.

At Ram-Allah, Hill of God, I found the American Friend's mission. A big American flag floated from the roof. I walked through the beautiful grounds, up the steps, into the parlor and kitchen, where I startled the cook speechless. The building is spacious and complete every way. We went into the chapel, where twenty-six fair-faced, black-eyed girls looked at us and we at them. The teacher said they were, "Sweet, good girls, respected and sought for as wives." We took her word for it. They sang a song and with a rising note at the close of each stanza, so I wondered where it would end. I didn't quite get the words any more than the tune and asked the teacher what they said. "Oh," replied she, "they greeted you in English. Didn't you understand?" Of course I did then and, said,

"Yes." Then they repeated the Twenty-third Psalm in native speech.

Tired, I sought the convent, ate a good dinner, told stories, looked at Mizpeh veiled in garb of setting sun, and went to bed.

With Clarence I "passed a miserable night" on a three sectioned Procustes' bed whose different levels left me decorated like a broiled steak. My company was good, but not the cot, yet this was a palatial hotel to some of the native houses with their vermin covered floor on which donkies, goats, and a more wretched humanity struggled for rest.

I had dreamed, sung and preached of Bethel, but found it a poor little village on a poor little hill with some few natives. The soil was so rocky and poor that even the long patient vine and olive could not endure it and had bidden it farewell. Abraham reared an altar here and Jacob had a boulder for a bolster. It lies in ruins but is rich in rocks and could furnish stone bruises for all the bare-footed boys in Palestine.

One gets frightfully thirsty riding in the holy land. There are no cold bottles of anything and the water is stale and flat. Robber's Fountain had a reputation for good water. Unterrified we raced toward it mid picturesque scenery of olive

wood, pink, yellow and white flowers, passing native women with great bundles of brush on their heads for fuel, who were struggling along worse than beasts of burden. Just beyond we rested at a kind of oasis, in a green enclosure, where the tablecloth was spread upon a stone. At our feet there was a big pool in which the women were doing a family washing by pounding the clothes on a rock. We lunched with good appetite and digestion, but it made us feel bad to be surrounded by a crowd of sad eyed women and hungry children who watched every mouthful and waited for a crust or crumb like a starving dog or cat. More than once we left them as much as we ate; sometimes for charity, sometimes because they were so dirty and festooned and frescoed with flies, dirt and sore eyes.

These sons of Abraham still plow with a stick and tickle the soil and raise a sickly smile of grain, cut it with a knife or pull it up by hand, dry it, tread it, let the wind blow through its chaff, leaving the grain behind. Other lands change, but Palestine lives the same in its people, practice, employment and building. It is a bare, bouldery, blistering land. Shepherds charm their flocks with a reed whose music compares well with the sound of a nail scratched on

a pane of glass. Here was a picture of natives walking with bare, sandaled feet, driving and riding camels and donkeys. Yonder a field where the father and his family were kneeling in the wheat pulling out the tares, the mother being near her babe which was sleeping in a cradle shaped like a camel's saddle.

Jacob's well continues to do business at the old stand. It must have been originally intended as a reservoir, for in spite of the debris of years it is more than ninety feet deep and nine feet in diameter, cut in the living rock. The water was cool, sweet and refreshing, and we halted in the little adjacent garden, talking over its history of Jacob's and the Savior's time. I met here a Turk who acted very strangely. Cigarettes had made him nervous and he kept playing with a string of beads. His conduct must have frightened my partner's horse, for he threw her off and kicked after she was down, and how she escaped being killed, we never know.

Shechem is beautifully situated with its MountEbal and Gerizim. Yonder is the Samaritan convent with its famous codex Pentateuch manuscript and large mosque, and a Baptist church of twenty-two members. The natives hate the Christians. The camping party was made to pay a circus lot privilege for tarrying

but a night. One of our convent party had forgotten his passport, but a few francs bribed the Turkish officer to swear that it was O. K. Our ex-American consul, Gen. Lew Wallace, fared worse some years ago; he was minus his passport or money or something and was detained six hours until permission was telegraphed from Constantinople allowing him to go. We enjoyed the rest and the refreshment of the Catholic convent. The Fathers were kind, the fare was good, and the rooms were large.

I talked to the Fathers through an interpreter. My English companion spoke in French to the host, who turned to Father F. and said, "Tell him to talk in French, I don't understand English." That night I heard strange sounds and woke to hear my friend talk French with the most approved Parisian accent.

Samaria stands for sickness and smells. A pile of dirt, disease, cactus and ruined columns. Infamous Ahab lived here and ran a Daphne grove. Herod built some fine palaces later. One of our party was a little indisposed; Dr. S. prescribed for him, and in ten minutes the whole town had brought its halt, lame and blind for treatment. Here is a fine opening for a young doctor and a large practice warranted with opportunity to increase the death rate.

SHECHEM AND MOUNT EBAL

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ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN

Samaria is one of the three old divisions of the Holy Land, with Galilee on the North, Judea on the South, Jordan on the East and the Mediterranean on the West. Its hills were less bare than those of Judea, and its valleys and plains were more generally cultivated and fruitful.

Near Dothan, Elijah prayed for blindness to come on the people. Some of their blind descendants were bathing in a well said to have been the once dry one Joseph was put in during the dry season before being sold into Egypt. A rock descent brought us to a beautiful, but miserable village, Jenin, Fountain of Gardens. It's a place that I associate with kicking horses, convent arches, half-burnt candles, a poor supper, flea-bitten dogs, sore-eyed children, the call of the Muezzin overhead, and a kind of banjo serenade next door.

Jezreel was a barn yard, a ratty, wretched hole, filled with beggars, and store supplies. Surely there is something in a name and you might as well hang a dog as give him a bad name. The town is associated with Jezebel who was thrown out of the tower for dog meat. I saw the tower, the children threw stones at us and I was sorry that we had no gattling gun to reply with. The fountain of Jezreel is where the three hundred men lapped water like a dog.

The valley of Jezereel is remembered for Ahab's palace, of which no trace remains; Naboth's vineyards; Jehu's fast driving and Gideon's victory over the Midianites.

Burka-Dothan, Jenin, Jezreel, are all of a kind. We came and saw and were conquered by swarms of vermin and vagabonds. The most fitting thing I could say was from Byron: "Farewell, dear, damned, distracted town."

CHAPTER X.

GALILEE AND ITS SACRED REMINISCENCE.

Galilee in our Lord's time occupied all the northern part of Palestine West of the Jordan and North of Samaria. Its people were brave and industrious but held in poor repute. The Savior spent thirty years of his life among its cities. The term "Galilean" was one of reproach and the apostate emperor Julian in the agony of his death cried, "O Galilean, thou hast conquered."

Gilboa introduced us to Galilee and stood sentinel over the plain of Esdraelon and the valley of the Jordan. The mountain was bleak but bright in Bible history. I opened my Bible and

read how Saul and Jonathan were defeated by the Philistines. David uttered an "In Memoriam" on the death of his friend which is sublime as it is sweet, "Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided; I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan, thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen."

We came to Shunem, with its dung decorated walls and worse than Chinatown atmosphere. Here the woman lived who was friendly to Elisha who had saved her son. If it smelt then as it did when we were there I wonder that Elisha found anyone alive when he visited the town.

Nain and Endor near by looked weird and wicked. Visions of Saul's witch and thoughts of Macbeth's cauldron floated before our minds and we believed with Riley, "the Gobble-uns 'll git you, ef you don't watch out."

Like night to light in contrast were Tabor and Little Hermon verdure-clad, sunlit, baptized with Bible glory.

The Plain of Esdraelon has been dyed with soldier's blood from the days of Barak to Napoleon. It was wet with mud when we crossed it; the horses were nearly mired. One poor lit-

tle donkey was almost buried alive, burden and all, and when his driver got him out, he cursed him, beat him and stuck a big knife in his sides and shoulders. I angrily complained to the guide, who simply said: "Donkey cheap. He get more. No good fight him."

Next to Jerusalem, Nazareth is the most fascinating city in Palestine,—picturesque with cliffs, oaks, cyprus, minarets, convents and houses. The proverbial kindness of the people, beauty of the women and cleanliness of the city did not disappoint us. I saw a wedding procession, scores of men and women clapping their hands and two sword-dancers amusing the crowd. They had been at this kind of performance for a week or more and were expected to jolly the groom some days longer before he met his bride and made her his wife. Poor fellow, I thought, it will be easy for your wife to manage you after all this. It was a kind of "Taming of the Shrew" reversed. For a long time the authorities have tried, in vain, to suppress this kind of pre-nuptial demonstration. It's lots of fun but, like the frog fable, for the boys and not the unfortunate frogs.

I had read about and seen pictures of Oriental kissing. I suppose if one must kiss, the best thing to do is to kiss the best looking per-

son, who, outside of our party, was generally a man. In Nazareth it was a little different. The girls and women were very attractive and I was not surprised when a bachelor friend said, "Look at those lips, wouldn't you like to kiss them?" The girls were pretty, with a little loose-looking flour bag that served for full dress, bare feet, brass bracelets, wealth of old coins and a grace and smile more valuable than all.

Of Nazareth we may forget many things, but not the Latin convent with its church of the Annunciation, with its beautiful French picture, roll of organ, of voices, kneeling children and teachers near by. Our hearts rose, our eyes filled with tears, and our lips said, "Amen." I saw the alleged workshop of Joseph, table of Christ, school where He studied, house where He lived and synagogue where He taught. I questioned the locality, but not the historical facts of the divine boy and man whose sinless years were spent beneath the Syrian blue. The Protestant church welcomed us. The girls' orphanage appealed to our charity; the Fountain flowed full and free for us and our horses; and we witnessed the immemorial custom of the village girls dressed white and looking bright, filling jars and pitchers of water and carrying them on their heads.

I held prayer service that Sabbath night. The German keeper's family were there in force to play the organ and lead the music. I spoke on, "Our Lord's Life in Nazareth." The subject, time and occasion are indelibly impressed.

Cana, the scene of Christ's miracle, is a tumble-down village with a few hundred inhabitants. We lunched on the curb and drank from the well.

In this well at Cana, from which the watering pots were filled in the olden time, I found a big, old eel. One of our party just touched him with his cane, whereupon Mr. Eel immediately turned to one side and was apparently dead. Soon an angry crowd collected, and the children cried, for the eel was an old-time friend and pet. A boy pointed out the meddlesome tourist to the old sheik who looked as if he would punish him with his crook. Just then the eel took a wiggle to himself, fell over on his right side again and all was merry as a marriage bell. Were it not slang, one might say, Doesn't it "jar you" to see the original firkins or waterpots that were filled with good wedding wine at that early memorable marriage.

Near this historic spot, not being a rough rider, I performed a feat only equalled by Alexander or Mazeppa. We had overtaken the first party and I raced my Arab steed, with the flag

flapping from my umbrella handle, tucked in my riding boot. I slowed down, the winner, and my horse stepped from a ledge of rock to a smooth piece of road, which suddenly gave way and left his forelegs deep in the mud. Of course I lost my balance, rolled, and went head over heels. I quickly kicked my feet out of the stirrups, then tried to get up. He did it, too, at the same time, striking out with his feet and missing my head, which lay between them, by a fraction of an inch. It was all the work of an instant. Men held their breath for fear, and one woman almost fainted, but I got up unhurt, plastered with mud. My Bucephalus ran away a short distance and then waited for me to come up and mount.

We reached Tiberias with its Herod's baths, Jewish quarters, Greek church and convent. From my window I saw gardens of palms and doorways filled with pretty faces, which were willing to smile like American sisters.

Tiberias, the modern, offered us the shelter of the Franciscan Hospital. From its windows we saw the Greek church, Jewish quarters, old castle, Herod's baths, and ruins of a wall tumbled down by an earthquake, which destroyed half the population in 1837. Back of us were the mountains; before us, the sea; from my window I saw a garden of palms and a casement filled with

childish faces. I witnessed a beautiful sunrise on Galilee and took pictures from the housetops, including early morning scenes of bathing, dressing and eating. Now, as in Solomon's days, fools' eyes wander to the ends of the earth. Later in the day, when two men rudely demanded bucksheesh from me, for fear that they might be relatives or lovers of the subjects of some views I had taken, I paid the price.

We sailed "Blue Galilee, where Jesus loved so much to be," but as usual the sanctity of the place was marred by some profane incident. Our sail boat was good and well manned until we neared Capernaum, when a squall struck us and the sail was lowered, but not quite soon enough to keep us from being driven on to the rocks. We leaped off, then a sailor pulled off his pants, jumped into the water, leaned against the boat and pushed with his toes against the pier. After the boat had been made fast, I saw the captain take the poor fellow, who had been too slow with the sail, beat him in the face with his fist until he spit blood, then push his head over the gunwale, pound him, and nearly shake his head off his shoulders.

"With charity for all and malice towards none," sounds well; but it is hard to love these dirty Arabs and degraded Turks. Perhaps they

are as good as can be expected. These poor people are taxed to death by the Sultan; extortion is his motto. They would like to have him providentially deposed, and many of them would like to personally be the sharp instrument of his fate. Through an interperter one of my guides begged me to take him to America, promising to be "fera good."

The Sea of Galilee ripples and roars in still summer night and stormy day the words and deeds of Him who sailed its waves and spoke on its shores. Nine cities once stood upon its banks; fleets sailed its waves; and now solitude and silence brood over all. Seven hundred feet below the Mediterranean level, the water is clear and good to drink, when drawn at sufficient distance from the filth of Tiberias. The green fringe in February gives place to bright oleanders later, and reflected in the limpid water are millions of little white shells. It was too cold to swim, and the fish did not bite. The lake is still subject to violent storms, but we risked a voyage.

Capernaum's brutality was on a par with the ruins of the cities and other villages near by on which the curse rested. We touched at Bethsaida and Magdala, and then put back for Tiberias with the moon and stars mirrored in the blue water. We sang "Galilee," the waters joining

in the chorus, then our sailors broke out in something like "Ha-jah-manah-lyah-man," and pulled to the oars, for we promised them bucksheesh if they reached the convent first. They did, after landing us in such a way that it was necessary to be carried ten feet on the backs of swarthy thieves, who would have dropped us into the sea, between the boat and the shore, if we had not paid them. A big spread awaited us, and an hour later, after we were done, Rev. Mr. A., came in with his party, tired, hungry, and full of impetuous wrath. Their boat had been becalmed, and the sailors would not row, because bedeviled with the spirit of the Gadarene swine, which nothing but money could exorcise. This was denied them, and they struck. Of no avail were the yards of poetry reeled off on deck. The tourists' apparent indifference finally gave way when the clergyman threatened to hit the sailor with an oar, and exclaimed, with a voice which startled the sacred scene, "You are the worst set of sailors I ever saw, and I'll see you—dead—before I will give you a cent."

The Mt. of Beatitudes, or Horns of Hattin, welcomed us with its curiously shaped hill. Near here Saladin defeated the crusaders in 1187, and placed the crescent above the cross. Scholars refer to it as the scene of the feeding of the five

thousand and mountain sermon. I opened my Bible and read the sublime discourse, with its illustration of flower, bird and rock all before me. What a prince of preachers Christ was. No wonder the multitudes followed him gladly. Near by were sheep folds of rock, shepherds leading their flocks, and all bearing mute testimony to the Good Shepherd who gave His life for His sheep.

After I came down this historic mountain, I saw two Bedouins in the distance. At once I thought of their reputation for murder and robbery, and cried, "Allah, be with us." I was unarmed, and they possessed guns, sabres and pistols. Relief came to me in the form of a traveling Arab and wife, who diverted their attention. The man preceded the woman, on foot, carrying a lance, she following on horseback. I immediately recalled Bayard Taylor's beautiful Arab song:

"I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

But, pshaw! I don't believe Bedouins are very brave. They look like cowards and would probably "make a sneak" if attacked. I think they are in conspiracy with the government, and give

half they make. That's a very nice arrangement; you pay a big robber to keep the little robbers off.

Caifa is yonder with our ship in the Mediterranean, and we are glad. We ate and drank at the brook Kishon. Our carriage was almost overturned in the valley, and to save myself I jumped into mud almost ankle deep and splashed my face and clothes till even the dogs looked doubtful. They reminded me of the story of a boy who went to see his girl. As he entered the yard, the bull dog leaped out with an ugly growl. "Come in, Sonny," called the fond father from the porch; "he won't hurt you. See, he is wagging his tail." "Yes, but he's showing his teeth, and I can't tell which end of him tells the truth."

I climbed Mt. Carmel, viewed Lebanon, Hermon, the city Caifa, German settlement and Mediteranean; visited the Carmellite Monastery; played its Italian organ; chimed its bells; tasted its sacred liqueur; smelled its orange blossoms; and received a pilgrim's medal befitting a pilgrim through the Holy Land.

Palestine is not large in size, but is great in significance. A diamond is small compared with a load of charcoal, but there is no proportion in value. In the scale of moral influence, the Holy

Land makes other lands lighter than the dust of the balance.

I have gone from "Dan to Beersheba," and it is not all "barren." With proper care and cultivation Palestine could sustain myriads of people and make millions of money. I have a new Bible and a new geography.

Travelers have been divided into three classes —those who are content to see natural localities connected with Christ's life, and who derive inspiration from its cherished memories; those who swallow every fake and fable and mire themselves in the slough of superstition; those who become thoroughly disgusted with all the sham and faults, and forget the value of the true, and ridicule it all as a joke. I belong to the first class. Blue sky and fleecy clouds, rushing river and rounded hill, peaked mountain and crystal lake, smiling plain and frowning valley, green grass and gray olives, red, white and blue lilies of the valley and flowers of the field are found here today, as when Christ loved and used them as illustrations of His Father's providence.

Much of rhapsodical and nonsensical prose and poetry have been written of the Holy Land. I revere it for what it was and not for what it is. Its past history is its halo.

CHAPTER XI.

THREE CITIES OF THE ORIENT.

Storms, like sorrow, may endure for a night, but joy comes in the morning. A wind that blew great guns and almost shot me through the guards at the bow, was followed by a bright, cool morning. We had begun to sail west, and the ship's clock had been turned back one-half hour, so that I was too previous for breakfast. But a walk on an empty stomach is good, and when I did get at the table I remained until the provisions were out of sight and we sighted the beautiful islands of the Archipelago, the lands of story and song, and Taurus' blue mountain in the distance.

Two Asiatics rowed us over to Beirut in a rudderless, lopsided boat, with a lack of skill that made us thankful we carried insurance enough to have a decent funeral, providing our bodies could be found. There is a fascination about an Oriental's manner and address that leads us to address him in a manner not altogether in harmony with the dignity of an Episcopal prayer book. Once ashore, we drove to the German hos-

pital, with its beautiful garden of shrubs and flowers, its finely built and equipped buildings, and learned again that "twice-told tale," that the Germans are on earth for business in a business manner, and the stamp, "Made in Germany," is proof of stuff "all wool and a yard wide."

The American Protestant college here is famous for its missionary and philanthropic enterprise. All creeds, colors, and classes of people are welcome, and on them not proselyting but quiet, Christian influences are brought to bear. Its assembly-room and fine organ would do credit to a state university—its museum is complete, and is under the direction of Professor Porter, who knew Dr. Guilian Lansing, and spoke highly of him for his Christian character and scholarly ability.

Smyrna and sunrise were synonymous, and a tender towed us to shore. We were to "do" Ephesus first, and so boarded a mule street car, which ran, or rather walked, to the station. The sea before, the snow-capped mountains behind, fertile valleys between, cultivated by gaudy farmers, were an intoxication, and we sang until natives and nobles must have thought the expected earthquake had come.

Think of a locomotive in this land of the Arabian Nights waking up the dreamy inhabi-

tants. The roadbed was very rough. The superintendent of the train had six coaches for us, but we were short of passengers, as only a few of us were religiously inclined enough to visit the sacred city. He was disappointed. We urged him to consider quality and not quantity, and this only made matters worse. A wonderfully beautiful and picturesque ride brought us to old Ayassalook. How do you like the looks of that word for a town? Well, its name was appropriate to the nature of the inhabitants, and before we left them we applied the classic scripture, "If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus."

Ephesus is about forty miles southeast of Smyrna. Its leading industry was the worship of Diana in a temple regarded as one of the seven wonders of the world, which became the eighth when Herostratus burned it down to immortalize his name. Diana illustrated the "Beauty and the Beast" in her magical mysteries and rotten rites. Even her image was "fallen" from Jupiter in heaven,—an image very old, much venerated and made of a black wood "tapering to the foot, with a female bust above covered with many breasts, the head crowned with turrets, and each hand resting on a staff." (So the Bible dictionary says, and it must be true.) Her meeting-house

RUINS AT EPHESUS

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was the glory and pride of the city. It was built of scores of white marble columns (see your guide book.) It contained immense treasures (see your encyclopædia).

Demetrius did a "16 to 1" business here in making silver shrines for Diana (see Bryan), and I have an ancient Ephesian coin with a statue of Diana, for which I paid a silver dollar, and it is worth four copper cents to any fool who doesn't care if he is faked.

I bought a section of the marble temple; sat in the solid rock seat of the theater where Paul read the riot act, a silent spectator—so far as the meanest and most murderous lot of looking natives I ever saw permitted. I looked at the ruins of aqueducts crowned with storks' nests, wandered through old mosques, reclined in the city gateway, had my picture taken 'mid the ruins of the Church of Ephesus, breathed foul air from the harbor, which is now a pestilential marsh; gazed on heights ornamented with shapeless ruins—in fact, did the whole thing until I was about used up and glad to go to the hotel, where the entertaining Ephesian host, a twin brother of Jack Falstaff, fed us, saying, "Leef roome for more to eat," and then gave us a card with his photograph stuck on as a souvenir.

Ephesus is a paradise for the Bible student,

as well as the tourist and antiquarian. Paul often came here, founded a church, in which such workers as Aquila and Timothy labored, and wrote one of his best epistles. Here John spent his declining years composing his gospel, and epistles, and returned from his banishment in Patmos to live and die among those he loved, while the Christ of the church complimented the Church of Ephesus in words which any church of today may well covet.

Ephesus was the native heath of Apollo and Diana, of Pan who Piped, Amazons who attacked, Bacchus who boozed, Hercules who hit, Homer who hymned, and of Anthony the Amorous, who had such a bad case of heart disease with Cleopatra that one day when she happened to pass the open door of the court he left his seat and the advocates who were speaking, and rushed to her side, saying, "Fly with me and be my love, and we will have a boat ride with silvered oars, cologned sails, and entertaining actors, musicians and servants to amuse us."

Ephesus was the London and Paris of Asia. The boys here had an active time, and torpid livers. Artificial lakes, aqueducts, gymnasiums, odeons, hippodromes, forums, atheanæums, towers and temples, from Apollo and Bacchus to the other end of the alphabet. For a joke it must

almost seem they had a kind of faith cure, which agreed to put in a good eye and leg for a glass or wooden one if the invalid could pronounce these musical words, "Aski, Catski, Lix, Tetrax, Damnameneus Aision." Try it. Now let me see your tongue. How does it feel?

I think it was Professor Poofenheimer who discovered here the following inscription, since made familiar to many people: "This way to Foley's grave. Enjoy life while you live, for you will be a long time dead."

"Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Alexander, Darius, Homer, Horace, and Virgil said so, and we add, yes, sir, and say, was but not is. Its vice and luxury burned out its life, and its magnificent marble architecture has melted like snow. Today its marshes are full of centipedes and scorpions. Among its ruins are hyenas and jackals, which prowl about, while its few native inhabitants are meaner still. Since leaving America I have learned from the tombs of Memphis, from the hieroglyphics in Thebes and ruins here that the nations that forget God write their own epitaph. Ancient marbles, canvas, poetry and history are God's messengers to us, teaching us as a nation to put far from us the sins which are a "reproach to any people."

We went back to see Smyrna. It is on record

that Smyrna has been devastated by earthquakes, fires and cholera; to this we must add the plague of the New England tourists; were it not for the Protestant church and missionary zeal which this city now enjoys, the last affliction must have been the worst of all, and fatal. I liked Smyrna, figs, oranges, homes, hospitality and history. The story of its rich and powerful reign—its church referred to in Revelations—its, "Angel of the Church," Polycarp, John's pupil, who was martyred and lies buried under a cypress, mid the old city ruins on the overhanging heights—its polyglot peoples, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Franks, and the Turks who call it "infidel Smyrna" because all its inhabitants are not slaughtering Mohammedans. It presented a busy appearance with the foreign ships anchored in the big, deep harbor, and its caravan ships of the desert laden with precious jewels, spices, tapestries and most obnoxious odors. This card was put in my hand:

JOHN BAGDADLI,

MODERATE PRICES.

THE DEAR STRANGERS ARE BEGGED TO VISIT OUR ORIENTAL BAZAAR.

The words "moderate" and "dear" were somewhat contradictory, but we had learned to offer half the price that was asked. I had read of the "Caliph of Bagdad" and had played the overture, but I wanted to see the real thing, so I visited the bazaar until I was crazy, the shopkeepers were crazy, and a crazy Nubian crawled under a big camel, took hold of my arm and yelled at me until I thought he would blow out a cylinder head. This confusion attracted the attention of an official, who eyed me and said, "Pickpockets." That was the "unkindest cut of all," and I can never see a Smyrna rug without thinking of the ragged experience I suffered. But there were some others, and misery had her company which she loves. My companion, Professor P——, had long, black hair, which led a shrewd fellow to call him "Poet Lariat." My dragoman fell in love with one of our girls, and said as he sighed, "Oh, I cannot schleep tonight," while my guide looked at a folding umbrella, and put his hand to his head and said, "American big, big, big."

I wanted something beside change of scenery and institutions, and so went to Cook's Tourist office. I got the change with a little discount, but there is no discounting the fact that when once you change your American Express order the money vanishes like melted ice. Bazaars of

bric-a-brac, pastry shops, photo galleries and side shows are temptations on every side.

I did buy a leather tobacco pouch, not because I smoked, but because it looked Oriental and would do to ornament my den at home. I thought I had the best of the bargain after an hour's higgling with the seller, but I learned differently. He had given me about thirty cents counterfeit money in change.

An American flag attracted my attention. I made for it and found it led to a drug store, that old-time institution. The black-haired, eyed, skinned proprietor greeted me with: "Americano?" I said, "Yes, Kentucky." Thereupon he jumped towards me, grasped my hand and said: "Whisky wtihout a headache!" Shades of prohibition martyrs! Could it be possible? But it was. My townsman distiller, Mr. McC., in Owensboro, whose bookkeeper was a member of my congregation, had shipped him some barrels of firewater a few weeks before, so that when I told him where I hailed from he remembered the product and was "hail fellow, well met." He treated me as if I were a prince, showed me his store, emptied me with questions, filled me with compliments and promised me some Turkish delights. I didn't know just what he meant,

and said "no," for I had seen some of them walking the streets and casting covered-eyed, bare-breasted, friendly glances at me from side doors and casement windows. But he said "sure," and thrust into my hand a box of candy, which was a cross between a marshmallow and an old-fashioned tooth-pulling gumdrop. Turkish delight, indeed. There were others, but this one wasn't bad. A drug store anywhere is a curious thing; you can take anything in sight and get some things besides perfumery sub rosa. For instance, in America, whisky without a license, and in Syria without a headache.

There were husky millers here years ago. It seems that there were some Millerites who thought that this world was a failure, and God's clock indicated the time when it would come to an end. In fact, they wanted it to end. This is the only thing which could make them or some of their modern followers happy. So they swarmed to Smyrna, robed themselves in white garments, climbed the mountain, and wanted to go up, but there was a hitch somewhere; they didn't rise; they grew tired of waiting, and came down again to their homes, their aerial trip being no more of a success than Darius Green's flying machine.

Some of us were tired and sleepy. The guide

showed us the legendary cave of the Seven Sleepers; but we were afraid of "seven-come-eleven"—and remembering their sad Rip Van Winkle experience, replied: "No Mount Pion for us." So far we have enjoyed health and happiness by sleeping in our own beds.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE SULTAN'S CITY.

On a golden sea beneath a sunlit sky, by islands and mountains glorious with classic and sacred memory, we sailed toward Constantinople. Our entrance to the Dardanelles was guarded by old forts on both banks and an anchored fleet of three hundred old washtubs, which Admiral Dewey could knock into kindling wood before breakfast. Byron sings of this city and its surroundings, with its "cedar and vines, wings of zephyr and song of nightingale." Yet here, as everywhere, we are prepared to learn that "distance lends enchantment to the view," and when we land we may expect to be disillusioned. What's in a name? Much. Constantine came here in 300 A. D., bringing the seat of

government in his pants pocket from the Tiber to the Bosporus. The city grew and was new when old Rome was burned by the barbarians. Civilization, art and religion flourished under the first Christian emperor till a "nipping frost" fell in 1453, and the heathen entered into God's inheritance. To-day it is the monument of an ancient bulwark against barbaric invasion into Europe and a throne from which the scepter of great power has been wielded.

Seraglio Point was the first place seen and visited; but it had ceased to be the sultan's court. That morning it was an Eveless Eden; but there were women elsewhere, and I learned that the law allowed a man four wives, but he usually found one sufficient. Yet Islam cares for the gentler sex, admits it has soul and is immortal if good, while the law allows her some privileges American women would be jealous of if they knew. I saw beautiful ladies in separate cars and carriages, walking in the streets or shopping in bazaars. This same secrecy is maintained in the home. The selamlik is a room for the men and the harem is for the women. There is a door between, beyond which not even the husband may go if the ladies visiting have left their shoes outside the door sill. Silly, isn't it?

Stamboul, the moslem quarter, is near Ser-

aglio Point. Galata, the business section, is along the shore, and Pera, the "infidel European" residence quarter, is on the hill. Before we crossed from Stamboul we visited the imperial treasury and found it full of souvenirs sultans had begged, borrowed or stolen. A bad fire had destroyed many things, they said, but I saw enough to stack a coal bin. Aladdin must have lived here and rubbed his lamp against "any old thing" until there were "quartz" of diamonds, gallons of pearls, bushels of emeralds and rubies, soap boxes full of crowns and scepters, a room full of pearl-incrusted thrones and robes, tapestries, guns, shields and sabres sufficient to equip an army. The sultan isn't "broke" financially. It might break his heart to sell off some of his stuff to get money with which to pay his Armenian massacre indemnities; but I know he can do it, and I want to help make him do it on general principles, and especially because he made us wait two hours on his ceremony in a damp, cold rain before he let us into his show place. Mad, did you say the tourists were? Just a little. There was a big tree near by on which his royal ancestors had hung some of the victims of his tyranny. We had been hung up for some time and I know of several

foreigners who would have returned the compliment with interest.

The Golden Horn, so called from its similarity at sunrise to a Christmas cornucopia, or from the amount of wealth in its watery deep, is a sluggish arm of the sea filled with boats as thick as a Mississippi river log boom.

There are thirty thousand of these caiques and they are to Constantinople what the gondolas are to Venice. All I did was to get one out of the forest of the others and then sit flat down in the bottom as in a birch canoe, when I shot the rapids at the "Soo," and let the boatman do the rest. From the forest of craft we took a steamer and sailed for four miles past masts, floating bridges, banks, cyprus groves, gaudy colored houses and minarets. Some of my friends saw all this "in a horn." They were cold and went down into the engine room to munch macaroni cakes, tell stories and keep warm, while my friend Millet was too cross for anything, having received just before he left the ship a bucket of slop over his new coat and pants. He was a comment on the couplet, "Every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

Eyoub was at the end of the Horn, the burial place of the standard bearer of the Mohammed after whom the sacred suburb is named. Here

the Sultan is inaugurated, wears the hero's sword and rides a white horse to his palace. We wanted to visit the shrine, but no Christian dog has ever been permitted to walk its sacred streets. If he tried it he would find a dog catcher near by who would soon terminate his career.

I saw the Horn and Sweet Waters of Europe, English and Jewish quarters of the city, Navy Yard, Sultan's summer palace, Constantine's palace, Roman Acqueduct, Greek school and a soldier's burial. Believing the soul is in agony until the body is buried, they hasten interment if possible before night, carrying the corpse in a box on their shoulders to the grave, depositing the body and bringing back the box or coffin as we do a hearse for the next funeral. Slow in life, the Turk is swift in death.

Moslem cemeteries sigh with their cypress trees, planted at each grave, as we do a bush or flower; pelkovan birds called Lost Souls cry in distress. The guide said tomb stones were decorated with a marble fez for a man, or flower for a woman. Some of the stones stand upright, others lean like drunken skeletons. Shady places here and there are much frequented by picnic and promenading parties. The Moslem is a fatalist and does not allow such a necessary

thing as death to throw gloom over his pleasures.

This Horn trip called us to dinner at the Peri palace hotel. From more and most everything in tapestries, tables and toddies that cold, starved souls needed, there was an abundance. We were to have a ball at night, the American flag was draped around in patriotic profusion, but death's "pale flag" had been advanced. Two of our number lay dead. What 'sharp lightning' death makes when it strikes hard on life and in that flash we read our mortality.

The Tower of Galata, dirty white, circular, twelve feet thick and a mile high when you climb it in a crowd and hurry, was once a tower of defense, but is now used by the fire department which looks through field glasses to locate the fires which are frequent in the crowded parts of the city. It affords a fine view for miles around. The tower could tell many a story of conquest and carnage. I shall remember it more for the spiral climb, the pigeons darting over head and under foot, the rank greasy smell, and my desire to knock the heathen cone off the top and replace the cross which it had supplanted.

Every day has its dogs in Constantinople. Dogs, big and little, brown and black, foxy and wolfish, and all the dogs have their day to sleep

in and night to work in eating the refuse garbage thrown into the gutters. They are good-natured street-cleaners, live unmolested in select places, man and beast showing them a kind consideration unlike the dog-catching methods in the United States. I said "nice doggy" and one of them poked out his long nose and wagged his short tail and followed me until I was about to drive him home when a kind of sentinel police dog stationed on another beat made a jump for him and sent him howling back. A dog must "shinny on his own side" here or take the consequences. Hydrophobia is said to be unknown here but I found flees in evidence.

The Turk builds fountains instead of statues and crosses. His religious motto is, "Dirt is Depravity," but he wastes no water in scrubbing his streets and that is why he gets so dirty and must wash so often. The broom brigade on the roads is not seen. "Throw physic to the dogs" and they will do the rest.

One sees water everywhere in the ruins of gigantic aqueducts and under ground cisterns six hundred feet long. The "Thousand and One Pillars" looks like the colonnade of an Oriental temple. There is no water in it now but it is filled with flying bats and bad bogey-man legends and inhabited by silk spinners who are

weaving their own shrouds. I found the city a paradise for the Temperance Advocate. The Koran prohibits intoxicating drink and the Turks obey and could elect a prohibition president if they wanted to. When you want a drink a fantastically dressed fellow rushes to you with bells in his hands and a barrel on his back, turns the faucet and puts out your fiery thirst with water or lemonade.

The Whirling Dervishes whirled and dervished for us to our heart's content with a poetry of motion a Sitka Indian could never attain. My head grows dizzy and my stomach faint when I think of them and their musical accompaniment of tambourines and flutes which were a cross between an ungreased saw and the breathing of an overdriven horse. I left before these human tops stopped spinning and I carried away the memory of their tomato can hats, bell shaped robes, half-closed eyes, drooping heads and extended arms. I still see the uplifted right palm catching a blessing from Allah, the left hand turned down to bestow it.

There is a proverb, "The best thing to be in the world is a Christian, the next best thing is to be a Mohammedan." Mohammedanism seems to be a kind of rationalistic Christianity. The

doctrine of the Atonement is excluded but it has some points more closely resembling Christianity than Judaism or Buddhism.

Galata bridge across the Horn is the world in embryo. A polyglot people of all the classes, collections, and casts and costumes you can imagine. Here comes an official in a hack followed by an armed guard. Fezzes like a wave of blood roll by suggesting the brutal murder of the Armenian Christians on this thoroughfare; gaudily dressed officers and raggedly-clad venders of fruit and beggars hideous in deformity beyond anything we have seen in Egypt or the Holy Land. The bazaars caught the eye of my friend who had said, "If there are no bazaars in Constantinople I want to go to Athens." There were acres of them filled with gold and silver ornaments, rugs, tapestries, silks, fez hats, guns and knives. They were located on narrow, staggering streets filled with crowds of merchants and sight-seers who had delirium tremens of activity.

The mosque of Santa Sophia is to Constantinople what Hamlet is to the play. Justinian built it to outrival Solomon's temple, but the Turk piled big buttresses against the dome and planted minarets around it until the original architect would scarcely recognize it. Sophia

TOWER OF CONSTANTINE

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is the finest mosque of five hundred in the city. Golden sun and silver moon make a dreamy scene of marble and minarets till you are waked by the muezzin who five times a day calls to prayers, saying: "God is great, there is but one God, Mohammed is the prophet of God, prayer is better than sleep, come to prayer." Of more interest to me than this airy dome and massive masonry, or prayer rug floor, or blood fingered wall, or sword scarred sweating column, was the mosaic picture of Christ, long ago covered over with Turkish paint, which is now peeling off and showing the form and face of Him who is the "Light of Asia" and of the whole world.

Looking up two hundred feet to the dome of St. Sophia, I stumbled over two devout Moslems who were kneeling towards Mecca. They said "Allah, something," and I said, "Allons," and "ah there." If it had been Friday and the priest had been in his pulpit with Koran in one hand and drawn sword in the other, I might have felt the force of his remarks. I thought of the Scripture quotation, "My house shall be called a house of prayer but ye have made it a den of thieves," as I looked upon its gold mosaics, ornaments of beauty, swinging lamps, and col-

umns of jasper and alabaster which had been stolen from the four quarters of the world.

I like a Hippodrome now, because the circus was a forbidden thing when I was a boy. The tents were like the New Jerusalem to my young eye, but the animals were a guarded Eden which I might not enter. In this quaint town I saw the remains of a show that beat Barnum's. The horses of St. Mark's had gone back to Venice, battered statues and buildings were crumbled, but the Egyptian Obelisk looked silently down as it had on Moses, Plato and Cleopatra. The little bronze column which had held the golden tripod of Apollo's priestess at Delphi shamed our youth into reverent silence, while the big blackened Constantine column held together by iron rings excited our veneration. Phidias' statue of Apollo had crowned its summit and Constantine had carved on its pedestal these famous words, "O, Christ, Ruler and Master of the World, to Thee have I consecrated this city and the power of Rome. Guard it and deliver it from harm."

The Maiden's Tower made me sigh as I recalled the legend of the lover whose flower gift concealed the serpent which sent her to Cleopatra's death. Then there was the museum with its splendid collection of statues, antiques, and

Alexander Sarcohagus, whose marble beauty almost robbed death of its terrors.

The best thing I noted in Constantinople was its educational advantages. Robert college, with its American teachers and missionaries, directing the mind and heart of young men from all parts of the Orient and sending them back evangels of material, mental and moral liberties. The American college for girls is on the Asiatic side near Scutari doing the same for the women and a Bible house, in spite of local prejudice and opposition, is growing a tree of life whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

From the Golden Horn to the Black Sea was only sixteen miles, but a picture of white clouds, blue water, warship and tugs; banks on the Asia bowing to bays on the European side; colored houses peering through cypress trees; the picturesque castle of Europe, once monumental, now a mass of ruins; the place where Asia and Europe clasp hands within one thousand six hundred feet, where I read the story of Jason and his Argonauts and Golden Fleece; Darius with a bridge of boats and host of seven hundred thousand men; Xenophon and his retreat of the ten thousand Greeks; the sailing of the banished poet Ovid; the crossing of the Crusaders en route to the Holy Sepulchre;

the sailing of the French and English fleets at the time of the Crimean war; while above stands Marochetti's monument to the eight thousand British soldiers who lie buried along the blue Bosporus, surrounded by sculptured angels who recall their bravery and record the ministry of the tender, loving Florence Nightingale.

With a sunlit sail by and beyond the city, past crumbling walls, scowling forts and Robert College with its American flag flying and students waving their hands and shouting, we sped on into the Black Sea. Returning to Constantinople, some of the city passengers who had come along for a little ride expected the big steamer would stop on the way back, but we were headed for Greece and so the big whistle sounded for a tender with hard hearted tone. At last it came and then came the tug of war in a high sea and a stiff breeze, to make fast to our boat for the transfer of the passengers. One man lost his hat, another jumped into a row boat and lashed himself with rudder rope, a lady slid down the gangway almost into the sea, and my kodak records some other exposures which would not look well in print.

During our stay we had anchored opposite Dolma Baghtcheh, the sultan's most splendid palace. Sun and moon burnished its marble

walls and tracery into an outer glory which was only the reflection of an inward splendor. Marbles, stairway, mosaics, frescoes, bronzes, rugs, tapestries, cut glass, columns, urns of malachite and porphyry lead to a resplendent throne room, one of the finest in the world. At one time this palace held seven hundred people, now not one except the guards for the house is haunted with the memory of his murdered uncle, Abd-ul-Aziz as isn't and his insane elder brother. Uneasy lies the head, that wears the crescent.

The present government is called the sublime porte, which means the Lofty Gate, but its elevation is only in name. Time was when Othman and Suleyman were names to conjure with, men cruel but kingly. The present ruler has a low forehead, a hooked nose, red beard, crafty looking face and is a lazy, cowardly, murderous despot who can't even visit his mosque on Friday to serve his God without the pomp and protection of ten thousand men to guard his sacred person. He calls himself a "Shadow of God." Alas, poor ghost! God is truth, Mahammed is falsehood and Islam's three great forces were and are the sword, slavery and sensuality. How long before the "balance of powers" will upset his throne? If there is no political solu-

tion then we must look for a religious one. The "Sick man of Europe" is Asiatic in his religion and nature. Some writers are hopeful of Constantinople's future, but I am not, though I do not forget her situation and past history. So long as the crescent shines where the cross stood I shall believe that the swift current known as the Devil's Stream, which flows between the Black Sea and Marmora, is symbolic of a satanic force which rules and ruins. It has been well said the "United States has citizens, England has subjects and Turkey has abjects"—yes—"abjects" which have hounded me by day and haunted me in dreams by night all through Egypt, Palestine and Syria.

Richard Cobden believed that America's occupation of Turkey would solve the "Eastern Question." After what we did at Manila and Cuba, it is possible we may hear the war cry, "On to the Dardanelles," for the satisfaction of Miss Stone. Mr. W. T. Stead suggests that the Stars and Stripes float over the waters of Marmora, and when the Sultan flees from Stamboul, leaving his capitol to the mob, Americans may step in and save Constantinople from the fate of Alexandria. Indefinite occupation would do what Europe could not, nor would Europe ob-

ject, and so Cobden's dream would come true of the great republic of the West becoming an agent for restoring the prosperity and peace of the desolated East.

I had seen Constantinople by sun, moon, lamp and candle light, heard its noises, smelled its smells and been dusted by its dirt. I wanted a bath. As last I got the Simon pure article. I took it like my coffee, a la Turk. I was roasted, pounded, boiled, peeled and had my weight reduced fifteen pounds. I did not speak to the proprietor the next morning. To me he was an "unspeakable Turk," and I cut him on the street. If I ever catch that fiend on American soil, who tortured me in that Turkish Tartarus, I'll "feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him," and introduce him to the proverbial good Indian, who is always dead.

CHAPTER XIII.

GREECE AND MARS HILL.

I sat with a book on my lap, a white-capped cheek and gave me an eighth birthday kiss. I sea before me and little Courtland Meyers by my side, who softly put up his sweet mouth to my

thought it very nice, for my little flaxen-curled, blue-eyed boy Lowell was many miles from his papa. "Pluck ye roses while ye may," and kiss when you can, for while we sailed in the white course of the big moon before us, a storm was gathering in the back, black distance which threatened a number of experiences.

The storm struck us in the night and, with form stretched out like a pantograph to keep from tumbling out of my berth, I existed until morning. After several desperate attempts to get dressed and not caring whether I shaved or wore a tie, I reached the upper deck. The bugle blew for breakfast; no, I thank you, the fish are well fed from the kitchen. Later I ventured into the smoking room, where I met a man who divided his time between cards and claret, proposing a toast to "the best woman God ever made." Strange, it was his wife, I think, and the anniversary of their marriage. Then followed a heated debate about the holy Greek fire at Jerusalem by some red-faced brethren who frequently tanked up on large amounts of unholy American fire-water. That night a benefit was given by the ship's victualling department for African widows and orphans. It met my approval, for if England had decided to make them she was under obligation to take care of them.

How ancient and atrocious war is! As old as Satan; and will continue to write its history in blood as long as the devil of avarice, ambition and revenge rules human hearts. At last, steady and hungry enough to break my fast, I welcomed the call, "Roast beef and dinner."

What a menu! How I obeyed the Bible command to eat what was set before me, "asking no questions"—except for more—till the band played "America" and we sang at the table like naughty little boys. When it struck up the "Anvil Chorus," I improvised a whole blacksmith shop with my cut glass tumblers and accidentally shivered them into a hundred pieces. Strange conduct—but circumstances of salt air, the poetry of motion and musical commotion alter cases.

Tomorrow Greece, where song and statuary lit their torch! Was nature a little jealous and came in the night before with a strangely beautiful picture? Oh, for a Beethoven to compose another "Moonlight Sonata," as, standing in the bow, we sped towards a cloud bank with a big moon behind it silvering its edges; slowly the cloud grew light, assumed the form of Angelo's "David," and held up the silver globe as an offering from the sea to the sky.

How much more of painting and statuary

there is in heaven, earth and sea than is dreamed of in our artist philosophy.

"The Isles of Greece, where burning Sappho loved and sung," are brown, with rugged outline, green with figures of trees, gray with villages, or white with temple-crowned crests. J. L. Stoddard has said, "To sail on Grecian waters is to float through history; the very islands they caress have been cradles of fables, poesy and history. From each has sprung a temple, statue, poem, or, at least, a myth, which still exists to furnish joy and inspiration to the world."

We dropped anchor in the old harbor, within a short distance of the town Piraeus, which is the port of Athens. It was busy with traffic of the day, but above it rose the murmur of the blue water which in Greek history and poetry told of the ships which swept on to Salamis to destroy Xerxes' fleet.

We landed in a tender and were assaulted with tenderloin sights before we reached the main street, with its big monument, where fighting, smoking, shopping and drinking seemed to be the chief pastimes. But what else can you expect men to do who are the housekeepers? Mr. Hubby goes out early in the morning, orders the day's bill of fare and tells the delivery boy how he wants it served. The

head of the house could cook it himself, if he pleased, as well as his wife or daughter, but prefers to just boss the job. The Greeks take a little fruit and coffee for breakfast; at noon they regale themselves more substantially. Like some other people, they enjoy a nap after dinner, only they generally prolong it until four o'clock. It would have been as impolite for me to call upon a Greek at this time as for him to wake me up at a corresponding hour in the morning. After this long siesta, the native eats and drinks a little more and manages to exist until nine or ten o'clock, when he has the meal of the day.

Prince George's boat, manned by handsome-faced, well-dressed sailors, rowed by us. They sang something in an unknown tongue. We replied by floating Old Glory, and they recognized it by raising their oars in a kind of salute.

Five miles beyond the Piraeus stands a small, square-topped hill, which we scanned through the bottom of our glass and discovered to be the immortal Acropolis. Was that the citadel Coxey Xerxes and his five million followers took five hundred years ago, in spite of the officials' "Keep off the Grass?"

Let us leave by train this city of commerce for the classic shrine of Athens and walk about

with the shades of Plato and recall the days when the scepter of power had not departed. I had read and dreamed of Greek beauty all my life; there was none in the Piraeus; there may have been some in Athens, but not for us, and I know some lovers of beauty who spent time and money by day and night to discover them, but in vain. The only woman we saw who could realize our ideal of Grecian beauty was in our car from Piraeus to Athens. She sat opposite us, and seemed to possess what Byron sang of to his landlady's daughter in his "Maid of Athens"—"Fringed lids and blooming tinge, and roe-like eyes, tasteful lip, and zone-encircled waist."

"Ring out the old, ring in the new," and we found modern Athens full of interest. About one hundred years ago the Turks painted the marble white town red and wrought ruin. Today there are several hundred thousand inhabitants. One finds a city with clean streets, attractive squares, fine residences, beautiful public buildings of which any mayor might be proud. There are many good hotels; Alexandria, Palace, Splendid or Angleterre. Wherever you go to dine things are well cooked in Greece.

The Greek is a study. There is a mystery about him which eludes you like Banquo's

ghost or Don Quixote's Dulciana. When Greek meets tourist he tries to cheat him. One morning I started out for some kodak films. For an hour I made and read Greek signs, talked with my fingers and lips and at last found them for $1.50 a dozen. Athens is a bootblack's paradise. You may have your shoes shined on a fancy-shaped brass-headed tacked box by a classic faced native. Without your guide you may get a cab and drive from the Acropolis to Plato's school and spend most of the time in trying to pay your driver, a miserable, mendacious fellow, who mocks the greatness of his former countrymen. He, "no understand English." I tried to talk to mine, for I had studied Greek under Dr. J. R. Boise and had read the Classics and the New Testament. No progress. At last I tried a paragraph from an old sermon on the state of the impenitent dead, and that fixed him. He took the fare that I offered him and left me to think of Kai Gar hackmen as neither generous nor gentlemanly.

The king has a beautiful palace and garden. So I heard and saw from the outside. I tried the "Come into the garden, Maude," act, but a policeman, dressed like a ballet girl with much larger means of support, said, "Lego," and stood as the guard at Eden. I told him with an "alla"

to give my regards to the royal couple who seemed to have overslept, and tell them I would call again later or be pleased to meet them in the West.

I was more fortunate at Dr. Schliemann's residence; a dream of pure Pentelic marble adorned with beautiful groups of statues; a monument to the great scholar and explorer of Troy. I have a photograph of it with two companions near the front steps. The contrast between them and the classic statues on the roof would make you smile and them cry.

"The little church around the corner," of Alpha or Omega street, was a good specimen of Byzantine architecture with its round arch, dome pillar, circle and cross. We entered reverently, for a funeral service was being held. We did not understand the sermon or ritual, but we could read the dark grief lines in the mourners' faces, which required more than earthly candles to illuminate.

The Greek parliament was in session one night. We occupied the visitors' section and found the speeches quite as intelligible as some we had heard in Washington.

I met the Greeks at home and found them Greeks in spite of invasions and influx of Slavs, Wallachains and Albanians. They speak a lan-

guage which is less unlike the speech of Homer than the English of today is different from the talk of Chaucer.

They have been independent less than seventy years, after centuries of Turkish misrule, yet have achieved wonderful things. They do not equal the art and philosophy of the past, but the same may be said of Italy, which had but one Raphael and Angelo; Germany but one Schiller and Goethe, and England but one Shakespeare.

They were not building a new Parthenon, but seemed to appreciate the old one and were repairing it, and erecting splendid museums free for all. I looked for another Aristotle and found his academy closed, but saw public schools and buildings for higher education in law, medicine, art, pharmacy and theology.

Every Grecian is a politician and knows what is best for his country. Editors write it in the papers, men talk it on the street corners and waiters in the cafes. They have a king, a right royal fellow, but a democratic spirit prevails. I believe the constitution has abolished titles of nobility. Among the Greeks a man is "every inch a king."

The country is weighed down with debt, like old Sinbad, yet Greece is hopeful and the nations who became her creditors, and took Shy-

lock for a patron saint, deserve to wait until the middle of an indefinite month for their pay.

I heard and saw that honesty was not an overworked virtue among the inhabitants, but it is universally admitted the Greeks have a morality above their European neighbors, and their women can teach modesty and purity to many continental and American cities. The Greek is a volatile, excitable compound, and gets angry easily. Statistics prove that most of the crime results from violence.

The people are as religious today as in Paul's time and have countless known and "unknown" altars and sacred places where they worship, to drive a plow through which would be infamy. But their religion seems to be a kind of national affair, something to be fought for if necessary, but not intellectually or spiritually apprehended personally. A good authority declares: "The Greek priests are not as well educated as those of the Roman Catholic church, but their morals are incalculably higher." They generally receive no pay for public services and, like Paul, must "work" for themselves. They may marry once, but when they are made bishops must renounce their wife and children. Who supports the family then? I don't know.

Evangelical and colporteur efforts have been

READING PAUL'S SERMON ON MARS HILL

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attended with some success, though proselyting is not popular. "Protestants may convert Moslems, and Moslems Protestants, but neither must try to convert an orthodox Greek."

The Greeks are very proud of their Academy of Science. Who wouldn't be? Of marble, rows of Ionic columns, and sculptures in the pediment modeled after those which adorned the shrines of the Acropolis two thousand years ago. Two lofty columns on each side in the foreground are crowned with the religious figures of Apollo and Minerva, while below them at the steps are statues of their philosophical Socrates and Plato. America must have a worthy temple of fame for some of her famous children, but let it be modeled after this one as soon as we graduate our embodiment of beauty in Grover Cleveland, wisdom in Bryan, philosophy in Bill Nye and religion in Ingersoll.

I raced to the Stadium. It has been excavated and refurnished with marble seats enough to accommodate sixty thousand people. The Olympian games were the old sports' headquarters, and even now make interesting reading, as much as golf or football. In 1896 there was an international contest here of long jumps and throwing of the discus, and I recall with pleasure how some Ameri-

cans took the prizes, and Old Glory and the eagle flew high. Paul must have attended the races here, for he repeatedly uses figures of speech, such as "Running a raçe," "Corruptible garland." Why shouldn't he have been a "good mixer" if he hoped to do the people good?

A place of great interest is Hadrian's Arch, of the second century A. D., bearing the inscription on one portal, "This is Athens, the old city of Theseus," and on the other side, "This is the new city of Hadrian, not that of Theseus." It was the doorway between the conquered Grecians and the victorious Romans.

Athens is called the most famous city in the world. You would not think so from what I have told you thus far. Why then? Not because of its size, or wealth, or situation, or climate, or surroundings, but because she was the mother of heroes and historians, sculptors and statesmen, poets and patriots. Byron sings, "Where e'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground." Poor Byron! The Greeks wanted him buried here because of his sympathy, friendly and financial help against their Turkish enemies. Dying, he said: "Now I shall go to sleep." Did he? They have built a beautiful monument to his memory.

I spoke on the platform of Demosthenes, that rough, rock place where the great orator ad-

dressed the Athenians gathered in the market place which stood opposite.

I visited the prison of Socrates, that dark hole cut in the rock, where the foremost Greek of all the world dwelt and discussed and dauntlessly took the death potion which crowned him with immortality.

On the principle of taking everything not nailed down, Athens has been robbed from the time of Nero to Lord Elgin, until she has only models and casts of some of her most noted works in stone, bronze, gold, marble and ivory. But some things remain unmoved from the "tooth of time and razure of oblivion." I worshipped at the Temple of Theseus, dedicated to the demi-god and the god hero who appeared at the nick of time at Marathon to help the Greeks drive out the invading Persians. I visited the Odeon, with the climbing arches of the Coliseum, in which a full orchestra meant eight thousand people, but its voice of singer and applause of listener had died away on the passing breeze. Next to it stands the ruins of the Theater of Bacchus, two thousand four hundred years old, with amphitheater room for thirty thousand people, seats of marble, sky for a roof, where the plays of Sophocles were acted and are now studies for models, unsurpased by

Shakespeare. I sat in the ancient chair of an Athenian magistrate whose name was carved upon it, and looked at the grotesque statues supporting the stage of the theater and wished they could tell me what things they had heard and seen.

I entered the portico of the Temple of Hercules, supported by caryatides which are as Pentelic pink and loaf sugar sweet as their real sisters were thousands of years ago. I stood in the Temple of "Wingless Victory." It contained at one time the statue of a goddess—without wings, that she might never leave Athens. Like Noah's dove, she has found rest for her feet.

Greece was called the center of the world. Attica of Greece, Athens of Attica, the Acropolis of Athens, and the Parthenon the center of the Acropolis. It is the monarch of all the beautiful ruins of the world. History accords it the finest gallery of art and statues ever seen. Judged merely by the chips and specimens you stumble over, Phidias and Praxiteles were masters, Columns, bas-reliefs, fringes, busts, figures and statues lead one to wonder whether he is in fairy land or in a cemetery with its resurrected inmates.

The Parthenon was to Athens what Solomon's Temple was to Jerusalem, and was the perfec-

tion of architecture. Though its roof was blown off, statues demolished and columns laid low, its glory lost in a "shell game" which the Venetians played by dropping a ball into a powder magazine the Turks had there, much was left, and the Improvement Society is restoring some of the former glory. With its statue of Minerva in gold and ivory, forty feet high, the Acropolis and the Parthenon must have appeared to the sailors and citizens and soldiers like an "aerolite cast from the noonday sun, its temples petrified foam; its ruins white breakers on the great ocean of time."

Art is not a mere fad or fanaticism. The All Beautiful inspires man with ideas which he embodies in palace, temples, sculpture and painting. Perhaps the Greeks borrowed from the Egyptian, Phoenecian and Assyrian, but his architecture and statuary show vastly increased executive skill. It may be too strong to say, "No Athens, no Florence, no Phidias' Jupiter, no Angelo's Moses," but we must admit the Greeks were framers of the modern art world, in the principles which we have not much improved on. Later the ideas of manly strength and womanly beauty expressed in marble degenerated until the time of Zeuxis and Apelles. That matter was not overcome by spirit, was

often plain to our startled, blushing tourists as they entered cemeteries and galleries of old art. The moral effect of marble is well maintained to depend more on the within than the without, on what is done rather than desired, on the character of the men whose forms are carved.

I climbed up sixteen rocky steps and stood upon Mars Hill, looked at the regality of the new city and the ruins of the old, and tried to imagine the scene as Paul witnessed it with its altars, temples and philosophical people. By request of Dr. Pentalagon, I took out my Bible, turned to Acts 17:16, 34, and read Paul's speech to the Grecians on Mars Hill. What a pulpit! Perhaps Paul came up Minerva street, across Tripod avenue, and saw more gods than men or women, and became indignant at the idolatry. When some of the gossiping Greeks asked him: "What is the news?" he told them: "Jesus and the resurrection, two deities you know nothing about." They invited him to come up to the Aeropagus, the place where the supreme court held its nightly open-air sessions, and where Socrates and Demosthenes had often stood.

What a preacher! Renan called him "The little ugly Jew," but with the fire of love's logic, his stature was forgotten, and he stood a religious iconoclast, with a courage commended to

cotton-stringed preachers of today, who cater to public taste and influential pew-holders.

What a sermon! Believing their restless, worldly condition was because their art had become religion and religion their art, in their worship of the beautiful and the human, he reasoned to them of creation, providence, grace, the divine fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, in a polite, practical and poetical manner.

What an audience of people! Stoics, Epicureans and Academicians, together with hangers on, all of whom represented classes which had not been made perfect by the beauty of their art.

What a result! Some mocked, others procrastinated, a few believed, just as people do now. All the minister can do is to be faithful—results are God's.

I found no statue erected to commemorate Paul's greatness, but I believe he did more to immortalize Athens than Phidias with his statues, Demosthenes with his orations, and Hadrian with his conquests. His church at Corinth, epistles of the New Testament, churches and cathedrals bearing his name, and his influence in the Christian thought of today are eternal monuments.

Paul admitted "he was debtor to the Greek," so do we in the language of Homer, the archi-

tecture of the Parthenon, the sculpture of Phidias, the philosophy of Plato, the tragedy of Sophocles, the morals of Socrates, and the patriotism of Marathon and Thermopylae.

We leave Greece, feeling "Fair Greece! Sad relic of departed worth! Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!"

CHAPTER XIV.

NAPLES AND VESUVIUS.

"See Naples and Die," but I nearly died with sea-sickness the day before I saw it. Half dressed, I crawled on deck, threw myself in a steamer chair and lay there from 10 a. m. till 6 p. m. It was Sunday and there was service in the cabin, but my thoughts were on my stomach and not on my soul. Mr. Cargill passed by me like the ancient priest and Levite, leaving me to think of the story of the sea captain who said, "There's no hope, the ship is doomed. In an hour we'll all be dead," to which the sick passenger replied "thank heaven."

Leaving Greece, we steamed through the narrow straits of Messina, passed Scylla and Cha-

rybdis, looked at Aetna and Stromboli, those giants ready to illumine at short notice, and at last dropped anchor in the Bay of Naples, where the winds whisper and the waves murmur and Vesuvius flames the history of Homer, Horace and Humbert. Yonder was Posolippo, the place of Virgil's tomb; Pozzuoli, Paul's landing place; Nisidia, the resort of Brutus and Cicero; Baiae, the Newport and Saratoga of the Roman world; Sorrento, famous for its wood workers and its ruined temple of Neptune; Amalfi, once commercially and politically powerful, now picturesque with its macaroni and soap manufactories; Ischia, a siren to lure with her beauty and destroy with earthquake embrace; Capri, with her cave of nymphs, dark blue roof and bright blue water, the old home of Tiberius, that villainous compound, "half mud, half blood," who was hated as much as he hated.

Naples is a beautiful picture with its gray buildings, castled St. Elmo and two headed Vesuvius set in a frame of blue bay, green fields and trees. Minstrel players and singers rowed out to our vessel and serenaded us with, "Faniculi, Fanicula," "Trovatore," and "Santa Lucia." We drove through the new and old part of the city, visited its wonderful aquarium, new domed gallery and astonishing museum, and threaded the

old road tunnels. As usual, we were disillusioned. The houses were high, the streets narrow, the animals were numerous, dirty linen was washed in public and ornamented the clothes lines which zigzagged like telegraph wires across the street, while from balconies overhead gaily dressed and undressed women nodded their heads to the passers below like birds in a cage.

The quay of Santa Lucia is like a sewer into which all the live refuse of the narrow streets flows. The native milkman drives his cows and goats in the front of a house and fills the bottles lowered by a string from the upper window; no pump in theirs. On all sides the hungry find portable restaurants with fish, fruit, soup, cake and macaroni. Like the Arabs, one meets story tellers, who read and recite with voice and gesture of comedy and tragedy. If you are ignorant, but want to write on love, war, business, sickness or death, you may find a public letter writer or an amanuensis. The people of the "evil eye" flourish here. You defend yourself against their influence by pointing outward the fore and little finger, keeping the rest of the hand closed. I entered a macaroni shop, a dirty place, with a dirty man, who made the dirty stuff. Just the thought of it haunts me. The poverty of these Neapolitans is appalling. Chil-

dren are born worse than orphans. They eat the refuse like Constantinople dogs, live in stolen rags, sleep on the street or church steps, die of starvation and then are dropped into the Campo Santo as we throw a shovelful of coal into a bin.

The people are taxed to death on all they eat and drink and wear. If Italy was content to be herself in art and history and did not have a vaulting ambition for the prestige of other European powers, her condition would be far different. Squalor and vice meet us at every corner. The decencies of life are outraged in broad daylight. Above the vine and olive rises the odor of an alley in Chinatown, 'Frisco.

We leave Naples for Vesuvius. Busy guides buzz around us who would make us believe all the cardinal virtues bloomed in their soul, but their "Nobilissimo signor, il Monte" suggests a three-card monte man. "Excelsior," we climb and are met by whistlers, singers and players who sing the money out of our hands. "Excelsior," over vine-clad hills, drinking in the sun and sticking their roots into warm lava soil, growing the grapes and the wine, "Lachryma Christi," of far-famed flavor. "Tears of Christ!" What a blasphemy it seems to us. Yet an Italian says it as easily as a Greek does Jupiter. The

drink is more innocent than its name or the natives. In this mountain vineyard you drink it in its purity. Once more the Creator has worked his miracle of changing water into wine. The water here is always bad, and never worse than when these Gozzolinas reverse the Cana miracle and change the wine to water, a thing you often find when you reach your hotel. Still upward to the observatory, shrouded by a Muir glacier of black billowy lava, where wise men study the needle's vibrations which indicate the activity of the volcano. "Excelsior," along a trail of turbulent twisted lava, black as death and worse than Laocoon's struggle, to a place from which we view a white blue sky above, a broad blue bay beneath and Naples to the right with its curve and crag, and gray white houses nestling in olive and orange gardens.

Vesuvius is above us with its smoke curling, fire belching peak in strange contrast with the sky above and fruit fields beneath. From this point you may climb by mule a la Pike's Peak or go by railcar wire-rope affair which pulls you up an angle of forty-five to sixty degrees until you are within three hundred feet of the crater. From this spot you may walk in ashes ankle deep or sit on men's shoulders and be carried in a chair. We walked to the music of Gehenna

groans, burned our shoes and fingers in the hot sand and steam, passed dangerous and deep places, ragged and ruinous crevices until we looked into the crater, which resembles a devil's circus ring. Goethe has well compared Vesuvius to a "peak of hell rising out of paradise." To me it was the fittest image of the lake that burns with fire and brimstone. It is difficult to think that this fire-crowned volcano, this shrine of Erebus, this sacrificial altar which claimed so many victims in 79 A. D., was once a fine and fertile field, the home of Sparticus, and ornamented with a temple.

Below lie Herculaneum and Pompeii, and we climbed down the mountain side. Guides ran ahead with clubs to ward off the robbers and torches to guide the way. My friend's horse slipped eight feet down the mountain side through his driver's drunken carelessness, causing him to utter some exclamations not found in Old or New Testament writing. In the scramble I lost the silver tag of my valise bearing the initials "G. L. M." I suppose some native will wear it as a charm, or it may be dug up in the future as a relic.

I strolled up the streets of tombs by old monuments to the gate of the old town and went through where Augustus, Cicero, Seneca, and

Pliny had gone, solacing, studying and satisfying themselves with the problems of government, literature and philosophy. The city has come forth like Lazarus from the grave. Houses, floors, bronze lamps, mosaics of beast and bird, frescoes of Venus and Adonis stare at us. We walk through narrow streets, see old chariot wheel ruts, foot-marked stepping stones and a wilderness of walls, broken pillars, statues, bronzes, cameos and Pompeiian color. The city was not large, its people were small, drove small vehicles, lived in small houses, slept in small beds and attached small importance to the principles of Mount Sinai or the sermonic mountain.

Yonder was an old Curiosity Shop filled with things the proprietor was too hurried to take in his fire escape. Fruits and nuts in glass jars, drugs and medicines, pill boxes and surgical instruments.

A bake shop with loaves of crisp, brown baked bread, with the maker's name stamped upon them. A wine room with jars bearing the name and date of the vintage, and a kind of department store with glass bottles, vases, spoons, springs, bells, buckles, rings, money chest, pots and pans, culinary outfit, candelabra, locks, inkstands and earth lamps. You paid your money

and you took your choice. I am sure you had to pay, for not far away was the sign "Cave Canem" (look out for the dog).

Looking at the vast amphitheater, forum, villa of Diomede, temple of Isis, we peopled the place with Bulwer's Nydia, Glaucus, Arbaces and Ione. They lived and labored and loved as men and women do now; the scene appealed to our hearts. Many of the inhabitants of Pompeii, like those of Herculaneum, had warning and fled. The faithful Roman soldiers remained at their posts of duty until death relieved them.

The explorers of the buried city found these human forms encased in molds of ashes, so that when liquid plaster of Paris was poured in them there appeared the life-like figures of the ancient dead. In the ashes of Pompeii one reads the record of the ancient city. Her destruction was in truth her preservation.

If the history of art is the history of civilization, then these poor people were beautiful barbarians. Their frescoes, bronze and sculpture are evidences of moral suicide. If we were curious in Egypt and startled in Greece, we were shocked by what we saw in the museum room at Naples and private compartments in Pompeii. Manly strength and womanly beauty were made "procuress to the lords of hell."

It was midnight and all was still; I sat on deck of the big ship which seemed to rest on the blue water like a dove of peace: The sun had gone down, flooding the bay with golden splendor; the stars looked down softly on the twinkling lights along the curved shore; the moon rose, filling the scene with frosted silver; Vesuvius held up her red lamp for me to read the pages of Italy's history until tired, I fell asleep to dream of home and heaven.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ETERNAL CITY.

I have been in the Eternal City, have inhaled Forum dust, smelt Campagna decay, barked my shins on Coliseum ruins, choked my lungs with catacomb gas, strained my neck at Vatican pictures, crawled through Cloaca Maxima sewers until I wonder "where I'm at." I was driven to the Hotel Minerva, the place for a wise man, located near the Pantheon, where one who pants for immortality may be suited after death. My room was 99, assigned me by the porter, who introduced me to a femme de chambre, whose looks, words and actions pointed out everything

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I might need or want for the next twenty-four hours or days. Rome is worse than "Lost in New York" without a guide. One is confused with buildings, fountains, parks, churches, stores, soldiers, priests and police. I wanted a real guide, not a fool, parrot or comedian, and I found him in Professor Reynaud, a gentleman of fine appearance, a scholar, one of the "noblest Romans of them all." The true American always hustles, but I've learned that while others lazily bury their noses in their guide books the Yankee listens to the guide, looks around and takes in more in fifteen minutes than a "don't you know" does in thirty.

St. Peter's is modern Rome. We visited its square, obelisk and cross, great fountains, porticoes, columns and statues. The view of the dome without is diappointing, because it is hid be the facade, but within you find a world of bewildering beauty. Guide books and lecturers, pictures and photographs have described it all so often that I forbear. It must be seen to be appreciated. As to the architecture, I prefer the Gothic of the Middle Ages, that connecting link between nature and religion. The ambition of St. Peter's builders was not always good. Pride, power and prodigality frequently reversed the proverb and robbed Paul to pay

Peter. The bronze of the Pantheon, the thrones of the Arabs and statues of Jupiter all find place in this wonderful building.

There is no doubt that the popes were often the patrons and preservers of art. Madame de Stael describes the museum of the Vatican as, "That palace of statues where we see the human form deified by paganism as are now the thoughts of the soul by Christianity." In this palace of art you find Laocoon, Apollo Belvidere, Raphael's Transfiguration, Angelo's frescoes, deities, heroes, philosophers, statesmen, libraries and antiquities ad infinitum.

The Pincian Hill is the central part of Rome. It is a passing show of all the climes and conditions of people in the world. The imperial band played splendidly, we listened and looked at the polyglot crowd, drove among statues, busts, trees and shrubs, when suddenly my driver dropped his lines, removed his hat and said: "Le roi." I thought he was crazy and like a fellow riding backwards in a car who never sees anything until it has passed, I saw the vanishing royalty, and said: "Encore, le roi." He whipped his horse, drove to the other side of the park, where we met King Humbert face to face, and took off our hats. The king looked a little puzzled, but concluded we were not anarchists with

murderous intent. I wanted another view and said, "Encore" for a third time. Slowly we approached his highness, I stood up in my carriage and waved my American flag, in honor of which he touched his hat in recognition and smiled a fraternal gretting. Little did I then think of the foul murder that was so soon to follow.

One evening, after dinner, I strolled out with a friend beyond Trajan's column to a glove store conducted by two pretty sisters. I put out my hands and they understood, then I rested my elbows, looked up into the face of one of them and was fitted while she looked down and smiled. They, I mean the white gloves, were so nice that I asked a second time and was fitted again with a dark pair, and her eyes to match. It was such a pleasant occupation that I thought I would make it "three times and out," and asked for another pair. My friend, Fish, was as nervous as one of his kinsmen out of water, but I said: "That's all right, we are here for business." The girls were delighted, but I could not make either of them understand what other kind I wanted. They tried nearly all the shapes and colors of gloves in the store until at last, in despair, I unbuttoned my vest and began to pull off my coat, when presto, vite, a box of "undressed" kids was

offered me and, 'mid a flush and flutter all around, I was once more hand in glove with the establishment and went out with a new experience and three pairs of good gloves for about a dollar and fifty cents.

Rome, Pagan, Christian, and modern is the shrine for twenty centuries of military, mental and moral genius; the place for artist, pilgrim, poet and scholar. Compare Rome to the Niobe of nations and say she sits 'mid deserted ruins like a lonely campfire of a past nation, the past wins your respect and the present calls forth your sympathy. They builded better than they knew. They had some master masons who could build walls, arches, and aqueducts which are giants of stone masonry surviving armies, storms and nature's decay; symbols of a power that drew and dragged a Zenobia and Jugurtha and hold us captive today.

Rome has many churches. "Domine Quo Vadis," with Peter's big No. 10 foot prints, a big inspiration to novelists and dramatists; "St Peter's in Vinculo," with its chains, but most of all, its Angelo's Moses, that simple, serene, sublime statue which withstands all criticism and compels us to say with its maker, "speak thou canst;" "St. Paul's without the

walls," a dream in marble, a forest of columns and wilderness of mosaics; St. John Lateran, with shrines, relics and statues; the "Sancta Scala" of Pilate, where the faithful crawled on hands and knees counting their beads, where Luther was converted and partly up which an irreverent tourist of our party walked with hat and shoes on. Material structures everywhere, but "God is a spirit;" I heard music and saw vestments, in fact everything except the "simplicity of the Gospel." But the morning cometh.

Even a good man can get lonesome in church, and I was glad to meet my Chicago friend, Mr. Goodspeed, who said he hadn't seen me for fifteen years until I was racing through Cairo with my American flag. That reminds me of a mutual friend in Rome and Egypt, the Obelisk, eleven of which have adorned the Imperial City. They are messengers of the past from Joseph and Moses. Rome the Eternal is a modern village compared with these milestones that mark the path of Egypt to eternity in that early time when the day of thought struggled through the night of superstition as it does here and now. The Roman arch is famous; the Coliseum has eighty of them, and since I took the Royal Arch degree in Masonry I've learned to appreciate them. "Arch of Constantine," who went to

make a new Rome but gave the old one a state religion; "Arch of Titus," erected by his brother Domitian to commemorate Titus' conquest of Jerusalem; its sad relief of the sacred candlesticks carried on the shoulders of exulting heathen, a commentary on the "nations that forget God."

Rome's rule conquered and civilized from the Pillars of Hercules to the Euphrates and the chalk cliffs of Scotland to the cataracts of the Nile.

The Palatine was the place for the patricians, the "400" whose sign was "no plebs need apply." It is excavated and is used as a museum of famous antiquities. I was so interested in the thought of Domitian and Nero that I pressed a lady's hand, while helping her over the ruins until she asked me if I had not made a mistake and taken her hand for a lemon. It was a tight squeeze.

Rome's two conquerors were arms and art; Rome means churches, cathedrals, palaces, pictures, statuary, mosaic and tapestry. This is the artist's paradise, and home folks may have clear ideas from photos, for old Sol is often more accurate than a coarse brush. The two sources of beauty, shape and color, are often met and one finds the realization that moral beauty

is not hostile to love for artistic beauty. As usual, you may find the fates and not the graces, a Clotho with green goggles, a deaf Lachesis and a silly Atropos ogling one statue, fingering another and criticising a third.

Scene—"What work is this?" punching it with a blue umbrella.

"That, madam, is Nydia, the blind girl of Pompeii."

"What did he say?" shouts a deaf one.

"Nubia, the blind girl of Bombay," responds No. 3, trying to be civil.

But who can forget the "Dying Gladiator," immortalized by Byron, or the "Antinous," with its perfect anatomy and sweet, sad look?

With arms and art there is artifice, shadow as well as sunlight. Many of Rome's streets are crooked, narrow, dirty and dark. Via Sacra, over which Horace and Caesar walked, is sacred only in name; the Appian way was once a regal road, but now ornamented with the remains of aqueducts and tombstones, and the tomb of Caecilia Metella has been robbed of its marble for lime and buildings. This must have been the place where "the sheeted dead did squeak and gibber in the streets of Rome." The city is really a cemetery of a nation where it is hard to dis-

tinguish between the ashes of a dog and the remains of Nero or a Christian.

No, Rome wasn't "built in a day," for much time was required to take even a glimpse of the Temple of Vesta, whose chaste light still burns. Bridging the Tiber is San Angelo two thousand years old whose arches echoed to the thunder of brave Horatius. The baths of Caracalla are great in their ruins and remind you of the time when nobility swam or ate and drank while listening to lectures and music. How the heart thrills with memories of the Forum, that stage where kings played tragedy, but which looks today like a sunken square with columns and arches like so many vegetables in a Dutch cellar. The Temple of Saturn was once the national treasury, but now is bankrupt with only eight figureless columns left. There stands the arch of Septimus Severus with the bronze car of victory gone off to inglorious defeat. I paused at Augustus' golden milestone, that hub from which all roads led like so many spokes to the circle of the known world. I climbed on the Rostra platform where Cicero and Caesar had thundered eloquence, and I had just commenced to make a few remarks when I was called down. Hadrian's Tomb is a big thing one thousand feet in circumference. It has

been robbed of its marble and statues, and I saw Mr. H.'s giant head in the Vatican, its place being usurped by a statue of the Archangel Michael sheathing his sword.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy and I took a cab one night and went to Constanzi Teatro to hear La Boheme. The orchestration was superb. These Italians are fine musicians and the leader was a veritable Damrosch. He was a bundle of nerves; head, arms and legs were on so many wires, while his whole body swayed and jumped as if he stood on tacks or had swallowed an electric machine. Fernando de Lucia was the tenor, and the finest I ever heard since Campanini. There was a big audience of boxes, two upper tiers and pit. The people were peculiar in their applause of mouth, hand and glove. Some men rose between the acts with their hats on and instead of going out for a drink, stared around above and below. My Italian libretto was of little account, but music is the universal language which everybody understands. I enjoyed my surroundings, the refreshments and the crowd. The men were indifferent looking, but the women were richly jeweled and poorly dressed; that is, half dressed. There was plenty of good form and complexion, but apart from eyes, dark and lustrous, I saw no

Italian beauties. Surely "the play's the thing" in Italy and many seem to attend it more frequently and contribute more liberally to its support than to the churches.

Near the pyramid of Cestius, that marble structure one hundred and fourteen feet high and older than the Christian era, I found the Protestant cemetery. Here is the grave of Keats, "whose name was writ in water," and yet like that element his fame surrounds the world; the grave of Shelley with its "Cor cordium," whose song like his skylark sings high toward heaven. Sweet and suggestive resting place, and why should not Nature be her sweetest to the poets who translated Nature to humble, prosaic hearts? However, if you are not a poet, there is Capuchin convent, a human bone-yard whose foundations and decorations furnish endless, "Alas poor Yoricks" for soliloquizing Hamlets; or the Catacombs which honeycomb the city with miles of graves, paths, chapels, shelves, and symbols of Christians who lived here by day, visited by night and were burned between times.

The Coliseum is only another name for a cemetery. It gives you the first, firmest idea of Rome's cruel power. It is a tragedy in stone,

and, thank God, will never rise again to disgrace humanity.

In Rome you are robbed with no redress; dirty beggars, begotten of centuries of temporal and clerical oppression villainously smile and jabber with a smelter-like breath whose gas and vapor deaden everything around. Is it not strange that Jerusalem and Rome, the two most Christian cities at one time, are today in some respects the most degraded?

One afternoon Prof. P——, my musical friend, told me that Guiseppe Resta was to give a piano recital at the Constanzi. I said, "Prof., let's go. I'll wear glasses and look literary, and your long hair will stamp you as musical. We will appear as 'Americano critique le papier." So we introduced ourselves to the doorkeeper who listened to our lingo and looked at us as if we were a pair of harmless lunatics. He pointed us in the direction of a big female who guided us to the manager in chief. He put out his hand to me, I gripped it and said, "Bon jour, Americano critique le papier," and produced my pencil and pad. Visions of laudatory press notices must have flashed over his mind, for he said brokenly, "Ferry well." I first thought he meant, "Fare thee well," until he personally conducted us up the middle aisle to two of the best seats in the

house. "Merci," I said. "Mercy," I felt. I kept my glasses on and the professor his hair. We listened to the music, looked very wise and made a few musical notes. Resta's playing was full of fire and feeling and showed good technique. I was glad to be introduced to him at the close of the concert and say, "bravo."

We took in the Saturday show of the Corso, that Broadway, State street and Nicollet avenue combined, with more of startling contrast in the rank and file of the people, cafes, stores and sights. It was a relief to find an English Episcopal church near by in which we could rest.

We met some Neapolitan boys and girls who thought we were artists and followed and begged us to paint their pictures. They were pretty and picturesque, brown faced, black hair and eyes and gaudy dress. I told them we were not artists, but "Americano critiquos" and they finally left us expecting we would call for them Monday. Sure "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." We spent an hour in finding Augustus Caesar's tomb, inquired many times and at last found our way into an old rubbish heap of an amphitheater. It was growing dark and I wanted a light and thought of a Roman candle, but feared if I used it in this dangerous place, I might be like the poor Irishman, who "Lit one

of them Roman candles to see what candles them Romans used" and was later found by his faithful Bridget hunting under the table for his eye.

It's easy to preach and practice, "When you are in Rome do as the Romans do," and so after dinner we took a cab and went to "Marco Visconti," at the Theater Nazionale. I wanted more music and got it. It was late, I was tired, and started to leave the house, when my friend said: "Wait till you see the ballet." I wondered what he meant. I said: "I will wait for just a few minutes, it's 11 o'clock now, and I want to be asleep by 12." The ballet came. The longer I waited the more I wondered. When the curtain was rung down I looked at my watch; it was 1 o'clock Sunday morning.

We spent the morning looking at Raphael's frescoes, which though dimmed with years, preach a literal gospel of the higher life to all who will see and understand. Later saw Guido's "Aurora" above reflected in the Rospiglioso mirror beneath. This was a morning, moving picture which led one to think it was time to get up and take a drive, which we did.

The Capitol hill at Rome is a scene of shadow and sun light. Its temple crowned top; Tarpeian Rock for traitors and Square with historic bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius. In the Capi-

tol Museum is the famous Hall of Emperors, a bust gallery of notorious Roman profligates. I am not surprised that sight of them and memory of what they were led Gibbon to write, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

Progress is slow but sure. Victor Emmanuel said, "Let there be light." He had to do with a people who were lazy, lying and lascivious; all they seemed to want was a place to sleep, plenty of macaroni and "damned be he that first cries, 'Hold, enough.'" The new government took for its motto, "God helps those who help themselves," and He did. The ideal has not been reached, but railroads, good harbors, new buildings, manufactures, foreign and domestic commerce, schools, churches and freedom of the press show material, mental and moral advance which urge toward greater deeds and higher manhood.

I made arrangements to see the Pope, but had an illustration of the pathetic lines, "You can't most always always sometimes tell;" smallpox prevented. So far we had had a fine cruise through Egypt, Palestine, Asia, and Greece; not a ripple had ruffled the sea of our happiness, except sea-sickness. But death is always a possibility. The disease contracted at Alexandria broke out just before

we reached Naples. We providentially managed to get a clean bill of healtn and our baggage, but at Rome some of our number were taken suddenly, seriously, and fatally ill. If we had not taken legbail, the board of health would have quarantined our hotels and made me like Paul, "Prisoner at Rome." Mr. Frank C. Clark, the conductor of our New England party, did all he agreed to and much more; he was always a gentleman, genial and generous, honest and helpful to his party whom he treated as members of his family. I shall be glad to go with him "Around the World in Eighty Days," or a longer time.

With a meaning that the poet Rogers never intended, I felt, "I am in Rome, a thousand thoughts rush on my mind, a thousand images, and I spring up as girt to run a race." I called a cab, gave the driver a tip, threw myself and luggage on the seat and was driven to the depot with race course speed. The train was a mass of frightened passengers and disordered baggage. Soon the engine pulled out of the City of the Caesars. Fruit cake, and Chianti were next in order. I was tired. I looked up, my friend's head was thrown back, his mouth looked like an old-

fashioned carpet bag and from its depths came out a snore, "Vale, et Vale."

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WONDERFUL FLORENCE.

I went to Hotel de Italy, the former palace of Prince Murat and Queen Caroline. By mistake I was assigned a kind of jail room, No. 75, below the street of Lung Arno. I existed in "durance vile" till early next morning, when I rang the concierge and was received by a maid and boy who took me to lucky No. 13, carrying my grip, pants, umbrella and vest in a kind of procession before me. Opposite my window I saw the house of Amerigo Vespucci; he was gone, but not the girl in the window who spent her time in sweet nothingness till the band came by, followed by Italian soldiers; she waved her handkerchief, I waved my flag; the captain recognized me and the boys her, smiled and marched on.

I had the Continental breakfast, not worth a continental, of coffee, bread and honey. Food in Italy, as a rule, is small in quantity and poor in quality, disguised by high seasoning and made as indigestible as palatable. The Italians are too lazy to eat much. They have to take

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something or die, but eating seems a matter of necessity and not of choice. Fruit is their staff of life, and is to the Italian what potatoes are to Ireland. The natives serve you with grapes, peaches, figs, quinces, pomegranates and a confectionery paste, all very good and abundant, and which, like everything else except frames, paintings and statues, goes by weight.

Drink is the main thing; more is spent for wine than bread or fruit, but it is a harmless wash, and non-alcoholic, for they use it soon after it is made, and it is innocent compared with beverages found elsewhere on the continent or in America.

I drove around the city and conquered and complimented my driver by saying, "Bunco Italia." He was as noisy as his brothers. A sound like Bedlam broke loose came down the narrow streets of the city like low C through a tuba. Boys' cries of Gazettes, cigarettes and matches; men's cries of brooms, rooster-coombs, chestnut pudding, squashes, baked pears, figs, grapes and rolled squash seeds, assaulted our ears until we implored high heaven for temporary deafness. Even this was denied us by a little boy who got his English mixed and came to me saying, "Good-Bye," and left me, adding, "How do you do." Flower girls were in abundance selling

their wares, in all the variety of orange, lemon and laurel. You might as well be without your coat as without a flower; the flower girl will stop you on the street or come to you in the cafe and put a rose bud in your button-hole, unless you resist her.

You may pay then or later in the season when for all your decoration she comes in an irresistible way and you settle for value received. There are some beautiful women here, but, as a rule, they are hideous when not homely. I learned that marriage was based on dowry and not on divine standards. Their proverb says: "Marriage is the tomb of love;" Byron said: "They marry for their parents and they love for themselves." Society, too, largely consists of smoke, drink, gambling and free love; a paradise for people who like that kind of thing.

The markets of Florence are as curious as their mosaics; long lanes lined with boxes, baskets and barrels, filled with flowers, fish, fowl, flesh and fruit and as many kinds of curious people to sell them. Near by are stands where the hungry may buy a fried cake of coagulated blood or a roasted fat cat with some favorite fritters soaked in grease. I was hungry, but insisted on vegetarian diet. No, thank you, I said, give me liberty, limburger or death. While ignorant and

helpless and in need of a wise companion, I was approached by a man who had little owls for sale. They may be had for a song, but I preferred my own thoughts for a pet.

One morning I overslept and my party left without me. I started to overtake them, walked in a circle for half an hour and came out by the bridge two squares from my hotel.

I was in just the frame of mind to go to church, and so went where I could learn the stony record of Florence's birth, life, and death. San Lorenzo, with the tombs of the de Medici, and Angelo's colossal figures of Day, Night, Dawn and Twilight; San Marco, with the pulpit of Savonarola, where he thundered of righteousness and judgment: Duomo, that marble mosaic with its daring dome by Brunelleschi. Campanile, that beautiful bell tower which Giotto hung three hundred feet in the air, and many others.

I went to a barber shop, where the butcher held the razor upside down and carved me after he had pared my fingernails. These barbers bleed you professionally and ignorantly killed Cavour. Dentists draw your teeth and physicians prescribe for what may be left if you are not already dead. One expects to see much sickness where water is regarded as "great medicine" and only used externally or internally as

a last resort. When I asked my bloody benefactor how much I owed, he replied "Niente, signore" (nothing, sir,) I was embarrassed, wanted to be generous, hesitated, fumbled my money and ended by giving five times the value received, the rascal grinning and bowing thanks all the time.

But there are better. Florentines are proud of their citizenship as Americans, Greeks and Romans are of theirs, and why not? Their Dante gave glimpses of heaven and hell; Boccaccio of love and lust; Machiavelli of plotting politics; Petrarch of his loved Laura; Galileo of starry sky; Savonarola of piety and patriotism; Amerigo Vespucci gave a name to our country; Giotto planted the lily of the Campanile; Brunelleschi spanned the dome of the Duomo; Ghiberti swung his bronze gates; Angelo carved the moving marble, and Bartolommeo, Delsarto and Da Vinci painted the canvas never to fade from memory's gallery.

I frequently worshipped in the sanctuary of Florence sculpture, of which Thorwaldsen says, "Clay is birth, plaster is death, marble is the resurrection." Here is the Loggia of the Lancers, an arcade of arches filled with the master art of "Rape of the Sabines," "Perseus" and "Polyexina and Achilles." Along thorough-

fares and porticoes are statues of her leading men—while towering as Saul above his brethren, is Angelo's statue of David, cut from the eighteen-foot block of rejected marble. Where art is not in the stone itself, you find it on the facades of buildings where gods and men are frescoed in amazing outline and color.

When it comes to painting Florence is heir of art's history. Her galleries are in places which were made possible by the wealth and power of the Medici. A study of the tourists here was as interesting to me as the pictures on exhibition; the absurd criticisms of some, the pretended rapture of others, the glance of the blase traveler and the unfeigned horror of pater and mater familias as their offspring viewed the nude marble or the blushing canvas. The Ufizzi gallery is a shrine of painting and sculpture, of gems, vases and bronzes from ancient masters. The halls are filled with busts of emperors and empresses, original drawings from De Vinci and Raphael, bust of Alexander dying, and group of Niobe and her fated children. The Tribune with its mosaic pavement, mother of pearl dome, gilded walls and ceiling is the gem of the whole collection. Within its magic circle, solitary and unique stand the master pieces of Raphael, Correggio, Del Sarto and Angelo; the Wrestlers,

Dancing Fawn, Appollino and Scythian whetting a knife. Titian's Venus, with shameless attitude and coloring, stares you out of countenance, while the Venus de Medici welcomes you with a face and form at once the delight and despair of modern artists.

There is an enclosed walk between galleries of art over the Arno river, leading to the Pitti gallery. This palace was the former residence of the king and queen when Florence was the capital of united Italy. It is a noble building, filled with the luxury of art, statues and paintings, mosaics, precious stones in greatest profusion. One can never forget the maternal Madonna look of Raphael's masterpiece. I am not surprised that when the old prince who lived here was told by his priest of a glorious heaven, he replied, "I would be satisfied if I could remain in the Pitti." Yet with all this art, there are some Italians who have never seen it, don't care to visit it, and if they did would probably appreciate it about as much as the sheep did the open heavens over Bethlehem's plain.

Much of the history of Florence proves that art is not necessarily religious and that cities may be white with classic marbles and dark with cursed meanness. I visited mediaeval palaces, rocky and red with tragedy; Polozzia Vecchio,

for six hundred years the senate of the republic and official residence of the Medici, contained the tower where the sainted Savonarola was tortured for forty days. The volume of Guelph and Ghibeline history of Florence is written in blood, punctuated with tears and held together with the strings of broken hearts.

We walked by peddlers with hands and arms full of different dogs which they were trying to sell, but I found they all had the same kind of fleas. We passed by windows filled with questionable pictures which the Italian St. Anthony Comstock had evidently overlooked; saw a musical family who played, sung and danced on the street for the coppers we threw them, but were driven off by the police to make way for the rich who rode by with two drivers and a poodle dog between them; and attended a grand concerto where Olga von Turk Rohn gave a classic and artistic program. She was a musical gem in black velvety dress, beads, silver, diamonds and tres embonpoint. Coming out I bought a little looking glass which drew a big crowd before I could make the proper change. Something was lacking. I offered an umbrella check, but the man wanted my umbrella, too, and so I compromised on a pack of cigarettes which a friend had given me to give away.

We attended a theater party that night, a two box affair, but by mistake entered the wrong box and the soldiers escorted us up stairs. It was a frosty time and I hid behind the curtain, Polonius like, with hat and coat on to keep warm. Massenet's music was fantastic and with little melody. The play dragged on through the old story of misplaced love. Finally the hero killed himself three hours too late; a thing he should have thought of in the first act. It was worth our life to get a cab to get back to the hotel. An urchin hailed one for me and when it came a young hoodlum said it was for another, and it resulted in a whip fight. The matter was finally adjusted and we got the carriage and rested in peace until the driver opened the door in front of the hotel and demanded three times the usual price and would probably have knocked us down and robbed us if the hotel concierge, having heard our altercation, had not come out and made him do the right thing.

I crossed Ponte Vecchio, the oldest and oddest of the six bridges over the Arno. A double decker, with art galleries above, jewelry shops beneath, filled with mosaics of all that art and nature can represent, and where 'mid all the precious stones the turquoise is the prevailing one. This stone is beautiful and inexpensive here, and

I exchanged a few American rocks for scarf pins and serpent headed ornaments. I stood on this bridge at midnight, above me the silver moon, beneath me the yellow Arno small then, but angry in freshet times, and recalled George Eliot's "Romola" and how Tito leaped here from the mob into death.

Gardens, walks and drives abound; Boboli garden, back of the Pitti with its trees, flowers, ponds and statuary inviting to rest; Villa Torrigini welcoming the wit, the wealth and wickedness of the city; Lung Arno, what the Seine is to Paris, leading to the Cascine; the Cascine, the Italian Bois de Boulogne, filled with military music, fashion and folly of those who eat, drink and are merry, careless of when and how they die. Surrounding hills are famous for olives and flowers and the homes of great men and women —Hawthorne, Browning, Salvini and others. Galileo's villa, where he studied and communed with Milton; masters of science and poetry, both to be later physically eclipsed, but each possessing an inner light which no blindness could darken; Tuscan's hills; Castle of Vincigliata; monastry of La Certosa; Height of San Miniato, with its famous church, splendid drive and spacious square, in the center of which is the fine bronze copy of David; while across the valley

loom the heights of Fiesole with their white-walled villas mantled with vine and olive on the white background of the snowy Apennines in the far distance.

"Vines, flowers, air, skies that fling such wild enchantment o'er Boccaccio's tales of Florence and the Arno," make a never-to-be-forgotten frame of my pictured visit. In this spirit I read Robert Browning's "Andrea del Sarto" by the big, historic table in the bridal chamber of Queen Caroline. Then I took a cab and visited the house where Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote her immortal "Casa Guidi Windows." Later I visited the Protestant cemetery where she lies buried. Dead she still speaks. Her worth shines like a star at night. More enduring and beautiful than the flower-strewn marble sarcophagus which rises above her body is the memory of a woman who was called "Shakespeare's daughter," who "made her poetry the golden ring between Italy and England."

CHAPTER XVII.

PISA, GENOA AND MILAN.

"Parlate Italiano?"—no, but there were three occasions on which I wish I did and they were

Pisa, Genoa and Milan. A beautiful ride of three hours through fertile valleys with their pretty towns, picturesque mountains and hills with nestling cities and castles and we came to Pisa, the once powerful, now puny in respect to ships, commerce and armies.

We were driven at once to the Leaning Tower, one hundred and eighty feet high and thirteen feet off the perpendicular; it is seven hundred years old and has always been on this jag, no one knowing whether it settled or was built that way. Mrs. W. was too tired to climb the eight stories, but her daughter, Miss W., was very anxious to. The mother looked to me and said:

"Doctor, you take her and act towards her as your own daughter."

We climbed up the foot-worn stairs, admired the granite and marble fluted columns, and saw a most magnificent view of river, valley, mountain and plain. I was venturesome and walked on the outside of the iron railing, saw the big chime of bells, leaned over the lower side of the tower, and wondered where I would go if I fell off.

Descending, we were met by the party and visited the old cathedral which stands like an obelisk, a commentary on the departed grand-

eur of the city. The thing which struck me most was the pendulum lamp which swung into Galileo's mind a world of science and mechanical force as he compared its vibrations with the pulsations of his own heart.

The baptistery is a rich rotunda with a marble pulpit, a mosaic baptistery and something more marvelous than both, the wonderful echo. I whistled and it sounded like a calliope, sang and had a cathedral organ, slammed the seat and it sounded like a cannon.

The Campo Santo invited us with its sarcophagi, and frescoes of biblical scenes, vivid in conception and rude in execution. Here is a literal "God's lap of earth," in the fifty-three shiploads of sacred soil which the crusaders brought from Jerusalem for their burial. On our way to the depot we paused at church Stefano. I bribed the sexton and climbed up a dirty garret-like place to the organ loft. The instrument was an old, odd affair; the pedals and stops looked like cross ties and bars of yellow soap, but the tone was smooth and sweet. To the "Ave Marias" beneath I responded with: "O Promise Me," and the effect of the "linked sweetness long drawn out" through the aisles was most astonishing. I took some photos, bought some marble fruit, cherries, apples and pears, natural and life-size;

picked up a miniature in marble of the leaning tower; got a bottle of mineral water at half price, because, as the salesman said, "He don't make so much noise," and entered the car with my party plus two priests and eight foreigners. Traveling makes one social, although I heard an English dude say: "I hope they won't think I'm an American." No fear.

Genoa is a substantial city with narrow, corkscrew streets and high houses looking down on you as the crests of the Royal Gorge. This is the birthplace of Columbus. I saw his house, an autograph letter in the museum, and stood in the park from which he looked beyond the whitecaps far out at sea for a land of commerce, civilization and Christianity. There are many palaces of pink marble with historic frescoes and salons filled with mosaics and art, masterpieces of painting and statuary. As usual, we found "good" churches; that on the Anuziato, with a ceiling of marble; the cathedral of San Lorenzo with its famous pictures, frescoes, pillars, organ, and chapel containing the marble chest in which repose the bones of St. John the Baptist, the chain which bound him as prisoner, and a duplicate of holy relics which I found all through Italy. Famine breeding Friar Tucks abound and the poor people much more so. Around the

city I met deformed men, bearded women and some pretty girls, blonde and brown types, eyes blue and black. All of them were veiled in a misty fabric through which they dreamily gazed, as they cheerfully chatted. The park, with its music, ices and social flirtations, is the place of meeting, the only drawback being the vile tobacco smoke, which here, as elsewhere in Italy, resembles boiled cabbage or a burning barn.

The cemetery is one of the finest in the world, with its marble corridor around a square of ground. The floor consists of marble slabs bearing inscriptions of the dead. On either side are tombs and figures in the fairest and most artistic form to perpetuate the memory of the dead. It is a hall of statuary or temple of fame well worth a visit.

From being a world conqueror, Genoa has settled down into the manufacture of velvets and fancy filigree silverware. The gallery of paintings had some fine works, but their impression was marred by the guide, who had lingual difficulties of his own. He referred to a great man, saying: "He die of disease of littlepox," and striking an attitude before a famous picture he said: "Dis picture paint tree hundred years ago by hisself, Paul Very Uneasy (Paul Veronese), and nefer been touch-ed since."

He pressed a spring and a secret door flew open in the wall which revealed a glass case which contained the great Paginini's violins. What a mad genius he was. He no more played like other people than the violin is like other instruments.

The last thing I saw in Genoa from my car window was an emigrant woman carrying a naked baby under her arm, and near by a fat student, a lean consumptive, three swarthy men and one other, who said: "Addios," to his three male friends, who each in turn kissed him on both cheeks.

Milan is well called the Paris of Italy. After a dusty ride I was driven to the hotel and ordered a bath. The maid gave me everything but soap, and after much effort I secured some about as big and thick as a postage stamp. It was a good sample, but she practiced homoeopathy in this as some other things, and I could get no more. I took it good naturedly and she, too, for you must laugh to grow fat in Italy. At any rate, this was the philosophy of Miss —— in a cold room, whom I heard say: "I'll hug anything warm," and she got around the stove.

The climate of Italy is not a synonym for heaven. Wind, rain and smoky chimneys make you understand the original of Dante's Inferno.

Bare-headed beggars, shoeless, shivering, starving children are a sad sight. They furnished me with a soapstone box of a stove to warm my feet by, and for my hands I was given a "Scaldini" life preserver shaped like a little earthern pot. It is used in summer to hold milk or omelette and in winter is filled with burning charcoal or hot ashes.

It was Palm Sunday and we attended the cathedral. Curious cross decorations of yellow palm or straw, placed on olive branches were carried in procession, through the aisles of the church; the organ, censers, candles, robed priests, and crowd, the colored light falling through high windows over all, were a grand "amen" to Cardinal Ferari's blessing, and from our hearts there came the response, "Hosanna to the Lord Christ."

Milan has some fine drives on which are the fourteenth century castle, and old Roman theater in which races and regattas are now held; La Scala theater with its seven rows accommodating four thousand people; Arch of Peace built to immortalize glory and victory; St. Lawrence columns with their ruins of the Roman temple epoch; and the Arcade gallery of Victor Emmanuel with its blocks of beautiful buildings all glass roofed and marble walked, under which

are cafes with tables for the many to eat and drink.

Students of church history love to visit the Ambrose Library with its rare manuscripts, drawings and signatures. All people irrespective of creed and culture wend their way to the famous cathedral of Milan. It has been compared to a forest of graceful needles or a marble poem.

I climbed one hundred and eighty-two marble steps to the roof, and then to the top of the minaret. Beneath me were spired steeples, statuary, doors, windows, corners and crevices which Raphael, Canova, Angelo and their pupils had filled with birds, beasts, fruits and flowers in living likeness and size. I descended and entered the building to find it in keeping with the outside; wonderful windows of color, size and scenes, figured pavements, fluted columns, and all that heart could wish, mind plan and hand execute. On one side there is a sculpture by Phidias made in brown marble of a skinned man with his muscles arteries, fiber and frame, chiselled in a way to paralyze you.

Under the grand altar is the crypt containing the mummified remains of the sainted Bishop Borromeo, lying in his rock crystal coffin covered with a Klondike of gold and of gems. This wealth and that which I saw in the treasury, was

more than enough to help all Italy's poor. There is collected here an unusual amount of thorns; robes, nails, bits of the true cross and sacred handkerchiefs, the bones of Judas and the fingers of St. Paul.

More famous than the cathedral is Leonardo da Vinci's picture of the Last Supper. I saw what was left of it in the refectory. It had been painted in distemper on a kitchen wall and the smoke, the years, the stabling of Napoleon's horses, which tried to nibble the table and kick off the apostles' legs, leave only a part of its original greatness. Though dim and disfigured it is divine. Men and women were copying it, and few homes are without its engraving.

Our engine awoke the echoes of Lombardy plains and carried us to Como. Our boat, Lecco, swan-like, sailed through clear, cold water by gorgeous mountains of snow and ice with summits lost in clouds, inviting villages and interesting peasants. With azure sky above us and emerald green soil beneath us, we landed at Bellagio, the beautiful. Tree, flower, lake, hill, mountain, cloud and sky make a literal Eden. Subtract sin from this world and it is beautiful enough for a new heaven.

One morning I went to the wharf and was surrounded by a crowd of people who bombarded

me with their wares. The narrow, high-climbing streets were filled with shops full of people, who were there more for business than for pleasure. I bought a souvenir of their wooden shoes for eighteen centimes. I took one, but the woman ran after me, lifted her dress to her ankle tops, showed her feet with two shoes, making me understand I was entitled to two wooden shoes, for that was the number she wore. I took the other one, getting the shoes and view for one price. I hurriedly left for Menaggio by boat to take the train to Polezza.

The Italian lakes seen to blend all the beauties of scenery that Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" does of sound. Mountains, hills, lawns, gardens, islands, terraces, plains, orange groves, white chalets, towns, cattle and natives are all mirrored in the clear, cold water. Who does not feel with Milton, "accuse not Nature, she hath done her part. Do thou but thine."

CHAPTER XVIII.

VENICE—THE WHITE PHANTOMED CITY.

"Water, water everywhere," and not a horse in sight, for this is the "white phantomed city whose untrodden streets are rivers and whose

pavements are the shifting shadows of palaces and strips of sky." I stepped into a gondola, a canoe-shaped boat, black as a hearse, with prow ornamented with battle ax and steel comb, while balanced on the stern, a gay gondolier took a long bladed oar, inserted it in the curve of a wooden pegged oar-lock and with grace and skill rowed me over the crested waves.

From the depot we sailed through narrow streets, and along the grand canal mid scenes of beauty, traffic and pleasure; all lit with hue of blue, green and gold; by banks lined with palaces, columns and balconies; near houses full of poetic, tragic and artistic history, by posts painted with the colors of the family; opposite buildings that rise from the sea and seen by sunrise or moonlight, play a game of glory and gloom.

Venice owes its origin to people who fled here in 500 A. D. to escape Attila, that "scourge of God" and man. The city rests on hundreds of islands spanned by five times as many bridges and was once the golden gate of commerce between the occident and the orient. I reached my hotel, wobbled off the boat, slipped on the sea-wet step and went to the lift to be taken to my room. Here, as all through Europe, if you are in a hurry you will walk up and when coming

down, do the same thing. This hotel was situated next to Desdemona's house.

Venice is a place of pleasure. Palaces may crumble, arts fade and states fall, but magnificence, merriment and music always abide. Its people are musical or nothing; all hours of the day and night I was serenaded; if "music be the food of love," the Venetians must have been hungry, for with solo and quartet, harp and guitar accompaniment, it was "Funicula, funicula," and "Marguerita, I Love You."

St. Mark left his mark on this city as Napoleon did at Paris, Scott at Edinburgh and Rubens at Antwerp. He was their patron saint. I had visited his residence in Alexandria where he lived, died and was buried, and where, according to the legend, his bones were covered over with lard, smuggled and brought here for burial.

A modern namesake of this hero, known as St. Mark Twain, tells us that if these bones are ever carried away the Venetians believe that their city will vanish away. St. Mark had a remarkable winged lion which followed him as faithfully as the little lamb did Mary. Another column stands near, stolen from Egypt seven hundred years ago, surmounted by a statue of St. Theodore.

The Doge's palace is called by Mr. Ruskin

"The central building of the world." For a thousand years it was the residence of the doges or rulers of Venice. Its arcades of marble columns are adorned with sculpture, while twisted shafts of Byzantine architecture, pinnacles and painted arches on the roof make a glorious view, in sun, moon or electric light. I walked through the colonnades which serve as a shelter from the sun or rain and at night form an ideal trysting place for lovers; I went out from the corridor to the courtyard with its finely decorated marble walls and found the two famous bronze well curbs. Then I climbed the marble giant staircase, viewed the lion above it and the statues of Mars and Neptune on either side, between which the doges were inaugurated.

The state apartments are superb with their mosiac floors, roof and wall of masterpieces set in gold frames describing Venice's glory. Here is the largest picture in the world, seventy feet long painted by Tintoretti when he was nearly seventy years of age, and near by the biggest globe made. I visited the council chamber where the Ten exerted their fiendish despotism. Just outside the door is the Lion's head with the open mouth through which the secret denunciations were dropped at night for deeds without a name. From this building the Doge annually went out

followed by a procession to the sound of music and entered his gondola, sailed and said, "We wed thee, O sea, with this ring, emblem of our rightful and perpetual dominion," and cast the ring into the water. Venice is said to have possessed at one time the largest armory and dockyards in the world; the first bank of deposit in Europe except Rome; and she printed the first books in Italy and sold them in St. Mark's square. She issued the first newspaper known to the world and sold it for a little coin known as "Gazetta," from which we get our newspaper word gazette. But those are the days of long ago.

Back of the palace is a prison with which it is connected by the Bridge of Sighs. I crossed the bridge went into the dungeons below the water's edge, groped in dark cellars, breathed the foul, fetid air, looked through the gloomy, grated, windows, examined the guillotine grooves and thrust my hands in the narrow openings, through which the murdered bodies were shoved out to a boat to be rowed out and sunk in a nameless spot.

The palace has been compared to the brain of Venice; the piazza to the heart; and St. Mark's Cathedral to the soul. Mark Twain, however, compares the cathedral to "a warty bug taking a meditative walk." My guide directed me to St.

Mark's church saying, "Go left side to the right and you find it." It looks like a Christian Mosque with its domes and its belfries. Whenever the Venetians came back from the East they brought some new Moorish, Arabic or Gothic art ideas and combined them into this structure. It has been beautified by booty for five hundred years, and its facades are of historic marble stolen from Jerusalen, Constantinople, Ephesus and Smyrna. The interior is "grand, gloomy and peculiar" with its wallss of marble and roofs of precious mosaics. The receptacle of St. Mark's body is guarded by the statues of the twelve apostles. As usual one notices the difference between all this splendor and the squalor of the poor who constantly make claim to your prayers and alms. I was about to give a guide two francs to see some special church relic when I saw a blind beggar led by a little child: I let the guide go and gave the money to the man who needed it and where it would do more good.

The famous bronze horses are stabled over the doorway of this cathedral. All the horses in town are here, and these four are good travelers. They have been to Rome and hitched to Nero's golden chariot; Constantine sprinted them along the Golden Horn; they were then driven back to Venice and rested for five hundred years when

Napoleon took a spin with them to the Tuileries in Paris, after which they were brought back here and have been resting ever since.

On Sunday afternoon I had the pleasure of going to a Scottish church. It was in a simple building and had an earnest service. The minister prayed for "the queen of England, president of America, the king of Italy, and that England and America by word and deed might set a good example to the world." I said a hearty amen and included some of the Italians in my silent petition, for Italy more than any other country is a vast museum of magnificence and misery. The contrast is startling, between lake, mountain, painting and statuary on the one hand, and idle men, ignorant women, dirty boys, degraded girls and superstition on the other.

St. Mark's square struck the keynote of Paganini's "Carnival of Venice." It is square, flanked by state offices and attractive shops, where I lost good money in curios. Crowds promenade, listen to music, drink coffee, eat sherbet, smoke cigarettes, and stare at each other in most approved fashion. Soldiers, saints and sinners elbow each other. In contrast are the pigeons which flock here by hundreds, a mascot from the early time of the Venetian's warfare at Candia. I fed them with wheat which I bought

on the square and was photographed with them resting on my shoulders and encircling my head like Venus's doves. It was here too that I got a snap shot of Don Carlos, the pretender, his wife and a big Dane dog. I hunted them for several days and was at last successful.

Venice boasts of a number of old magnificent churches; Santa Maria Della Salute, closed for repairs by the government whose fortunes needed repairing; Santa Maria Dei Frari, built on twelve hundred piles. This church contains the body of Canova, the heart of Titian, a monument to Foscari, and another to Peson who sits above in state on a sarcophagus upheld by two great dragons; two bronze skeletons carry scrolls while four Nubians with their black skins shining through their marble dress uphold the structure.

One laughing morning when the zephyrs were blowing I took a sail to Lido, the summer resort and looked around the island of San Giorgio. Later I passed the former residences of Byron and Browning where the salt sea weed now clings to the tide-washed marble; called at the art gallery and saw the Assumption by Titian, mellowed by age which always makes even common pictures great; visited the private palace of the mysterious Count Papadopoli with its wonderful furniture, art and library. I found a hair

pin in the hall which I preserved as a suggestive souvenir. Then on to the Scielo Racea to see Tintoretti's best works, the Crucifixion, marvelous carvings of figures and books, and Joshua and the Sun by Angelo. The Rialto invited us with its little shops in the center and is as busy as in Shylock's time. Here the laws of the republic were proclaimed, merchants met and citizens congregated.

One of the most interesting industries in Venice is glass making. The factories are situated along the canal. We saw Aladdin make ornaments, vases and chandeliers indescribably beautiful. Venetian fine arts include lace making. We visited the factories, saw the beautiful laces and faces of the girl workers who wove the web at the penalty of their eyesight and health. I wonder if Byron meant one of these beauties when he said, "She was to me as a fairy city of the heart. Of joy the sojourn and of wealth the mart."

A shadow fell on this beautiful Venetian picture in the form of a funeral procession. The body was brought from the church, led by priests, followed by mourners, and accompanied by music to the dock. Then the casket was placed in a large gilt barge and many wonderful wreaths of flowers were laid upon it. It looked

strange to see the hearse in gilt while the pleasure boats were all in black.

The night before I left the city I climbed the bell-tower, three hundred and fifty feet high. Surely if men built Rome, the Gods built Venice. Above me was the blue sky, around me the soft breeze, below me the floating city with spire and sail shining in the sunset's soft splendor, while in the distance the rising moon came with her starry train to silver the rippling deep and marble halls. I slowly came down—entered my gondola—and to the musical dip of the oar I floated and felt, I wish all I love were here.

CHAPTER XIX.

GRANITE MASTERPIECES OF SWITZERLAND.

Lucerne is a lovely little town more superbly situated than any city in Switzerland. At its feet a mirror lake of cloud, mountain and village; on one side the rugged form of Mount Pilatus where the wicked Roman after many years of wandering lived and then remorsefully committed suicide; on the other side green sloped Righi where the last gleam of day lingers and night lights her starry lamps; back of the town old walls and towers of romantic history; before

you the outline of snow covered mountains. My hotel was at the edge of the lake from which I saw this beautiful panorama and in addition a promenade on the lake front where carriages rolled, lovers walked, and tourists sat, or visited curio stores filled with everything calculated to filch money out of their pockets.

I had several interesting walks through old wooden bridges which looked like snow sheds over the Reuss river just before it glides into the lake. The rafters are decorated with hundreds of old pictures by Swiss masters who knew all the art and history of their time. From this bridge you may fish in the clear water beneath. Loafers and tourists engage in this occupation, I was one of them but with the apostle fished and "caught nothing."

Geneva for watches and music boxes, Lucerne for cuckoo clocks, Alpine crystals, ivory and wooden carvings of all the animals in the country, especially the wonderful Lion of Lucerne, thirty feet long, carved by Thorwaldsen in the living rock. Until we came he had been covered over with tarpaulin during the winter months to protect him from storm of ice and rain, but that day the canvass was removed and there in his lair lay the dead lion with surroundings of grass, trees and a quiet little pond beneath. The figure

is a memorial of the bravery of the Swiss guards who gave their lives for Louis XVI at the beginning of the French revolution. He is mortally wounded by a spear whose broken handle sticks out of his side. Though dying he still guards the bourbon lily and shield with his paw. Just above him one reads the inscription, "To the fidelity and bravery of the Swiss," while beneath are the names of the officers whom the mob murdered.

A few feet to the left is the famous Glacier garden where you pay your fee and see the spot where there are ancient glacier tracks with round holes in the rock filled with cannon ball shaped stones made by the waters as they swirled and moved.

The Hofkirche is to Lucerne what St. Peter's is to Rome, an old two-spired church not known for its size, columns or art, but for its wonderful organ. We made up a party of twelve, gave a franc apiece and went there one evening. The church was dark as a vault and damp as a cellar. I covered my feet with a visitor's robe, some one held my hand and I wore my clerical cap purchased at Florence. But the music! Now a hallelujah avalanche of sound and then an angel's serenade of melody. The young Swiss organist showed his mastery of the instrument

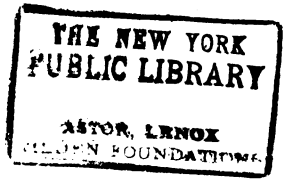
and then proceeded to make an organ of our souls and spines, playing every note from pedal bass to ghostly treble. He concluded with a description of an Alpine storm, a tone picture of his country; a summer day with its mountains, valleys, fields, herds, flutes and song, then cloud, silence, lightning, thunder, wind and torrents of rain. It was the real thing. I forgot everything in the storm. Then I remembered I had left my mackintosh and umbrella at the hotel and was sure I would be drenched before I got back. Suddenly the storm sobbed itself to sleep; it grew light and I heard the voice of the choir praising God for his deliverance.

According to art canons such music is not the highest, but I am sure never this side of heaven will I hear such a "lost chord divine" and its grand "amen."

There are bigger but not more beautiful lakes than Lucerne, twenty-three miles in length with a framed setting of gold by day and silver by night. We sailed along looking at villages, valleys and gardens mirrored in the blue depths beneath. Far above and away were distant crags and pines looking longingly and lovingly towards the water they could not reach, but the lake seemed to sympathize with them and held them mirrored in her heart.

Switzerland boasts of some of the sublimest mountain and water scenery in the world; trackless precipices, savage gorges, foam fretted rocks, falls like Bridal Veil of Yosemite, and rapid torrents crossed by devil's bridges which make your hair stand on end like porcupine's quills. One needs his soul and body insured in such a country and so Tell's Chapel is welcome. It is said to be built on the spot where he leaped ashore from Gessler. I know the existence of this hero has been questioned as has been that of Hector and Achilles, though Arnold says this chapel was built by Tell's native canton and dedicated to his memory in the presence of more than a hundred of his relatives and friends. Doubting Thomases have annihilated Moses, Shakespere and Tell, and will soon deprive us of George Washington and Dr. Mary Walker if we permit them. It's time they put up their little boxes of matches and bottles of acid and allow us to enjoy a few things, themselves excluded. History tells us Tell was a real personage and poetry, painting and sculpture have said the same thing. The Swiss look at each mountain as an "altar breathing his honor," from the time of the cradle, chasing of the chamois, rowing of rippling lakes, shooting of the ap-

LANDAU HARBOR, SWITZERLAND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ple from his son's head until he ended a noble life by dying to save one who was drowning.

I had the mountain fever and wanted to climb. I had my glasses fixed, my shoes soled with a section of hose pipe and ironed with a keg of steel nails. Thus regally attired I lacked but one thing—an Alpine stock, the tourist's magic wand and sceptre. They are of all styles, sizes and prices. They become more valuable as you have the names of the places, which you have visited or wanted to, or couldn't, or didn't, burned on them. This stick is the leading object of interest when you return to your hotel. When you get home, you may have a whole cord wood of selected canes, but you value your Alpine stock as your most cherished possession.

On to Righi! was the cry, so we took the boat and sailed to Waggis, a little village at the foot of the mountain. Righi looms overhead six thousand feet above sea level. A big climb, but a glorious view of three hundred miles round about when you are on top. Hand and foot mountain climbing have given away to car and cog, and where the chamois lived you go by rail as easily as to the top of a barn by a ladder. I know it is a sham and a sacrilege to a mountain climber, but from my climbs on Pike's Peak and elsewhere I know it's a pleasure to a pleasure

seeker. All aboard and on and on we climb four thousand five hundred feet above the lake beneath. By my side sat a man as blind as Bartimeus of Jericho, dead to all the beautiful scenery of mountain, valley, village and lake. The air was frosty but a young bridal couple in front of me by tender endearment managed to keep the whole party warm.

Above "snowy summits old in story" we reached the hotel and with an appetite like the famine in Ireland. The table was spread, an American flag was hung over our heads, I responded to the toast "America," which my friends drank in Munich beer, then I played Strauss for the party to warm their feet by, made friends with the big St. Bernard dogs, looked for wild flowers, mosses, red roses, forget-me-nots and funny, fuzzy edelweiss and went out and snowballed with the whitest snow you ever saw. We were tired enough to go to bed early.

The call of the horn as musical as that of a Duluth fog horn woke the party early in the morning. Half dressed, wrapped up in bad clothes, tied with towels to keep from taking cold, grumbling and joking we climbed to see the sunrise, something some of the Virginian friends of the party had never seen before. But the scene was worth all the climb cost, when the

gray turned to gold, the stars blinked themselves to sleep, the sun smiled upon the Jungfrau and her white-robed sisters, glaciers gleamed like frozen ocean waves, the sapphire lake sparkled in its granite setting and the world awoke with her power and beauty. We saw the site of Goldau, and if it is a grave Mt. Righi is its monument. As Pompeii was buried with fiery ashes, so this city was destroyed by rock, snow, ice, mud and gravel, by the mad Titan of nature; or shall I say the rocks which now cover the place were so many mile stones to these Swiss sojourners on their way to eternity?

Swiss air is a tonic and its scenery a new lease on life. When a man grows weary and blase of city life let him come here and kneel on these Olympian altars. It has been finely said "Switzerland is a sublime cathedral of mountains whose columns are majestic trees; stained glass, autumual foliage; anthems, the song of birds; requiems, the moaning of pines; grand roof, the stupendous arch of the unmeasured sky, beneath which the snow-clad mountains rise like jeweled altars lighted at night as if with lofty tapers by the glittering stars." But Mt. Righi like some other mountains had been cursing instead of blessing, Gerizim instead of Ebal, had it not been for my scholarly, genial courier,

C. F Beyers, who was our "sesame" all through Africa, Asia and the continent. A courier makes hard work easy; to have one is to have heaven, to be without one is generally the other thing. Give him the key and he will protect your baggage against the design of the custom officer; without loss of patience, time or anything else; your hotel is selected and you find your bath, board and bed; early next morning carriages and guides are at your door for drives; at night the theater is selected and the seats purchased; when you are about to leave you escape the foreign frantic crowd.

Switzerland has been described as "a large humpy, solid rock, with a thin skin of grass covered over it." I might add there are nine months of winter when Medusa stiffens nature into ice and shrouds with snow, but there are "others" in which something may be found. Valleys smile up in the savage face of the mountains, green hills, herds of goats and sheep, sounds of tinkling bells, jodel warblings, rush of water falls, curious cottages nestling on rocky heights and with stones on top to keep them from being blown over, rocky terraces with giant fir trees, flowers of many colors, tufts of grass and moss and delicate ferns, and music of mountain streams with lace of foam tell another story.

Here the pine is monarch on a throne six thousand feet above the sea level; above him the bright Alpine sun tinging with red the edge of snow and glacier and above this the mountain grasses. These pine trees sing the summer's requiem and offer security for man and herd. They draw the dew and rain, which they slowly distribute; protect villages from storm and avalanche; furnish fuel for fire; offer material for the toys of animals, paper cutters and clocks which are sent over the world; or as timber are floated as rafts to Holland for masts or spars. Add to this the product of green grass, yellow butter, and the best cheese.

The villages are small and so situated as to be protected from avalanche and storm. There are no big yards for the herds, and the farms use every inch that can be spared. The natives seem like one big family for society and protection from the dreary space and mountain solitude. They eat meat very seldom, live on cheese and goat's milk and do a good day's labor. Some of the houses are of red-brown wood, gables to the roads, eaves far stretching, small windows with little panes, white curtains, boxes of flowers on the sill, while across the front is carved a flower, or fruit, or scripture text. Other houses are small, low, black, damp, unpainted

and with dirt floors. The first story is occupied by cows and goats. No chimneys, no windows except wooden shutters opened now and then to let out the smoke. I met several owners clad in rough home-spun, surrounded by the rudest of furniture.

The Swiss house was his castle and he was content. Three times a day he ate porridge with an iron spoon from the cheapest earthen bowl and was very happy. I think his conscience was quiet and at peace with his little world and beyond this all was vacancy. The farm tools were few, simple and self made; long handled spades of wood to dig the potatoes, clumsy sticks and rakes to work in the hay, and nets of rope in which barefooted men and women carried the hay to an old log cabin.

I saw some of the originals of Markham's "Man with the Hoe," and old wrinkled women bent beneath the weight of years, loaves of black bread, or flat tubs of goat's milk. Ignorance is bliss with them. Their struggle with nature for security and support has made them as loyal to their land as the Hollanders and Venetians are to theirs. They have little time or money for dissipation. Crime is infrequent, the stone steps of the church are furrowed with footprints showing where for hundreds of years the Jacobs have

climbed to heaven. The spirit of Arnold Von Winkelried at Sempach is true of the Swiss whether they are after an enemy or seeking to provide for their herds or homes, or to catch the eagle or chamois. Chamois hunting is the dangerous delight of the Swiss. It is the game that thrills the Swiss with the feeling of a Rocky mountain hunter and trapper; for this he endures fatigue and hunger, leaves friend and family and risks life and limb.

In contrast to this bravery is Swiss superstition; I learned they are not so much afraid of the great things as of little sprites, fairies and pigmies, who are the guardian angels of the fish and chamois, and are believed to control the winds, waters and avalanches. They come upon one as the dwarfs did upon Rip Van Winkle when he was going up the mountain. I didn't hunt for chamois but for these dwarfs, who are said to be covered with jaunty caps from under which their long hair reached the ground, and to wear green coats and a long gray beard. Perhaps they exist but I failed to see them. I find suggestions here of the Yellowstone, Colorado and Yosemite canyons. The St. Bernard pass is not as grand as the St. Gotthard, but is known for its hospices which do for travelers here what the monasteries do for pilgrims in Palestine. The

buildings are black with storm and age, but the faces of the brothers are bright with the greatest of graces, which is charity. I am sure they will hear the divine "inasmuch as ye did it unto Me," for the many whom they have befriended.

The St. Gotthard pass is like the McGregor's "The grandest of them all." Napoleon's law built the Simplon pass, but the love of the Swiss built the Gotthard with its bridges, tunnels, gallaries and buttresses which are mementoes of the sacrifice of the cantons through which it passed. Hurried for time, I could not drive over the Axenstrasse, cut out of the solid rock with its fine roads and galleries of grand views, so I went by rail. Our engine crawled like a caterpillar among the clouds, around hills, over bridges and viaducts, through a tunnel · nine and one-half miles long, which together with fifty-five others, make twenty-five miles cut inch by inch through solid granite. It was a mathematical miracle to me. I asked myself how they did it and got as much satisfaction as from the sphinx, yet it was done and so accurately planned that the Italian and Swiss workmen met at a calculated point from opposite ends, six thousand feet below the summit. If I had planned it one end would have

been in Norway and the other toward Spain, or some other point of the compass.

No, I didn't climb Mt. Blanc or write a poem on it. I left that for Balmat and Coleridge, who have done it to the "queen's taste," It's easier to climb by proxy and make the ascent by telescope. I had an Alaskan experience on the Muir glacier, and one was enough. This tying yourself together with ropes, using your Alpine stock as a balancing pole, cutting steps with an axe, climbing up or being lowered with a rope in an atmosphere of snow and cold, with flesh and hair creeping all the time,—no, I beg to be excused.

Goethe said, "The book of nature is after all the only one which has on every page important meanings." This page of Swiss nature is a lesson which grows in grandeur the more I recount it. Switzerland is a gallery where God has carved some of his greatest granite masterpieces; it is an auditorium where he has played some of his most majestic music in eternal fountains fed by glaciers, whispering now with low voice like Cordelia, or raving or roaring like Lear. Walter Scott said, "If I could not see my own heather covered hills at least once in a year, I believe I should die." This must explain the homesick yearning which the Swiss have in America as they settle on our rugged hillsides,

and which fills the heart of the clerical tourist who wishes his salary was big enough to allow him to go there every year.

CHAPTER XX.

FAMED CITIES OF GERMANY.

We left Switzerland and Austria, with their solemn pines, thrifty country, polite officials at the stations, crosses and wayside shrines, poor women working in the fields and men gathering peat rakings for charcoal burnings; took the train for Romanshorn, thence by boat over fair Lake Constance, to Lindau, with its fine harbor, on to Kempton, with its manufactures, and to Kaiferling and Munich.

My hotel was the Bayerischerhof, large and finely furnished, with a lounging room in which there was a bed that looked like an old sailing vessel. After a bill of fare, which caused one to shed tears of gratitude, we drove to the statue of Bavaria, one hundred and seventy feet high, and to the Temple of Fame, in which a few niches are left for geniuses to come after us; then to the old Pinakothek, which, like the vatican, contains many pictures by the old masters; later to the New Pinakothek, with works from

modern artists and Kaulbach's famous frescoes. Last of all to the Glyptothek, with galleries of statuary, Egyptian and Greek and art curios second only to Dresden and Berlin. The bronze foundry contains the models of all the great statues of the world, including our own Washington, Lincoln and the bronze doors of the capitol. One of the show places is the great slaughter house, a credit to any in this country, covering nearly nine hundred acres and with some of the finest looking cattle I ever saw outside of a fair ground.

A short drive brought us to the royal stables, with their fine horses and carriages. This city boasts some fine statues of Maximilian, Louis I., and an obelisk to the memory of the thirty thousand Bavarians who died in Napoleon's Moscow expedition. A number of fine parks and public buildings, and many opportunities for shopping and sights are plainly remembered, especially some questionable pictures and art cards, which the proprietors had no modest fears from exhibiting in their windows. After passing through the Victory Gate, which resembles the Constantine Arch in Rome, I met Mr. Heinemann, the artist, who took me to his private gallery of pictures of the modern school and entertained me with talk of artists and their work.

Good Friday was observed there with solem-

nity, theaters and concert halls being closed, but on Saturday I met a German in the rotunda of the hotel, who invited me to go with him, saying I could have a good time, drink my ten glasses of beer, listen to the "Stars and Stripes," come home, smoke and sleep well. I let him go his own gait. Later I went to the big Hofbrauhaus, where I found accommodation for five thousand people who might care to worship the God Gambrinus. What a sight! Old and young, rich and poor, families and friends, sweethearts and lovers, and all drinking beer, beer, pure, cold, sweet and delicious, and varying the program with occasional pretzels, cheese, sandwiches, music, cards and cigars. I came and saw and was not conquered, but a stein near me bore this inscription: "The man who never sat down with a stein of Muncher in his hand doesn't know how much better God had been to the Bavarians than to the rest of the world."

Too much beer must have led a tired Teuton to say "Der ghost is retty but der meat is weak."

Boarding a train where engineer, fireman and officials were armed with steins of beer, we sped by Inglestadt's battle field, where Adolphus was checked by Pappenheim, and reached Neurenberg a mediaeval city with its feudal walls, moats, towers, narrow and crooked streets. There is a

proverb, "Nurenberg's hand goes through every land;" and Longfellow has sung the history of the village in a poem childish hearts never forget. We came here at night. After an early breakfast of sausage, black bread and coffee, we drove to the church of St. Laurence, formerly Roman Catholic, now Protestant, the windows, pulpit and crosses being sacredly preserved. It contains Krafft's fifty-five foot gothic spire of saints in stone, standing by the altar, and has been compared to a "foamy sheaf of fountain rising through the painted air." Another church is St. Sebold's with Visscher's bronze shrine, fit to be compared with the work of Ghiberti, while the Church of Our Lady possesses some fine stained glass windows and pictures by Wohlgemuth.

Here and there one finds parks in imitation of those in England; old gates and walls of the old town still standing; modern buildings planned after models two thousand years old; columns erected in a square to commemorate the defeat of the Protestants near Prague in the Thirty Years' War; Town House with frescoes by Durer, called the Evangelist of Art; houses of Sachs, Durer and Palm, the patriotic book-seller whom Napoleon ordered shot; statues of Melancthon and other celebrities; fountains known

as the Goose, Manikin, Pyramid with statues, and others rich with sculpture standing in the old mart; cemetery of noted men, and Krafft's seven pillars with Passion in stone relief.

Of great interest is the castle, the royal pictures, the elm tree, seven hundred years old, and the instruments of torture that taxed the ingenuity of Satan to invent; thumb-screws, axes, racks, pinchers, stretchers and the Virgin, whose spiked embrace crushed out many a life. I felt the edge of the sword that had cut off eight hundred heads ,and was good for as many more. This torture chamber in Conrad's castle gives one a horrible nightmare that made Tam O'Shanter's a pleasure in comparison. The city prides itself in being the first to side with the Reformation and accept Protestantism.

Our party will pleasantly remember the old market place in the early morning; the peasants in their odd costumes, selling eggs, flowers and fruit, and the women and boys who were hitched up with dogs to the queer carts. A visit to Rubens' house, with its pictures, and to Hans Sach's, where he and Rubens and the boys "drank her down," were of interest. Here were the old pewter cups, filled and emptied so many times. I handled them and while thinking of the fingers now dust which had held them, re-

membered that life was "more than meat and the body than raiment." Of this town of toil and traffic, of art and song, with its pointed gables and flying rooks Longfellow sings: "Not thy councils, not thy kaisers, win for thee the world's regard, but thy painter, Albrecht Durer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler bard."

Dresden is called the "German Florence," but I found it more religious than the Italian city. It has a Lutheran population, but Catholics and Protestants vied with each other in a gorgeous Easter celebration. The Frauein is shaped like the Parthenon, the organ was high, the loft towards the ceiling, and choir and crowd and congregation joined in praises. I also attended the Hof Kirche, where there was a splendid orchestra, organ and choir. In the afternoon we walked along the Elbe, which is a fashionable promenade. The river was way over the railroad tracks, but there were two fine bridges connecting the old and new town, over which we rode. Gardens, parks, barracks and crowds formed an interesting spectacle.

On the principle of "the better the day the better the deed," some of our party went to the Konig's theater to hear Weber's Oberon. It is a fine building and everything which the greatest lover of music could desire. The city is

noted as an artistic, scientific and literary center, seen in her collections of pictures, specimens and manuscripts in buildings dedicated to their exhibition. The inhabitant is very versatile and will make beer for your stomach, flowers for your hat and any kind of wind instrument for your mouth. I found it O. K. or as the German would say, "Jah wohl, wunderschon." The royal palace has a tower and a chapel, containing many fine pictures. The Bruhl palace and terrace were imposing with their steps and Schilling's statues of Morning, Evening, Day and Night. The Japanese palace has a fine collection of classics, coins and ceramics. The Grosser Garten is a kind of pleasure resort. The historical museum has illustrations of past peoples and customs. The Green Vault has eight rooms full of treasures; gold, silver, ivory and pearl, and a large green brilliant representing the dwarf of Charles II., of Spain. I noticed a historical plate of silver, four feet by four inches square, with one hundred and thirty-two figures, but I was hungry enough to prefer a square meal with a cup of black coffee to wash it down. The museum contains some of the world's leading master pieces of art. I stood entranced by Raphael's beautiful Madonna di San Sisto; Correggio's "Holy Night" was a benediction; Rem-

brandt's portrait of himself and his wife sitting on his knee, bade us welcome, while engravings, drawings and casts suggested wealth of skill and beauty.

I visited the race track, for Paul himself went to the stadium and uses athletic figures in his writings. The band played Sousa's Cadet march and the horses were booked for a running and hurdle race. I perceived a divided duty between the track and the king and some American girls, who were impudent enough to take aim at him with their kodak. My guide wanted to know if I would bet. I told him no and vainly tried to prove to him the difference between a man who has the face of a sport and the instincts of a minister and the one who has the face of a minister and the instincts of a sport. It was an orderly crowd. I saw no signs of gambling and the hurdle race was won by Virginia Rose, one of my southern lady friends, "bred in old Kentucky." There are some things in the land where "the sun shines bright" which are hard to beat and one of them is a thoroughbred horse.

They say "Clothes make the man." I suppose they mean the man makes clothes, just as Wordsworth, when he said, "The child is father of the man," meant the man was

the father of the child. Some of my friends wanted some new clothes, tuxedoes, which could be made to order for $15, if they would only pretend they were government officials. They were measured and paid the price of lying by looking like orphans in a strange land. Europe has the stock but hasn't the style. I would rather pay more in America and have a better fit.

"On to Berlin" was our cry. The scenery towards the city was quite tame, only enlivened by big windmills. Our hotel had five hundred rooms and like the colored race, all "look alike to me." At my door I was garroted by an official for my name. He slipped on the word Gulian and fell down on my occupation as minister, of which he had serious doubts. But there was a fine dinner at which the band, recognizing our nationality, gave us the "Belle of New York" and "The Stars and Stripes." Next door I found a pleasure hall with a variety show, at which at least three thousand people were present. The bill of fare was vocal and instrumental music, a wrestling match and kinetoscopic pictures of the British and Boer war, at the sight of which the crowd hissed Kitchener and applauded Kruger. My friend and I got down from the table on which we had stood and made it a stand for refreshments.

The Spree river, on which the town is situated, makes it very easy to go on one here, at any rate. I started out of the hotel the next morning by giving a fountain pen to a German girl, who thought it a clinical thermometer, and I concluded at night by giving a mark for a rosebud, which proved me an easy one for assaults on my purse. The city used to be walled and had more than a dozen gates. The Brandenberg gate remains with its Grecian architecture; the central arch is reserved for royalty and those on either side for common people. Over our head stood the car of victory, which Napoleon took to Paris and the Germans brought back in procession.

The city boasts splendid public buildings of all kinds, and some few architecturally beautiful bridges. The finest street is Unter den Linden, not as beautiful as Champs Elysee for trees, but more so for public statues and palaces. It was here I heard the cry, saw the crowd, and met Emperor William, whom the loyal inhabitants wildly run and rave after. Berlin is the center of military art; its god is Mars; its armory is decorated with military signs and statues, and the guardhouse of the royal palace has soldiers ready to quell a riot at a moment's notice, or to line up and salute some distinguished personage.

They failed to recognize us. The hack system is good. No crowd of drivers to tear you to pieces, but a gentlemanly invitation to ride at the rate of fifteen cents a quarter of an hour with a clock before you to indicate the time and number of miles traveled. We went shopping for shirts and handkerchiefs, and by a mistaken order got everything in the store but a set of bed and table linen.

We attended the Royal Theater and were there just in time to get our seats before the first note was struck. This American idea of coming in at all hours of the night and disturbing the leader and the audience is not permitted. This royal opera house, built by Frederick the Great, is a kind of German home, for the Germans live on music. They come here not so much to show off their good clothes as to hear good music. The concert begins at 6:30 or 7 o'clock and is over by 10, so that you are not worn out for the next day's work. You pay anywhere from 15 to 30 cents, keep quiet until the end of the selection, and then have an intermission for applause, beer and pretzels, if you wish.

The Germans are noted for beer and music. It has been estimated that two million glasses of beer are drunk daily in Berlin, more than one for every man, woman and child in the city—yet

here, as elsewhere, I saw no drunkenness. The beer must be better, the climate healthier, or the people stronger than they are in America. I took nothing but mineral water, yet, unless my eyes deceived me, the night morals of Berlin are as bold and bad as those of Paris. Weary, I tried to get in room 63, instead of 47. Startled surprise was indicated by some soprano notes, but I quickly returned the key on the peg, and so avoided Mr. Pickwick's famous experience, or something worse.

Of course I saw the royal museum, with its fine park and statues, and admired the basin of polished granite sixty-six feet in circumference. I visited the Thiergarten, its walks and menagerie, listened to its music and enjoyed the beautiful statue of Louise upon the island which bears her name. Then to Charlottenberg, with its tombs of royalty, marble couches, and the colored light falling from the upper windows with a beauty suggesting the resurrection morn. The palace of Babelsberg is of interest because occupied by old King William in summer time.

But most historic of all is Potsdam, the German Versailles. In the royal palace here Frederick received his ambassadors. I went into the secret cabinet and saw the table which descended through the floor to the kitchen beneath, so

avoiding the servants' ears and eyes, which are so often annoying. The king's social habits were peculiar. His suppers were generally stag parties. He had few women friends, except his sister, who came to his court. He was a great dog fancier, and of his favorites he literally said, "Love me, love my dog." He allowed them the greatest freedom, even to destroying the curtains and tapestry, saying, even then, that they were "less expensive than women." An historic tree is the Tree of Petitions, on which the people hung their complaints, and concerning one of which Frederick said: "All religions must be tolerated, but none must make unjust encroachments upon others. In this country every man must get to heaven in his own way." He was surely sensible and scriptural, and it will be a good day when the priest and laity of all communions come to this conclusion.

Sans Souci was the favorite residence of this Frederick the Great. I climbed the terraced stairs, looked at and listened to the fountains which sang a lullaby for Frederick when he lay down his sword for pen, music and book. I entered the concert room and reverently placed my hands upon the old piano which Bach had played so many times. Here, too, Voltaire, the witty and wicked, flattered Frederick into a kind of

friendship, but it was only of short duration, the time coming when he said, "The king sends me his soiled linen to wash." Then as now true friendship between man or woman requires heart as well as brain. Near by is the old historic mill that the king failed to get from the poor peasant who later generously allowed him to have it. I too, failed to get it because of an imperfect film. The Orangery, built in the Italian style, is full of art. We were too early to enter the king's new palace and I disgusted the guard and soldiers by saying, "Es macht nichts aus."

I wish, though, I might have seen King William here and told him I was sorry he was so friendly to the Sultan and congratulated him, "that his precious life had been spared from the earthquake shock at Constantinople." However, Germany may have received some valuable railroad concessions in Asia Minor to warrant such a congratulation.

Pope was no fool when he spoke in his "Dunciad" of "The right divine of kings to govern wrong."

CHAPTER XXI.

LEIPZIG, FRANKFORT, THE RHINE.

Leipzig is the town that gives you the glad hand of "wine, women and song." A fine city which might be called Three Rivers from the streams in and around it. Its buildings are large and stately; it has fine statues of Schiller and Mendelssohn; the Pauliner and Thomas Kirches invite you to pray; the museum offers paintings, casts, sculptures, engravings and drawings manifold; the library with its ancient volumes and manuscripts is a paradise for students to revel in; while there are books in stores for worms and book worms. Leipzig stands for music; its Gewandhaus is a fine building, far-famed for its annual concerts. The royal conservatory was founded in 1843 by Mendelssohn and the city boasts many vocal and orchestral societies.

There are three great annual fairs which draw crowds of buyers to the great fur and wool market. These gatherings date from the fifteenth century. One of the most interesting places is Auerbach's Kellar, dating from 1438, the scene of Dr. Faustus. Here Goethe received inspiration for his immortal tragedy. They show you

his room with its curios and pictures on the wall, of sixteenth century illustration, portraying the legend on which the play is founded. The thing to do is to sit at one of the tables and drink a kind of wine and dream of Mephistopheles. I met a man there who had drunk too much and was acting like his Satanic majesty. The Schiller Strasse is a fine street, but the town's leading impression is a musical one. No matter what your nationality you may find here the universal language of music; may be "lapped in soft Lydian airs" unless you are spoiled and "fit for treasons." Was Shakespeare right when he said, "Preposterous ass who does not know music was ordained to refresh the mind of man, after his studies or his usual pain?"

Frankfort is situated on the Oder river, but I detected several other sausage smells like linked sweetness long drawn out, which the geography of the town does not enumerate. The city has outgrown its old walls, but bridges the river to a Damm suburb. It is known in history for the siege of Charles IV.; papal excommunication, and capture by Gustavus Adolphus in 1631. There is a fine boulevard around the old walls; an equestrian statue of Wilhelm I. and of Gutenburg, the alleged inventor of printing. The town has a number of historic houses; private

ones of Martin Luther, Goethe and Rothschild; the public Rathhaus, with a sign of the Hanseatic league on the southern gable. It boasts a palm garden from which Milwaukee's Schlitz may have taken a cue; a fine theater and a great railroad depot which would do credit to St. Louis. There are three annual fairs. St. Mary's Protestant church and dome are worth a visit and study.

One of the most beautiful things here or anywhere is the statue of Ariadne, owned by a rich citizen and exhibited in his private gallery. We were loath to leave the town, but found a compensation on the train in the company of a lady and gentlemen who knew how to talk English. It was a relief from some people in the hotel who had embarrassed me so that I had stuck my pen in the mucilage bottle and for a time could proceed no further. They finally left me, when another native asked: "Say, you live in Chicago, America; you know Mr. Gates?"

Wiesbaden is a kind of Manitou; very fashionable and frequented by those who need water, hot or cold. Pliny mentions the town and its baths were known to the Romans as a cure for many ills. The water contains a little salt, carbonic acid and a hundred and fifty-six degrees of heat, which may be reduced to ninety-

five, more or less, as you please. The springs are "hot stuff," next to the Yellowstone Park the hottest water I ever touched or tasted. You may bathe or soak in it and it will sluice out of you all the diseases known, or you may drink it, served from a yellow hot caldron, by a pretty girl in a thin glass (this sentence is constructed on the most improved German plan). The place used to be a kind of Monte Carlo, but the government suppressed public gambling and it seems to be quite proper now. There are churches for all creeds and a Greek one with about five steeples; a museum, a theater, a picture gallery, a palace, a cursall and park. The leading spring at this German Saratoga is the Kochbrunnen, of which I drank freely. It was near my hotel, a large building with large rooms and two little candles in mine to make darkness all the greater, as my shins could testify.

A short ride by rail brought us to Biberich, where we found the steamer Frauenlob waiting to sail us down the Rhine. The boat was well named, for on board there was a loving young married couple. She was pretty, and, like other grooms, he was awkward, with an affection he could not conceal. Every now and then he drew a big handkerchief from his pants front pocket, but it was not capacious enough to hide the

way he looked or the words he uttered. It was a beautiful day, and we were in fine spirits. The river is not so beautiful as our Hudson, Mississippi or Columbia, in places, but in history and legend it outrivals them all.

From the earliest of times this river has been one of the chief waterways of Europe. Eight hundred miles long, navigable for six hundred and draining a territory of more than seventy-five thousand square miles. It is a link between the Alpine tops of Switzerland and the mud banks of Holland; it issues from a mountain stream of snow and ice, leaves its muddy burden at Lake Constance, leaps eighty feet over the falls at Schaffhausen, runs by the Black Forest at Lauterburg, narrows at Bingen and flattens out above Cologne as the Hudson does above Poughkeepsie. My friend and I were "ein herz" and "ein sinn" as we sang "Die Wacht am Rhine" and "Der Vaterland." A German passenger united with us in a rich voice, but when we switched off on "Le Marsellaise" he scowled like thunder and muttered "Ach, Gott." But we were fair, for this river has been politically significant since four centuries before Christ ,and has made history, Romanic and Franco-Germanic, from Julius Caesar to Bismarck.

Today Father Rhine stirs a German's patriotic

blood and symbolizes his land as America and the eagle do ours. Some of the many things of interest which I saw were the Johannisberg vineyards, with their stone terraces and soil-filled hanging gardens of luscious grapes, whence comes the famous wine; castles in good state of preservation or in ruins, filled with memories of murder which the mantling ivy could not wholly conceal; Rheinfels, a synonym of robbery; Rheinstein, the beautiful summer residence of the German emperor; the Mouse Tower of Bishop Hatto, whom Southey immortalized in his poem.

Bingen made "fair" in respect to the German soldier who "lay dying at Algiers;" Niederwald on the wooden hill opposite, with its national statue in honor of victory over France, with historic figures and its inspiring "Wacht;" Bacharach with St. Werner's Chapel in memory of the boy who was murdered by the Jews and whose body, flung in the river, floated up the stream; Toll House, in the middle of the stream on a rocky foundation, to collect boat fares, with a dungeon beneath and other light refreshments if you didn't "fork over;" St. Goar village, whose patron boatman forcibly baptized a man and then drowned him to send him straight to heaven before he could fall from grace, and who,

when remonstrated with for his unprofessional zeal, proved his divine authority by hanging his hat on a sunbeam; Lorelei cliffs, four hundred and fifty feet high, and more than that in song and story, with dark and dangerous waters at their base to wreck the craft of oar and sail, while enthroned above sat the girl with the golden hair to lure the simple sailor to destruction. Today she is wreathed with smoke and steam as the steamboat speeds by her feet:

Castles of Brothers who loved the same woman with a perplexing and unhappy circumstance that generally accompanies such a singular affair and naturally leads to a duel; walls of Falkenburg, whose bandit stole the silver church bell and then hung it upon the neck of the complaining bishop and threw him in the well, only to find it ringing his thieving knell; Coblentz at the confluence of the Rhine and Mosel, a strong military point for two thousand years; Ehrenbreitstein, the German Gibraltar, just across from Coblentz, formidable in appearance and filled with dark and deadly secrets of arms, powder and shell; Stolzenfels castle, high up and airy as the proverbial castle in Spain; Ems, just opposite a famous watering place with a national monument surmounted by an eagle, which doesn't look like sharing a nest with a dove

for some years to come; Seven Mountains, the Rhine's highest elevation, the king of which is the Drachenfels, full of dragon history in its old ruins, but more inviting now in the new castle which has taken its place, and Rolandseck Tower, a mass of ruins around which linger love legends, strong and new as the human heart.

Wagner had not far to go to find a stream of inspiration which has made him a kind of Shakespeare in the musico-dramatic world.

In all this I have just outlined the skeleton of what was a beautiful, breathing trip, and must be shared to be appreciated. Victor Hugo, comparing it with the Seine, Rhone, Tiber, Danube and Nile, says: "Le Rhin reunit tout."

Cologne, decorated with flags, gave us a welcome, but I learned it was the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of guarding the town. It had a record in the old Roman times; boasted the names of Trajan and Silvanus, and was named by Nero's mother Colonia Agrippina. It is connected by a pontoon bridge of hundreds of boats to Deutz across the Rhine. We drove around the city, its old walls, admired the big railroad bridge and King William's statue, visited stores and shops, making purchases of its famous soap and eau de cologne. I showed my sympathy with the Salvation Army by buying

copies of its "Krieg's Ruf" (War Cry); and, as it was Saturday night and late, turned in early at Hotel du Nord.

Sunday morning was beautiful. Many people were in carriages and there were hundreds of wheelers out for a spin, but we preferred to go to church, especially as there was no wilderness of pictures and statuary to be visited. As Mount Blanc towers above surrounding mountains, so the glorious cathedral rises above all the other edifices. Begun in the thirteenth century and finished in the nineteenth, it is an illustration of God's slowly unfolding plan of the "house not made with hands," in the human heart. The architecture is Gothic and it is built in the form of a cross. There are old and rich colored windows; the heart of Mary de Medici is buried here, and the tourist sees the bones of three kings, and jewels and gold are in richest profusion. The architect is unknown, but he erected a stone stair on which the devout soul climbs to heaven. Its two towers, five hundred and twelve feet high each, are fingers pointing to the sky declaring that God has a house of prayer on earth.

Between Switzerland the superb and this Germany the great I might make points of comparison and contrast. I will just say that "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer" was never in-

HOLLAND WINDMILLS—A SNAP SHOT FROM A CAR WINDOW

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tended to apply to the Vaterland, for I found some of the brainiest scholars and biggest steins I have anywhere met. However, all is well that ends well. Germany is a great country; its thrifty and frugal people make a great nation; whether it be army, classics or commerce, Emperor William intends that his nation shall be in the fore-front rank of continental and world-wide progress. I have only one criticism, and it is this, that while the Germans are models in their lives, they are very loose in their language and given to grammatical divorce between their subjects and predicates. The American idea that they cut up a verb and plant a part of it here and a part of it there, and then throw a shovelful of big words between, is true, and takes me back to my boyhood days. It was in Newark, N. J. I had been excluded from four public schools for "insubordination," and as a last resort was sent to a private German school. Mr. Bach was my teacher, a scholarly, elderly, stiff legged German, who used a cane, wore a black cap on a bald head, had a big wart on his nose, a long pipe in his mouth, gray whiskers on his chin, a high collar whose points reached to his ears, a florid complexion on his face, and carried a horsewhip alternating with a harness trace, with which to arouse my flagging spirits when I read or recited

the first chapter of John's gospel. He was earnest, but not always devout, for again and again he interrupted me with a cut and the innocent curse, "Du verdamte." Since that happy time years have passed and I have enjoyed the grandeur of Goethe and the sweetness of Schiller. One word I can never forget. From the dense forest of the German dictionary it comes like a silver ribboned stream flowing and flashing through my mind. I hear it with Hope's music, at the front door, at the depot, at the wharf, and at the grave echoing on to the eternal Fatherland, and it is this: "Auf Wiedersehen."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LOWLANDS—HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

If "an honest confession is good for the soul," I want to begin this letter on Holland by saying that I am a Dutchman. Paul gloried that he was a Roman citizen, I, that I am an American, yet I take a warrantable pride in the thought that on my mother's side my ancestors were Hollanders; that I was rocked in a Dutch cradle; sat in a Dutch chair; was fed from a silver spoon, one of a hundred made out of an old Dutch silver tankard; dressed before a Dutch mirror, and that

in the old Dutch Bible, with its great lids, heavy clasps and curious engravings of the sixteenth century, my name appears in orthodox fashion spelled "Gerlyn Lansingh." Not "Go-Lightly." Even that is not as bad as calling a little boy "Voosten Walbert Schimmelpennick." I wonder if Gorp was right when he wrote a book in Latin to prove that Adam and Eve spoke Dutch?

From Cologne we came by train through a watery country, which recalled the story of the deluge; on land where dogs and women were hitched to carts dragging produce to market; by hundreds of mills which stood like great giants swinging their arms in defiance at our entrance; by houses with sharp pointed roofs, red tiles, and open doors, above whose polished floors scoured tinware glistened like silver; by peasants who stood in their whitewashed wooden shoes, with hats like wash basins on their heads, and bows on the side like the wings of a bat, to Amsterdam. This city is known as the "Venice of the North," built on islands, with liquid streets and spanned by bridges under which dart no graceful gondolas, but big flat-boat barges manned by burghers with baggy breeches, which may be converted into sails when the wind blows a gale.

My hotel was a plain brick building, with stone trimmings and sideway steps to the front door,

for lack of space on the sidewalk. The streets are narrow, inviting a dizzy drunken man to death by drowning in the canal. Looking out of my window one morning I found a beam and pulley gallows-like affair over my head. On making inquiry I learned it was not for capital punishment, but for cleanly purposes, to hoist merchandise and to keep out the muddy feet of the butcher and baker.

The Dutchman is devout. Here is "Oude" church with fine windows, big organ, and splendid monuments to celebrated Dutchmen; the "Niewe," where kings are crowned, and where we found a fine carved pulpit and artistic bronze castings in the choir. Mynheer goes to church with his vrow, leaves her at the door, she sitting in the body of the church alone, he occupying a side pew. Such a plan might weaken the attendance of the young people, but it might also strengthen their attention to the text and sermon. We heard no great music, and the famous organ of St. Bavon is at Haarlem, but we did hear the beautiful chimes of church bells.

I went to a diamond cutting establishment, conducted by a Jewish firm, and saw them take a rough stone, cut it, polish it, until it was fit for a monarch's crown, and learned the lesson of how the value and brightness of human character is

the result of a process prolonged and often painful. Some of my friends bought souvenirs for a big consideration from this establishment. I didn't.

The Art Museum contains masterpieces of the Flemish and Dutch schools. Rembrandt's "Night Guard" and Helst's "Banquet of the Civic Guard," world famed. Other works, with engravings, and one of the finest collections of coins in the world gave us hours of instructive pleasure. Right here we may say the Dutch are not as stupid as they look, when we remember the University of Leyden, founded by William of Orange as a tribute of bravery during the city's siege; Grotius, the great publicist, who gave reform to international law; Coster, who invented printing; Metius and Jansen, inventors of the telescope, to say nothing of the pendulum clock, spectacles, wood engraving, cheap illustrated books, reform of the calendar and wearing of linen underclothing, which the Dutchman inventen and introduced. One place I visited is indelibly impressed. It was the "Screijerstoren," known as the Tower of Sorrow. As early as 1842 wives and sweethearts said good-bye to their husbands and lovers who were to sail a six years' voyage, and with eyes filled with tears,

salter than the ocean knew, watched the white-winged ships fly far out to sea.

All aboard for Rotterdam! Without being profane, one might say, "Holland has more dam towns than all the world." But the word "dam" means dam or dyke, so when we say Amster, Rotter, Schie, we mean those towns built on dykes, the only way to build anything here. By locks which were built to inundate and so flood out the enemy; by mills which pump out the marshes and furnish power for grinding, so that a man is rich according to the number of mills he owns; by hundreds of water arteries which frozen in winter are thoroughfares for pleasure and marketing, we reached Rotterdam. We could scarcely see the town because of the bridges, masts and canal boats.

I met men here with baggy trousers, long stockings, high buttoned jackets, and wooden shoes which clattered everywhere; women with lace caps and gold and silver ornaments on their heads; rainbow-colored vests, and underskirts which they are said to wear to the number of a dozen. No wonder they seem to be weary and full of sadness. Men were smoking everywhere and all the time, for the Dutchman colors not only his nose but his pipe. It may not be true in Colorado that every child is born with a silver

spoon in its mouth, but it would almost seem as if every man here was born puffing a pipe. The Dutchman loves his tobacco as the German his beer, and seems to pursue his second nature habit without any great injury to himself.

Our journey to The Hague was through acres of red, white and blue hyacinths and jonquils. Holland is a paradise of flowers. There is a proverb that, "Men make their fortune at Rotterdam, increase it at Amsterdam, and spend it at The Hague." We came under the last head. The Hague is the capital, and gives more evidence of land and aristocracy than we had yet seen. We visited a beautiful park filled with oaks and elms, bearing the names of famus citizens, and found a literal Eden of birds, flowers, trees and shrubs bobbed into fantastic shapes, with nestling villas, including the summer one of the Queen Wilhelmina. There is a fine monument erected to William the Silent, the George Washington of Holland. He was Philip II.'s inveterate foe, and because the Spaniard could not get rid of him any other way, he bribed a man to assassinate him—a common Spanish trick.

As usual, I met a number of curious customs. Horses wearing a wide stool on their hoof to keep out of the mud; sleds with oiled runners

used in summer; Dutch pink, which was a gold yellow; policemen hobbling around in wooden shoes, making more noise than an ox cart; undertakers fantastically dressed, whose duty it was to announce the sickness or death of a man to his near friends; the birth of a girl or boy baby, told by a white or red pin-cushion hanging on the door; children wearing a padded cushion on their head surmounted by whalebone to keep them from a hard fall. As if this were not enough, I further learned that the main entrance to the palace was by the back door; that girls hired their beaux to take them to the fair, and that when they wanted to marry, they sent their lover a glove, which, with us, would be construed into getting the mitten.

Two miles from The Hague is Scheveningen, reached after a ride through a park made up of aisles of trees. This seaside resort has the usual hotels, crowds, chairs and bathing carts, with attendant music, eating, drinking, dancing, and flirting. Dudes, flirts and tourists come and go, but the fishermen and women stay forever. The women are taller in proportion than the men, and some of them graceful and with bright faces and hair to match the sunshine. Others look sad and worn, and it's no wonder when you think of their endless work of scrub, scrub, drench, drench,

deluge, deluge. If "cleanliness is next to Godliness," Holland is nearest heaven. I venture this in opposition to Phillip II., who said "Holland is nearest hell." Old men in old houses, with old faces, in old clothes, are the literal "Toilers of the sea." In this spirit they keep company with their Dutch brothers who build dykes, water-roads, ship-canals, magnificent old cities, colleges, galleries, churches, parks, factories, herring packeries and gin shops. The Dutchman is artistic as well as industrious. "Picturesque Holland" is often heard in art talk, and that because of the costumes of the people, their poses, landscapes, tools and houses, with their interiors which make "atmosphere." Color, atmosphere and fine lines, so necessary to the truly artistic mind, are found here in such abundance that many medals have been awarded for Dutch subjects painted by English and by French artists. To the charge that the Dutch are not artistic I submit their magnificent picture galleries, in which Rembrandt, Hals, Helst, Dow, Paul Potter and Teniers bear witness. The average critic will find it difficult in art matters to "beat the Dutch."

This is just what might be expected of descendants of a nation which led the van of progress in the sixteenth century, and with varied intelligent industries in the providence of God were

driven to America to lay the foundation of our national greatness. The Dutch brought the ideas of art in the home, science for the multitude, religion for the masses, and government for the nation. Dutch influence in our revolutionary and constitutional making epochs was so marked that Franklin admitted the obligation and wrote: "In love of liberty and bravery in defense of it, Holland has been our great example."

In respect to schools, teachers, churches, ministers, best kind of laws, written ballot, community of freemen, and inextinguishable love of liberty it would be easy to prove that America is only a homeopathic preparation of Dutch stock.

I found that the educated Dutchman and woman as a rule read Dutch, French, English and German, and often spoke them. Foreigners as a rule didn't care to learn their language, so the Hollander learned theirs. At an industrial book exhibit Germany was represented by machinery, France by design and illustration, and Holland by what the exhibition was founded to illustrate, namely the book. The Dutch are not in the front rank of literary producers, yet this little country the size of New Jersey leads the world in proportion to the number of books printed within her own borders. "A little corner with a little book," one reads on the portrait of the Dutch monk,

Thomas a Kempis, who, next to the Bible, has written one of the most famous religious books, "Imitation of Christ."

To these characteristics add the inherited virtue of bravery. Recall the Burial Riot, when women and children formed a mock funeral procession to protest against new burial laws; Van Speyk, who blew up his ship and himself rather than have the Belgians capture it; Van der Werf, who offered his body to his starving companions for food rather than surrender to the Spaniards.

This is the type of man England is trying to beat. Apart from the theory of which side is right, or what government is best suited for the future development of the African continent, the fact remains that the whole world admires the great and glorious grit of the Boers. Kruger is not a gorilla, but a Bible, liberty-loving man; the Boers are not beasts, but men of commendable intelligence, bravery and character, though they drink Holland gin and smoke incessantly.

In their struggle for the last three years the spirit has been the same as that of our fathers in the War of the Revolution. The circumstances may be different, but like the old French heroes, their motto is, "The old guard dies, but never surrenders." Out of the night in Darkest Africa

may the light of the truest liberty, equality and fraternity soon dawn.

Our locomotive drank and smoked on leaving Holland and whirled us through fine farms and by beautiful little towns. The country is densely populated; Phillip II. spoke of its numerous villages as one large town.

Antwerp, which means "on the wharf," is a prosperous city whose shores are lined with ships along quays build by Napoleon I. It was at one time the most splendid city in Europe, with its palaces and cathedrals, but the money-loving, murderous Spaniards sacked the city and in three days destroyed $6,000,000 of property and murdered eight thousand men, women and children. For this sin and the expulsion of the Jews and Moors from her territory, "even handed justice" has made Spain pay the utmost farthing.

The visitor is shown the magnificent equestrian monument of Leopold; Reubens' house and statue, the artist whom the citizens adore, who sways the sceptre of the brush and at the mention of whose name the face of the dullest Belgian grows bright; Matsy's well-curb and pictures whose love for the daughter of an artist made him change his trade and learn painting. The cathedral, seen a long time before we reached the city, points its spired finger to the sky. The tower

is four hundred and three feet, and this is the only church in Europe with six aisles; there is a chime of an hundred bells in its spire, a spire that Napoleon admired and compared to a piece of Mechlin lace. It has a pulpit of fine carved wood representing the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden; Reubens' "Elevation" and "Descent" from the cross, and the "Assumption" painted in sixteen days, are masterpieces of countless value.

Brussels is Belgium's capitol, a kind of vest pocket edition of Paris, with substantial buildings, showy windows, stylish people, shaded boulevards and good clean walks. Some of the show places are the Bird market opened once a week with all varieties of the feathered tribe for cash, the flower market opened twice a week, a paradise of color and fragrance, and their merchants industrious and happy as one ever sees. One of the most historic buildings, with superb Gothic architecture, is the Hotel de Ville. It has a beautifully ornamented ceiling and rich carved oak furnishings, while hanging on the wall are pictures of William the Silent, Grotius and Egmont.

The town would be incomplete without a church and the finest is St. Gudule. In spite of religious influence there are some art features

in Brussels which make one alone or in company blush for shame.

The park here is beautiful and unique, colonnaded with statues, notably those of Egmont and Hoorn, those Netherland heroes who, though loyal to Rome, opposed Phillip II's. persecution and were accordingly executed. The palace Royale has a fine equestrian statue of Godfrey de Bouillon, who, on this very spot, in 1097, raised the ensign of the cross and urged his fellows to join him in a crusade to Jerusalem to rescue the Savior's sepulchre from the Saracens and place the cross where the crescent stood.

The Bourse is fine within and without, while the Palace of Justice costing over ten millions of dollars is as magnificent as it is mammoth and vies in its way with any similar public building in our country. As in other European cities, we find an historic column two hundred and eighty-five feet high, with bronze figures at the corners of the pedestal symbolizing what constitutes Belgium's greatness and ours, namely, liberty of the press, education, meeting and religion.

War's havoc and dogs have been let slip here and in the surrounding country many times. Who does not recall Byron's lines: "There was a sound of revelry by night and Belgium's capital had gathered there her beauty and her chivalry"?

What a tragedy was that fifth act, and to come here and not see Waterloo would be to read Hamlet and leave the prince out. Next to Marathon, this battle field most impressed me. Its Heroes' Mound, with the view of the plain, is like the tower at Gettysburg and Lookout Mountain. The world knows the story of Napoleon and Wellington by heart. It remembers the chateau Hougomont against which the French forces vainly hurled themselves all day. It calls up the names of Grouchy, and Blucher. Today nature spreads out her harvest of grass and flowers to hide forever the horrors of war, "rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent."

CHAPTER XXIII.

FROM NICE TO MONACO.

I wish I were an artist and could make a canvas large and glorious enough to include the wondrous beauty of France. We came to this modern paradise from Genoa. At Ventinglia, the station between Italy and France, the custom officers fiercely fell upon us. It seemed to me they exerted themselves in their attempt to usurp the prerogatives of the Almighty.

We reached Nice in high spirits. I climbed on the bus and tipped our driver to race to the Hotel Westminster.

The city is very picturesque with the high limestone for a background and the little Paglione river to the Mediterranean side in front. Near by were vines with foliage and clusters and olive, orange and mulberry trees in great profusion. The city is well supplied with churches for all grades of faith; with theaters, gardens, promenades and a crystal palace for pleasure seekers. Industrial life is represented in factories of perfumery, liquor, oil, soap, furniture and leather. The town was named in honor of a victory once gained, but, like a ball of string in a kitten's frolic, it has had many sudden changes and experiences since. Fortune may come or go but its fairy land of plants always remain and they have a carnival of flowers as at Rome in which the battle and bombardment consist of sweetmeats and flowers. There was a fine road for a spin but no wheel was available so I went to the shore where the mystic fingers of the waves were writing Elk hieroglyphs on the sand. The bath houses were empty for it was early and chilly, but the fishermen were hard at work hauling in nets filled with sardines.

Nice is just what its letters spell. That night

with glare of gold, red of rose, and cloud o'er head floating to sea of blue, the city looked like the new Jerusalem, and, with another, I sighed, "to think the sands of another happy day have ebbed away."

One of the finest roads, begun by Napoleon I as a military route between France and Italy, is the Cornice road. The day we drove over was one of sunshine and peace. It led us through lemon, palm and shade trees, as well as olives many years old; led us down by sapphire bay, sandy beach, wave-worn rock; led us around vine-clad, rose-festooned walls; led us high up by towers, villages and castles with the sea rippling or dashing itself against bare rocks. No wonder the Greeks and Romans loved these shores and left their cities and loitered here. I could myself, forever and a day, if I had the company I liked. Scenery and solitude are all right in their way but I agree with Cowper in approving the shrewd remark of the Irishman who said, "How passing sweet is solitude, yet give me still a friend in my retreat, to whom I may whisper, 'Solitude is sweet.'"

I was reminded of the proverb, "There's many a slip," on our return. As we came up the hill we were encountered by an automobile whose chaffeur had lost control of the machine.

Down it came, our driver struck his horses and we pulled out, just missing its hind wheel and grazing the umbrella of one of our party. The ladies in the horseless carriage cried out with alarm as the vehicle was headed toward a precipice over which they would have made the biggest dash of their lives, but fortunately it was steered successfully and went backward against the rocks.

Another window into this heaven of climate and scenery is Mentone, fifteen miles from Nice and situated on a rocky point shaped like an amphitheater. Here as everywhere we find life's comedy and tragedy, men and women, the players, with their exits and entrances. The natives were perched on rocky heights like their Swiss neighbors; little white roads lassoed the hill sides; streets were dark and narrow with suitable places here and there for a bandit to relieve one of any detachable valuables he might have. Men and women looked careworn and sad but the little people, with their bright dresses and brighter faces, suggested innocence and joy. I saw crowds of beggars blind, or with feet and arms gone, and an old man in a cart with dogs at his feet and sides. Public washing tubs are numerous, but with no evidence of recent use, reminding me of the boy's statement that his "fath-

er was a Methodist but he wasn't working much at it now." Below, by the sea shore, the hotels were filled with invalids and tired foreigners who had come here for a cure or rest that they might not need the rest of the grave so soon. The climate is most agreeable in winter and summer.

Verdi, the great composer, rested here, or tried to; but the festive organ-grinders bothered him half to death day and night by snatches of "Ah, I have Sighed to Rest Me." The great musician found relief by renting a house in which there was a large storeroom. He went out and hired all the organs in the town for the season, paying them what the owners would have made if they had played, and took the offensive instruments to his place and put them under lock and key. If there is no music in a rest, it is the making of music, and Verdi received inspiration for future work.

That afternoon we walked under olive trees centuries old; visited shops where the wood is made into souvenirs, wandered through lemon, olive and pine trees for the squeeze, press and sighing moods of commerce and the "As You Like it" of human caprice.

Nine miles east of Nice, surrounded by blue mountain and opalescent Mediterranean, is the well-known resort of Monaco whose beauty of

climate and situation has been sung from the poet Lucan to the last traveler. The town is on the summit of a hill nearly two hundred feet above the shore, and surrounded with ramparts. Nature furnished the site, the stone, the sea and surroundings and giant geraniums, lemon, palm and eucalptus trees in tropical abundance. Add to this what man has done with parks and ornaments, and the place seems nice enough to be good.

The most famous or infamous thing is the Casino. I saw a fine building; I was met at the door, carefully looked over by an official, given a card of admission and entered the gambling hall, where I found fourteen tables in full blast and was informed that I could bet even or odd anywhere from one to six thousand francs. Not believing in the ethics of the game and knowing that only about one in every two hundred "broke the bank at Monte Carlo," I was content to look on while detectives near by watched me and the other visitors. Men and women were staking their all, or somebody else's, on the turn of a wheel or card.

Half the players were women. They were beautifully dressed, but they had a blase look which the brilliant lights overhead could not make beautiful. I learned they played every day

from noon to midnight, Sunday's included. The intense excitement of their faces when they lost or won is an unforgotten lesson. I understand the game is "honestly" conducted. Men are led on until the percentage is in favor of the bank. Then the loser goes out and shoots himself, a thing he should have thought of before he went in. The Russians are said to be the heaviest players and following them the French, German, American and English in their love for the game. Unlike our cities, the inhabitants are denied access to the table and are exempt from all taxes as an equivalent. So the poor people, debarred from playing, because of moral or moneyed reasons, are denied the further privilege of making false returns to the tax collector. The Prince of Monaco rules over about eight square miles. He lives in an old-time looking place with drawbridge and portcullis. His motto is, "La roulette, la source de ma force." Gambling is wrong because it is contrary to the principles of mutual benefit which underlie legitimate transactions, enforcing an idleness which breeds vice and takes away the taste for simpler pleasures.

Wordsworth said: "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." I am sure he would have fallen in love with France's beautiful scenery of cloud-capped tower and hillside waving with

wheat and corn; embroidered fields and flowers; stately trees, streets and old castles mantled with ivy; clipped hedges, red tiled houses and snow-white roads; curious villages, peasants working in the fields and all in the light of sparkling sunshine, blue sky and perfect cleanliness.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PARIS AND THE PARISIANS.

Rabelais said of the Parisians, "They live all their lives in a barrel and only look out of the bung hole." Well, I have been to the barrel and looked into the bung and find Paris a city bounded on the north, south, east and west by life, levity, luxury and love.

I was met at the depot by a gentleman in uniform, who with no Niagara manner, called a cabby for me, and was driven furiously through crowded streets, over which people struggled to cross at intervals, with a little platform like a city of refuge between the curbs. When a man gets knocked down or run over he is arrested for being in the drivers' way. I learned this later, when I tried to navigate the streets and had lifted up my umbrella and voice in vain, the policemen crying, "Celerite!"

Paris may have no homes, but she has hotels, and they are first-class things. Mine was Hotel de Terminus, central, large and splendid in all its appointments. The reading room offered the coveted English magazines and best of all, the Paris edition of the New York Herald; the dining room was filled with nervous, moustached waiters who knew all your wants before you could say "Jack Robinson" or "Garcon;" in the parlor there was a kind of a 'phone in which, if you were too tired to go out, you could drop a franc in the slot and hear Bernhardt rave, or Signor roar.

For weeks German had jolted me like a flat wheel over a rough mountain road and I was prepared to have the French language give me springs and rubber tires over a macadam avenue. It is a beautiful language, scientific, epigrammatic, polished, and when it comes to sentiment, is as warm as the fire Prometheus stole from heaven. For practical affairs, if you can't speak it, you will find numerous signs on different stores, "Ici on parle Anglais," but I found them a heartless deception. I went repeatedly for films, stationery and other articles, but the French-American speaking Englishman had always just gone to dinner or was out somewhere else. As a result I was put out again and again,

and the tragic interest of the clerks and my dialogue and gestures always filled the house, but are too sad to relate.

Impulsiveness is a French characteristic. Human nature may be divided into two parts, one in general and French in particular, combining the caprices and contradictions of the other, and making a distinct species. In the Dreyfus affair there was no doubt of government corruption and that officers for a long time had sold out state secrets, but the mere mention of the name "Dreyfus" set the Frenchmen wild. President Loubet entered the ball room with his officials and received no honor, but when Marchon and Fashoda came in they were cheered, the band played and the people went crazy. I had only to ask the chambermaid a simple question and she became nervously attentive, sweet as your mother and as helpful as your neighbor's best girl.

The Exposition was a great show. I was whirled around the movable side-walk; circumnavigated the Great Globe; made the ascent of the Eiffel tower where Babel is outdone by a graceful lace work of iron nine hundred and eighty-five feet high with theatrical sittings and room for one thousand people; visited the Trocadero, the memorial of the exposition in 1878 filled with trophies of art and science and with

minaret towers nearly three hundred feet high and crescent galleries reminding one of the Orient; rambled through Old Paris reproduced, and then sought rest and refreshment in the Swiss village outside, one of the most realistic and unique exhibitions of the whole exposition.

The chef d'ouvre of all my amusement was my attendance at the Grand Opera, the finest theater in Paris or anywhere else that I know of. It is situated in the center of the city with fine surroundings; surmounted by a dome with a regal coronet; Apollo plays his golden harp; its famous staircase is made of solid white marble, onyx balustrades, jasper banisters and matchless pedestals. The foyer is superbly decorated and is the place where wealth, beauty and fashion walk and flirt between acts.

I heard Gounod's "Faust" complete in score, orchestration and stage setting. The great composer himself used to lead here. Some of his musicians performed that night. This was royal opera in name and in deed.

After this it was time to be pious and go to church, and we did go the next day to the La Madeleine which Napoleon intended for a temple of glory; he proposed but God disposed of him at Waterloo and the original church plan was carried out. It is one of the best specimens of

Greek architecture and reminded me of the Temple of Theseus at Athens.

Later we went to St. Denis cathedral, for centuries the burial place of kings. In 1793 the convention decreed that the royal tombs must go and a mad crowd acting on the advice battered down Charlemagne's bronze gates, smashed stained glass windows, desecrated the altars, overturned statues and threw royal remains in the ditch near by and covered them over with -lime. For twelve days this sacrilege was carried on. Later the former beauty was restored as far as possible by Napoleon I.

The Pantheon, or St. Genevieve, was intended by the convention for illustrious men. In front there is a gigantic bas-relief of Cuvier and Fenelon, while in the crypt beneath lie the remains of Voltaire and of Rousseau. The church is in the form of a Greek cross with dome in the center, and the walls are covered with Joan of Arc decorations. At Mont Marte we attended the church called the Vow of the Sacred Heart. We made a pilgrimage up the stairs and were rewarded by a magnificent view of Paris and environs. The vast proportions of the tower and dome, the size of the crypt and all the appointments make it a most marvelous structure.

Notre Dame is the most historic, most famous

and most visited. It is situated on a little island in the Seine river. Today the cross replaces the pagan symbol of worship of a thousand years ago. What a name to conjure with. Romans, Revolutionists, Rationalists, and now the Republic. It is a glorious monument of Gothic architecture, but renowned most of all for its association with the life and death, the honor and disgrace of royal and plebeian characters.

A church of peculiar interest is St. Germain-l'Auxerrios, from which tower, Aug. 24, 1572, by order of Charles IX., the bell rang for the massacre of the Protestants. St. Bartholomew is not forgotten.

I found Versailles a stupid town, but a splendid trophy of Louis XIV. and XV., that smart set of high rollers who with Maintenon and Pompadour lived lives not advocated in the Ten Commandments. The courtyard and statue of Louis XIV. are imposing; the building is a museum of statues and paintings illustrating French history and glory.

Here one sees the famous Gallery of Battles with its busts of great generals and those gigantic historical paintings celebrating French victories which the Parisian idolizes and the Germans in their conquest kindly spared. Petit Trianon, near by, recalls the happy life of the

young queen, Marie Antoinette, who romped and rollicked like a child in the home, mill, boudoir and dairy.

I visited St. Germain-en-Laye, the summer resort of Paris, thirteen miles from the city, on the bank two hundred feet above the Seine river, with a noble forest of fifteen thousand acres adjacent. Its terrace is about eight thousand feet by one hundred wide, dates from 1672, and is beautified by many lime trees over a hundred years old. One cannot forget the fine view and promenade. I went into the old castle which is now a museum of national antiquity, and dined in the Henry IV. pavillion, now used as a hotel, in which place Thiers died. The city is known as the birthplace of Louis XIV., Charles IX. and Margaret of Navarre.

I left all this hurriedly to make a train and as badly perplexed as the French priest who was approached by his parishoner who said, "Father, you don't know me?" "No," replied the priest. "Well, this is singular," said the man, "seeing you rendered me the greatest service one man could render another. You buried my wife."

French morality often seems to be a very elastic thing, a name and sometimes not even that. Popular balls are held Saturday night until 6 o'clock Sunday morning, when the gay vo-

taries drag themselves to breakfast and sleep all day.

There are good women as well as grisettes, handsome as well as homely, and when it comes to ornament they all dress. Their costumes are dreams, enchanting all eyes, but have too often been planned by Circes who never knew the name of wife and who try to hide the ravages of age and dissipation by fine clothes and the toilet arts of powder, pomatum and pompadour.

But there is brain as well as beauty. Here as well as elsewhere woman is back of the throne; she has often governed France, and the Paris salon has always been a great political power.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LAST OF FRANCE.

Paris is a synonym for pleasure. I found no relative of Mantilini to say that life was a "demd horrid grind." The French are not contented, as a French traveler said the Bostonians were, with "Thursday evening lecture and a prayer meeting." Napoleon knew and took advantage of their pleasure-loving nature when he said: "Gild the dome of the Invalides." One has not

far to go to find entertainment; cafes bright and rich on the inside and on the forty-foot sidewalk in front many little tables where hundreds of men and women drink Medoc, St. Julien, Bordeaux and absinthe while they talk and visit with each other and watch the passing show. Cafes Chantants, or Folies Bergere, and Moulin Rouge, and Maxims, where charms strike the eye and not the heart; where Plato's earthly Venus is in evidence and between whom and our American women we must erect a cordon sanitaire if De Tocqueville's estimate of the cause of our prosperity is to remain true, "The noble character of the American women."

Max O'Rell, who spent three years in America, says: "The most interesting woman in the world is the American woman." He might have added with equal truth, the most intelligent, modest and beautiful.

Lack of one of these American characteristics led to an episode in one of our company's experience. With his wife he attended the theater; he went out between acts for a drink. Two women came and sat by his side at the table, said "Bon soir," talked French and sentiment in all the dumb languages at their command. He said, "Du vin?" They said "Oui," and he ordered two bottles. After a little delay the waiter came

bringing two bottles and a liberal lunch. The gentleman objected, but the waiter said that the women had ordered it. This friendly vis-a-vis cost him about twenty francs.

The automobile was the "fast" thing in Paris and what I saw during several days I will give you a bird's eye view of in a few minutes. With a guide, who knew his business and a Jehu chaffeur, we sped like the Seine or the insane through Paris; over well paved and wide streets through which rolled life and wealth; by sidewalks with no unsightly telegraph poles; buildings uniform in height so that one does his own sky-scraping; names on street corners in white and blue enamel (respectfully submitted to our city fathers); news stands called "kiosques," artistic outside and informing inside; lamp posts of beautiful decoration which a man could be pardoned for leaning up against about 2 o'clock in the morning; pedestrians, wheels, and omnibusses with no crowd, for in Paris you pay your money and get a seat, and when the bus is full you meet the word "Complet." Now we sped through street Capacines known as the place of artists and wealthy bankers, then along the historic Rivoli with its shops, arcades and hotels through which flows a stream of tourists and shoppers. We stopped long enough at Bon

Marche to invest in a dozen pairs of kid gloves and made it our duty to try them on once in order to avoid meeting the custom-house duty for importation. A fresh start and we whirl by the garden of Monceau formerly associated with Louis Philippe, now the aristocratic quarter of modern Paris with its park, lake colonnades and soldier lovers, and striking statue of Guy de Maupassant and the mistress whom he loved and for whom he dared God and man. Now comes the rendezvous of high life, the Bois de Boulogne, a kind of Central park with trees, fountains, lakes, aristocratic drives in the morning, lovers in the evening and nurses looking after bare legged and beautiful, well dressed little boys and girls in the afternoon. Near by was Anna Gould's $4,000,000 palace and yet some people are not happy, count or no account.

We mixed the sunshine of this with a drive through different quarters; to the French market which, like the one in New Orleans,is a real life preserver, the Parisians' daily food bill being estimated at over $600,000;then to the morgue, a death preserver, with its horror of unfortunates, "mad from life's history, glad to death's mystery;" the sewer, which Jean Valjean immortalized, conducts not only the drainage but is used as a passage for tubes and pipes. The Paris

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sewer system is eight hundred miles long and so clean that without offense to nose or foot, you may make a partial trip over the netting.

"Allons," said the driver, and we went to the Conciergerie with its dungeon once occupied by Marie Antoinette; then to the guillotine, keen, cruel and corrective. But there was something of greater interest than all this and that was the site of the bloody Bastile, a prison of despotism for five hundred years, which the outraged people captured and destroyed. Its storming is celebrated now by a great annual festival. A huge shaft has been erected, surmounted with the gilded figure of Liberty, which holds a torch in one hand and a broken chain in the other. Surely the world does move.

A most suggestive place is the cemetery of Pere la Chaise—a city of the dead where sleep in marble couches the brain and heart of France. The grounds are filled with masterpieces of sculpture. The most frequented grave is that of Heloise and Abelard—a shrine toward which all good lovers make a religious pilgrimage. The estimate of these two people varies all the way between the blessing of Lamartine and the cursing of Mark Twain. Of this, at least, we are sure, they are dead—that in life they learned the sad, sweet lesson of loving "not wise-

ly but too well," that whether they lived together or were separated in nunnery or monastery, they were one in spirit, one in death, in one grave now and eternity has given them one home.

We could not omit old Paris and so went to the Palais Royal, the former home of Cardinal Richelieu. Like birds of passage we flew to Place du Carrousel square with its arch of triumph erected by Napoleon. The old horses of St. Mark's of Venice once adorned it, but a change of fortune took them back to the Adriatic and those you see here now are new. The Vendome Column commemorates the battle of Austerlitz. It is made of bronze from captured Roman and Austrian cannon and is covered from base to summit with figures, illustrative of the French army on the march. Napoleon's statue looks down from the top. The mad Commune overturned this monument but it was set up again and is now the meeting place of the old soldiers who, with citizens, deck it with flowers on the anniversary of certain great victories. But the most magnificent arch in Paris or Rome is the Arche de Triomphe from which twelve avenues radiate as the points of a star from the center. It was erected in memory of Napoleon's victories. There are medallions with the name of the battles, and statuary illustrative of the

great general's campaign. I climbed to the height of the arch, one hundred and sixty feet, and a vision of the past came over me. O, mighty dead who still lives in the love and life of French worshippers.

Now we glide by statues of Moliere, Joan of Arc, and Triomphe la Republique, eighty-two feet high, with liberty, equality and fraternity at its base and a lion holding a ballot box; by the Palais Justice and La Bourse, a financial pandemonium very much like the Board of Trade in Chicago. The driver stopped long enough here to take a drink and light a new cigar then started us for Champs Elysees. This two-mile drive leads one over Elysian fields filled with carriages, riders and thousands of pedestrians, while on either side are cafes, shade trees, lounging seats, Punch and Judy shows, all gay by day and glorious at night by light.

A place of sad and suggestive interest is the garden of the Tuileries. Today it is a place of music and promenade. One vainly looks for the palace which the communists mined in 1871. The spirit which destroyed the Parthenon, the Temple of Diana, led the vandals to ruin what had been a royal residence for three hundred years and especially associated with the leading events of Napoleon's life. As all roads lead to Rome

so we traveled to Place de la Concord, the former scene of execution of many kings and nobles, but now a place of peace. Two colossal fountains try in vain to wash out the "damned" blood spots; the obelisk from Luxor looks down in the silence which it has maintained for unknown centuries. Bronze shafts raise their torches of illumination and one counts around this square eight great statues illustrative of prominent French cities. Instead of flowers I noticed black drapery on one and learned it was for Strasburg which the Germans had captured in the late war. France will never forgive or forget this loss. I was the repeated guest of Mme. Wile who referred to it with feeling, telling me that before the war she visited Germany every year, but since their miserable theft she would not set foot in their territory or let them have one cent of her money; and like her are many other loyal French women.

If you tire of this enumeration you must remember I was tired, too, but my guide and driver urged me on, and even then there are many things which I saw between 1 and 3 a. m. day after day which I shall have to omit. I went to St. Cloud, a suburb of Paris laid out as a park, with shade and cascades. The fountains play twice every month and the spectacle is attended

by thousands of enthusiastic visitors. The grand chateau was destroyed by the Prussians in 1870, and here again the Frenchman is inclined to omit the petition "as we forgive our debtors."

Faubourg St. Antoine is the bowery of Paris. Here the tough element get together. They are ready for anything between a row and a revolution. The children were dirty, the women looked greasy and the men were everything you would not like to meet alone in the dark. What a contrast between this place and Sevres with its most beautiful chinaware and museum of models or porcelain, from all climes and times; or Gobelin with its tapestry and carpet and famous art work dating from the fifteenth century which enabled Mr. G. and his family to make millions and climb to political preferment.

I saw the parks, cafes, students, artists, fakirs, grisettes and model Trilbys of the Latin Quarter. St. Michael's Fountain is near by, which represents St. Michael as conquering the devil and trampling him under foot. I found some things which seemed to have gotten away from him or he had not had time to subdue.

It is only fair to say that human nature is practically the same everywhere. If, however, Paris seems worse in some respects than other places

it is an illustration of the law of demand and supply. Much of the unspeakable is planned for the tourist who demands it and is willing to pay the price.

Moreover the social atmosphere is altogether different. If, "Flirtation is love in water-colors" then Parisians are natural-born artists. They all do it, but so innocently and naturally and beautifully. Face, form and finery are attractive features. Since people dress so much to please other eyes it is but natural that they should make an expose of shoes, silks, and laces which would only be permissible in Chicago on a very rainy day,—Boston never.

Lawrence Sterne in his "Sentimental Journey," said, "There are three epochs in the empire of a French woman—she is a coquette, then Deist, then devotee." The classification still holds.

Who can ever forget Vela's statue of Napoleon, discrowned, disowned and with dying fingers on the outrolled map of Europe? I came from Versailles by Hugo's house, the dear old immortal man, loved next to Napoleon by both Les Miserables and grandissimes. At the gateway of Hotel des Invalides I met an old old soldier who bowed, gave me a picture, took my franc tip and ushered me beneath a dome three

hundred feet high gilded like the sun. Two million dollars for one man's sepulchre; marble floor and roof, magnificent altar between which and the entrance is the crypt containing the sarcophagus of red porphyry resting on a dark green granite pedestal with marble mosaic pavement in the form of a star surrounded by names of great battles. From above, in soft splendor, fell light of blue, gold and emerald; surrounding were bronze funeral lamps and twelve marble statues, of which the late De Witt Talmage said, "One with a wreath as if to crown; one with a pen as if to make a record for the ages; one with a key as if to open the celestial gate for a departed spirit; one with a trumpet to clear the way for the coming of a king."

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." Who can explain this sphinx of history, as First Consul, Emperor, then defeated, repudiated, imprisoned at Elba and chained at St. Helena like another Prometheus with vultures gnawing his heart? Reverently I paused—then silently descended the spiral steps leading to the crypt's entrance. On the right and left were the tombs of Duroc and Bertrand, Napoleon's two best friends. Over the "N" bronze doors I read the words he dictated at St. Helena, "I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine

among the French people whom I loved so well." That they loved him is shown by the fact that this tomb was spared by the vandal communists for whom nothing else was sacred.

Paris is the paradise of art: "Art, the counterfeit and counterpart of nature." Of more priceless value than all I have enumerated, were the treasures of the art galleries. The Luxembourg is filled with the works of modern painters and sculptors which remain here for ten years after the death of the artist, then the finest are selected for the Louvre. I found a few pictures warm enough to make fuel unnecessary in December, and the garden is filled with the statues of famous women. But the Louvre! I wish my pen could describe what I saw; any attempt would be foolish as to "paint a lily or add a hue to the rainbow." Its superb Apollo gallery with pictured ceiling and tapestried portraits; its antiquities from all times and places; crown and sword of Napoleon, spur of Charlemagne, gems and regent diamonds. But beyond any moneyed value is Murillo's sublime painting entitled the "Immaculate Conception," and the world renowned Greek statue of Venus of Melos. Standing by her side, I thought of the poet Heine who, tired and sick at heart, came and sat at the feet of the statue. He says she appeared to sympathize with

him, but also seemed to say: "You see I have no arms, I cannot help you," Poor Heine! Poor human heart. Everywhere found with its unhelped hurt.

L'Amour de la Paris? A thousand times yes, and thoroughly enough to say as Othello did of Desdemona: "Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee, and when I love thee not chaos is come again."

Leaving Paris I was put in a compartment car with four Frenchmen. It was 8 p. m., and I was weary of sight-seeing in gay Paree by sun and gaslight. No train boy came in with crackerjack or gum to disturb us. I had a peaceful nap and was suddenly startled by three of my companions, who were talking very rapidly and making indescribable gestures with their hands and arms. "Mon Dieu," frequently entered into their remarks, and I supposed they were pious until they added some profane words not permissible in clerical composition. They finally made the guard understand they wanted to get out, which they did, and I was left with one companion.

I dozed again and waked, and looking at my watch, found it was about time for the train to reach Dieppe, where I was to take the steamer across the channel. I said Dieppe and the man stared. Encore, Dieppe, and he said, "Non est

ver," or something like it, which put me in doubt. I added, London, and with warmth and repetition, to which with strange force and accent he said: "Impossible, impossible!" Here was a pretty state of affairs. He looked sober and sensible. I must have appeared like a fool, and I soon found out that I was, for I was on the wrong train and should have changed cars, where my three excitable friends did, instead of which I peacefully slept and had been carried in an opposite direction many miles away. What could I do? He spoke a little English and I a little French, and he said I was bound to Havre. He told me he would make it all right and explain matters at the depot, and that I could take a train next day and reach my party in London twenty-four hours later. I didn't sleep any more. He continued to assure me of his protection, and I gratefully accepted it, with the mental reservation that I would keep my eye on my valise and pocket-book. After midnight we pulled into the Havre station.

I was taken to the depot master, who promised me that without extra expense I could take the early train next morning and go on my way rejoicing. I tried hard to understand him, and believe him; I had to. Then my chaperone took me to the hotel opposite the depot. He pound-

ed the door and yelled and a night-capped head was thrust out of the window. My case was argued and the judgment was in my favor. The landlord came down in decollette at both ends of his robe de nuit and opened the door.

After saying "Merci Monsieur" to my deliverer I went into the hotel, through narrow halls, up steep stairs, until I knew in case of fire or murder I could never escape. I was shown a room in which there were two beds, one of them already occupied by a fellow who sat bolt upright as I stumbled through the door. I said, "Pardon, Monsieur."

The landlord offered a word of explanation and I was soon under a chaos of coarse but clean bed clothes. I am sure I slept with one eye open and that on the depot clock opposite, which I saw from my window. It was now 2 o'clock; I'd dreamed worse than if I had been full of De-Quincey opium, jumped up at 4:30, was dressed by 5, sneaked out without waking my partner and was met at the cafe bar by the landlord, who bade me good day and offered me a drink. I told him I was hungry and not thirsty. He gave me the best he had and I paid him the best of prices and went over to the depot. It was three hours before train time, but the station master was there. He seemed glad to see me, said every-

thing was all right, and told me I had some time for sight-seeing. I called for a hack, had the driver show me the town, and was brought back in safety. I paid him, but I can never repay the station generalissimo for his kindness. If I had been his brother, or sister, or some one else's, or had owed him one thousand francs and he wanted me to pay it, he could not have been more considerate or kind. In any other country I would have been considered as crazy or a candidate for jail or have been consigned with Judas to some other place where blankets were unnecessary. The Frenchman is nothing if not polite.

I was a pilgrim, and had only tarried but a night, yet I rushed around enough to see the arsenal, bath-houses, custom office, ship building yards, industrial points of fishing, making silk and lace, and to learn that this town was in the fore rank as an export point and place for emigration. In the near distance I saw a statue and found that it was Bernardin St. Pierre's and Havre was his birthplace. His story, "Paul and Virginia," is a household classic. Youth and old age love to read the story of the outcast boy and girl who grew up together on the island, loved and were true to each other in spite of social rank till death in the ocean storm claimed

Virginia, and Paul, insane with grief at her loss, soon followed her to the other shore.

From Havre to Rouen, in France, is about fifty miles, but some people in America have found it only a step, if not synonymous. This town is the old capital of Normandy, a great French city of export and import. There are bridges and boulevards between the old and new town; educational and philanthropic institutions; fine promenades and shade trees; Notre Dame cathedral, gate of the great clock bigger than grandfather's on the stair; the pulpit, where every year a criminal who has been condemned to death comes before the people, lifts up the shrine of St. Romain and receives pardon. The statue of Boieldieu, the composer of "Caliph of Bagdad," "Jean du Paris," is found on a street bearing his name. Of great and ever increasing interest is the public square where Joan of Arc was burned in 1431, and the tower which bears her name.

After much trial and tribulation I reached Dieppe. "Still swings the sea, mist shrouds the mountain and thunder bursts on cliffs and cloud." Dieppe is a seaport town one hundred and twenty-five miles northwest from Paris, situated at the mouth of the Arques river, which separates the main part of the town on the West

from Pollett on the East. The town suffered from the Edict of Nantes and later by bombardment from the Dutch and English. Today it boasts ship yards, a good harbor, where I saw a huge cross and statue of the Virgin for the protection of those who embark to cross the English channel for New Haven on the English side. There are rope and barrel factories, shops where good watches are made, and I saw skilled workers in ivory and bone, who sustained the reputation of their ancestors in this art work from the fifteenth century. I visited St. Jacques church and then walked the long street along the shore for more than a mile. It ends at the Chalk Cliff, on which there is a fifteenth century castle now used as a barracks. In season it is the fashionable promenade, and for years this point and near place have been stylish watering and bathing places. It was early in the season, but I promenaded so much without my guide that I wore out my patience and my soles; stumbled into a shoe shop, where the keeper fixed me up with leather half an inch thick, spiked together with hob nails which would have insured me the first prize for anything or anybody I had jumped on. At the beach I met a peasant girl with a basket strapped to her shoulders, carrying stones and pebbles the size of your hand for the new

town road. The sun was warm, the pack was heavy and the sand was deep, but there was no complaint. She was a picture, and I wanted one, and when I levelled my kodak she had been there before and posed as an art subject. She smiled; I gave her a franc; she went her way and I mine. Like her peasant mother and sisters, she was a worker. In America woman is often sheltered like a hot-house plant. She becomes at times "the fascinating lazzaroni of the parlor and boudoir," having a kind of contempt for manual usefulness. On the Continent it is different. Les messieurs in an unknightly way occupy chairs and sit around the stove, while their French sisters look out for themselves.

This to an American is bad taste and unpardonable, but it suggests that in France at least women have personality and feel they are to do some of the world's work. It is hideous to see the peasant women working with the shovel and pick and harnessed to a mule with a plow which her husband drives. They may not all be Venus de Milos but some manual labor would give them fine arms and busts instead of a wad of cotton batting with a pair of bones hanging at their sides. Such independence in the home would do much toward solving the American servant girl question and removing the objec-

tion which the poor man urges when he says, "I can't afford to get married and keep house too." Pat was wiser; when asked if he could support himself, he replied: "No, but I'll get married and Biddy will help me."

France is indeed a most beautiful country and in journeying over the points of its compass I've learned what Macaulay meant when he said, "The real use of traveling and of studying history is to keep men from being what Sam Dawson was in fiction and Samuel Johnson in reality."

CHAPTER XXVI.

LONDON AND ITS SIGHTS.

Beg pawdon, but don't cher know the blawsted English channel was as smooth as a confidence man when I crossed it. New Haven, England, loomed up with its two hundred feet high cliffs and fortified Castle Hill all sun-kissed with glory. After the custom house officers had held me up and found nothing, I climbed the side door of a queer looking train with a dummy looking engine that rolled as if it had wheels in its head, and everywhere else, to make the fifty-

six miles to the metropolis. Brighton was only eight miles distant, the fashionable watering place, where F. W. Robertson used to preach. Though dead, he still speaks through the many ministers who work off his superb sermons in whole or part every Sunday.

I was driven from the depot in a hansom to the splendid St. Ermine's hotel. I said, with Falstaff, "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" So I rang for hot water, and when the buxom maid had left it at the door, I said, "Thanks," and after a hasty toilet, with visions of roast beef, plum pudding and old port, I hurried down to breakfast to learn the wide difference between French and English cooking.

The weather was rainy, raw, foggy and sooty; not vernal like Palestine, or voluptuous like Italy but like London weather itself, beastly and nasty. However, this was just the kind of an in-door day for sightseeing. I called a cabby, a big, fat, red-nosed man, full of ale and facts, gave him a tip and off went his mouth and horse; he discoursed on the city's roads, good walks, efficient police and noted objects of passing interest, all the time driving through crowds, grazing curbs, brushing wheels and popping flies from off his horse's ear in a wonderful way.

I visited a number of museums, notably the

South Kensington, with its fine building filled with articles useful and ornamental, ancient and modern, and collection of paintings, statuary and things which make a connossieur liable to forget the commandment against covetousness.

Then came the world-famed British Museum, England's most priceless possession, with its manuscripts and books, prints and drawings, coins, and medals, Babylonish, Egyptian, Roman and Greek antiquities. The Elgin marbles which his lordship had "conveyed" from the Parthenon I saw in all their beauty. At Athens I felt outraged at Elgin's theft and that the poor Greeks had only plaster casts of the originals, but here the marbles are safe and sound and any Athenian may come and "frieze" himself to his heart's content.

"Lost in London" I had seen in America, but it was no play joke here; I don't mean the experience I had one night at Seven Dials, but the feeling of isolation and desolation in a great, strange crowd. When DeQuincey entered London he felt like a wave in the Atlantic or a plant in a forest; really, this "mask of maniacs and pageant of phantoms" affected me quite the same. Dear old London, older than ten thousand years, how thy eight millions pour down streets and alleys, by Charing Cross hotel, and

out into the Strand, beating me against Eleanor Cross, that soot and smoke-grimed marble block, erected to the memory of Edward I.'s wife, that rare woman who possessed the unusual combination of goodness and beauty.

One morning I went with my friend to Temple Bar, not so much for a drink as to follow the example of Dr. Johnson, who used to come here and amuse himself by looking at and studying the crowds of people. The bar has given way to a memorial with a statue of royalty and the devil of a dragon on top; I was a little surprised at first, but found him on top in so many other places that I thought it must be all right. Temple Bar, you know, was the dividing line between the English sovereigns' and lord mayor's domain, a kind of patrol limit. The king had to ask permission to visit the town, after which "ma lawd" mayor gave him the keys and told him to help himself, a custom we are familiar with on the occasion of Elks and other religious convocations in our country.

Near by I found many historical, literary haunts to which great and good men naturally gravitated, as the wise men of Greece did to Athens and the up-to-date men do now from St. Paul to Minneapolis. After a swift tramp to Fleet street, to see Newspaper Row, a visit to

the haunts of Milton, Goldsmith, Dickens, and some of the other "literary fellers" I went with Irving in his Sketch Book to "Little Britain" where the people religiously ate pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, hot-cross buns on Good Friday, roast goose at Michaelmas, sent love letters on St. Valentine's day, burned the Pope on November 5th and kissed all the girls under the mistletoe on Christmas.

I could give you a "tedious brief account" of the bridges across the Thames, notably London Bridge. This bridge is in no danger of "falling down" with the $8,000,000 invested in its construction and sentinel lamp posts along its sides, cast from cannon captured from the French in Spain. The tide of humanity pours over it as the Thames does under it. Cock Lane Ghosts, Dames Quickly, Boars' Head bums, Mother Shiptons, Punch and Judies, Jarley figures, Billing's Gates slang-whangers, Bill Sykes bullies, frail feminines, doctors, lawyers, merchants and thieves, walking, driving or jammed in or on busses all plastered over with ads of food, clothing, or drink so that the stranger can hardly read the name of his destination.

East End is London's "hub of hell," a "Bridge of Sighs" over which helpless misery travels whither God only knows. I went with police es-

cort and needed it more than in any other slumming tour I had ever made. Gin shops, girls and old women drunk, men's gambling hells and prostitutes' pandemonium! Oh the wretchedness, poverty, disease, squalor, little men and women with souls already filled with graves from which sad skeletons rose; all those and more, not simply to wonder at and weep over but to work for as London does, giving more in charity in proportion to its population than any other city on the continent.

In his gospel for the poor, Charles H. Spurgeon, the great benefactor and philanthropist, England's real "Prime Minister," found that, "the way to God is by the road of man."

London takes great pride in her palaces and parks; St. James' park with foliage and lake for saints and sinner; Kensington gardens with plants, walks and trees, where without any prohibitory clause you may go to grass like Nebuchadnezzar; Hyde Park, best of all, with its fine gateways and marble arch intended as a monument to Nelson, and grass, flowers, trees, Serpentine Lake, and Rotten Row, alive with riders and walks filled with people of all climes and conditions who in fashion and beauty come in crowds.

In London, as in Paris, you may find any kind

of pleasure you please; concert halls, dance houses, circuses, chambers of horrors, theaters of drama and farce and all kinds of variety shows far removed in spirit from the time when holy play and representations of miracles were performed. English bar maids are greatly and grossly in evidence. London seems to have the unique distinction of having thousands of these girls who "make destruction please;" girls who will ogle, flirt, tell off-color stories, drink ale familiarly and profusely with you and prove how much worse a bad woman is than a bad man because she falls from a greater height.

The National Gallery of painting on Trafalgar Square possesses a fine exhibit. I recognized specimens by the old masters whom I had been introduced to in Italy and I further met the best of the English school. The Turner collection is superb. What an artist, subject and treatment! I saw his Venetian scenes with their rose, white, emerald, and sapphire, and admired his love of brilliant color and light which made him matchless. To think any one should say, "Turner's pictures look like a tortoise-shell cat having a fit on a platter of tomatoes."

One of the most striking things is a London Sunday; Babel is then quiet, shops are shut, streets deserted, trains and busses run at longer

intervals, most of the restaurants are closed, and your ears are not bombarded with "morning paper." The churches are full of worshippers; royalty doesn't attend church very much, and then privately, but the many go; some to Ritualistic and others to Dissenting churches, in both of which one finds the spirit of reverence, and obedience for law, human and divine, which we seem to lack in America.

England isn't as much on church architecture as Italy; St. Paul's is imposing for strength and simplicity, but without and within it is a great disappointment. The fine dome leads you to expect marbles, mosaics, altars and windows like the cathedrals of the continent, but you see dust, fog, grimy walls and semi-nude memorial statues of Dr. Johnson and other grave celebrities. I saw the fine thought and epitaph concerning the architect, Christopher Wren: "If you seek his monument look around you." If Wren's plans had been carried out for St. Paul's interior decoration, it would have been far better for him and us. I don't suppose Nelson and the Duke of Wellington, who lie here, care very much about their aesthetic surroundings, but when it comes to Sir Joshua Reynolds and J. M. Turner, those great artists, it seems to me they would "kick" if they could.

Westminster Abbey is far different, and I

can't just see why Heine gave the sexton a shilling and said he would have given him more if the "collection" had been more complete. Recall its age back into 1000, its splendid Gothic architecture, aisles and Rose windows, its powerful memories, and would you refuse a bust there if they paid for it and insisted on your having it? It is a pile of "mournful magnificence," but it attracted me many times with its service, music, coronation-chair, shrines, sepulchres, effigies, inscriptions of kings, heroes, statesmen, philanthropists and poets, including our own Longfellow. The late Dean Stanley had reason to value the abbey and regard it as "a religious national and liberal institution." Such it is, and I'd like to try my hand at a worthy description of this historic pile had not Washington Irving already done it.

Because Mr. Wren's plans were not adopted in laying out the streets of London after the big fire, they outrival Boston; but this makes them more interesting in a way, for like Micawber you are always expecting something to "turn up" and you find yourself turned at the wrong place.

I strolled through swell Regent and Oxford streets, peeked in Piccadilly, promenaded in Pall Mall, bought a shirt in Thread-needle, took

in Ludgate's circus and lounged on Thames Embankment and Victoria street. Since London has one thousand miles of streets, there were some I didn't have time to visit.

I did drive to Lambeth Palace, along the Victoria Embankment with its walk, trees, and obelisk, and by the side of the Thames more significant today than Nile and Tiber in its wide influence. I visited the houses of parliament, a pile of fine Gothic extending one thousand feet along the river's bank. Bright, Disraeli, Gladstone! What names to conjure with! Of more interest to me than the Victoria tower, through which the queen entered parliament, or Clock tower with its bar steel minute-hand twelve feet long, or Big Ben with its thirteen ton bell bang, is the idea of parliament, the declaration of the truth, not only of the divine right of kings but the right divine of the people.

Of the many places of interest, I can only suggest a few, though I didn't think I ever felt like the traveler who said, "I am sorry I didn't go with you, for then I might have said, I'd been there." Trafalgar Square is to London what Place de la Concord is to Paris. The Nelson Column, granite fluted, flanked by Landseer's big bronze lions, rises proudly above the London the great admiral made secure in 1805, when he

blocked the little game of France and Spain who were attempting to invade England. His words, "England expects every man to do his duty," still thrill every Britisher's heart.

Leaving this statue and that of the soldierly Gordon, I drove to the Albert Memorial, which cabby in formed me was "a statue as is a statue." Albert is remembered as the good Prince Consort of Victoria. Theirs was a love match and marriage. He was a man who loved England, and whom England cherishes as good and great. He was devoted to art and science and with John Bright was a firm upholder of the Union cause in the Civil war. Granite steps lead to a pedestal whose corners have statuary of Europe, Asia, and Africa; to a base with one hundred and sixty-nine life-size marble statues of the great geniuses from the world's earliest history; one hundred and seventy-five feet above rises the glittering Gothic spire, surmounted by a golden cross, while under this canopy stands a gilded bronze statue of Prince Albert, fifteen feet high.

One day after an underground ride in a chamber of horrors with smoke, soot and smell that made Dante's hell a desirable station to change cars at, I visited the famous London Tower; it's the English Bastile, covers twenty-six acres and

many more broken hearts, and goes back to William the Conqueror's time, 1078; its White, Bloody, Middle, Bell and Beauchamp towers "could a tale unfold" which would make you think the furnace fire had gone out in January. It is full of the story of despair and death; the names Wallace, Clarence, Edward V. and Richard, Katharine and Raleigh stretch to the "crack of doom." I entered some of these cells, read the names, inscriptions and verses on the wall and thanked God I was a free American. The guide led me to the Traitors' gate by the river with memories of Sir Thomas More and Anne Boleyn, whom Henry VIII. killed that he might marry Jane Seymour. Then I wandered to the armory which had been a royal residence in Elizabeth's time, but was now filled with arms enough to fit an army and with trophies from the world over where British valor had won; afterwards to the treasury room with crowns, jewels and royal insignia and dining-room outfits of gold. These are all guarded by the big "beef eaters"—they looked watchful and worshipful.

The Bank of England looks like a Gibraltar, stone, massive, one-storied, windowless, and covers four acres. It has been compared to the "central dynamo of the financial world;" that

sounds well, and yet nations sometimes go down the financial toboggan slide of supremacy. American money and credit are pretty good here. We have something to say about iron, steel, tin, tools, ships and electric traction. Think of it! John Bull looking at an Elgin watch early in the morning, shaving with Yankee soap, eating bread made of Minneapolis flour, reading a paper printed on an American machine, working before a Michigan-made desk, smoking Virginia cheroots, drinking an American cocktail, reading an American book or attending a musical concert where Nordica is the star.

It is only natural that an Englishman should believe there is nothing above him and that other nations need heaven as the only thing which can console them for not being born Englishmen. This satisfied and stolid manner has led to cutting cartoon and criticism. Brunetiere, the French critic, says: "The dazzling fact of America's history in the nineteenth century is the continuous progress of the Democratic ideal, and this ideal is the contradiction of the Anglo-Saxon ideal." Lawrence Sterne said that an Englishman did not know whether to take or reject the "sweet or sour" of a compliment, while our inimitable Mr. Dooley affirms that in an American joke you laugh just after the point if

at all, but in the English you laugh either before the point or after the decease of the joker.

Be this and more, as it may, the English have fine traits in the fibre of their individual and national life; home is the Englishman's castle on the husband's part, and the good wife makes it the conservatory of the beautiful. Their boys and girls are loving and obedient, and with simple food, pleasures, and exercise, make noble men and women; their hospitality is proverbial and when you are invited to it it means much.

I think it was Mr. Smelfungus who called the Pantheon a "Huge cockpit;" in no such spirit have I recorded my impressoin of London which I greatly admire for its government, streets, spacious parks, wonderful museums, historic and literary memory. We Americans have many points in common with our British relatives in respect to business, education and religion; we look much alike, talk the same language and sing the same national air. I have seen the London John Bull. In appearance he is more than a sturdy, fat fellow with round hat, leather breeches and red waistcoat; in character he is more than pipe and tankard, guineas and growls, protecting or patronizing airs; he is well compared to his old oak staff "rough outside and sound within."

CHAPTER XXVII.

HISTORIC SPOTS OF ENGLAND.

We started out with a swinging tallyho that shook us up like dice in a box. We had four good English horses, a horn blowing footman to toot asthmatic echoes and a driver who knew how to size up his passengers. As usual I found it paid to be on good terms and make friends with the coachman. It was a jolly party of six. Months of travel had jolted them into a social disposition.

Gulliver's account of his "Travels" shows a tendency to exaggerated statement, but if Mr. G. had been with us he couldn't have said too much for it was a Mark Tapley crowd.

Paris is not France and London is not England; from the rush of the city we came to the repose of the country; if London had been an open book of history and literature, the country was a scenic panaroma. For a week we saw vine-clad cottages and little inns with pretty milk and bar-maids; here cattle in the greenest of pastures and there ivy clad churches and towers; on all sides hawthorn hedges, flower gardens, corn fields, oaks and elms fresh and green. Now at last I learned the meaning of England's raw fog and mist and what they were good for.

Windsor is twenty-six miles from London; I enjoyed this old town with its "Garter's Inn" where old Jack Falstaff used to jolly the "Merry Wives of Windsor." There is a royal forest of kingly oaks, and a "Keep," where the youthful James I. was imprisoned during which time he wrote, "King's Quair," and made love over the garden wall to the girl he afterwards married when set free. But the main thing is the castle, that residence of royalty situated on the big mound where the Round Tower stands. This was the place where King Arthur and his pals used to sit up nights and booze the happy hours away. St. George's Chapel invited us with its royal mausoleum, its famous wrought iron work and library with manuscripts by Da Vinci and historic portraits by Holbein. "Wolsey's Tomb House" is a sad commentary on human greatness. The poor cardinal was turned down in his life, and the fine tomb he made for the repose of his bones had the bronze torn off and was looted and sold by the commonwealth; even the naked black marble was removed to St. Paul's as a monument for Nelson's grave; a case of "Robbing Peter to pay Paul."

A hungry crowd of us rode a mile and crossed the bridge to Eton, where classic and practical knowledge is dished out to boys British born or

subjects. Lamb has told us of this school in his quaint essay. Lamb, to use a mixed figure, was a rare bird; his delicate feeling, humor and quaintness stamp him as one of England's most delightful essayists.

Now we canter to Canterbury. Our coach was like a shuttle weaving green grass and blue sky with strands of sunshine into a ribbon and laying it along the fine roads over which we traveled. The city is on an old Roman site; historic for its monastery of St. Augustine, schools, cathedral where Thomas a'Becket was martyred, and his miracle-working grave. This was the town, I think, where Watt Tyler rose up and made a center rush; best of all known as the place where Chaucer tells his "Tales" of the fashionable and pious people who came here on a pilgrimage; his stories are daguerreotypes of the society of his day.

A ride through hills, watered valleys and groves brings us to Oxford, the center of education. I had visited other temples of learning, notably the Little Red School House of America, Heliopolis in Egypt, and Plato's academy in Athens, but here I was all surrounded like "o" in Oxford itself. I think I counted two dozen colleges and several ladies' seminaries. For a number of centuries it has been a garden of wis-

dom where human bees have hived its sweets. The surroundings and atmosphere are of men who put genius above gold and felt there was something bigger in this world that a large bank account. Of interest is the famed Bodlein library, dating from 1602 with a donated copy of every book printed in the kingdom. I think this is a good way to collect a library. The Clarendon press is an imprimatur to many of our books. A building of great interest contains sketches of Angelo and Raphael, a manuscript of Virgil, the first Mainz Bible and an Egyptian edition of Plato. As a relief to all this classic lore I recalled "Folly Bridge," saw the site where King Alfred lived a thousand years ago, and laughed at the thought of Crown Inn, where Shakespeare used to stop on his way to London, having left his dear Ann Hathaway at home with the children.

We arrived at Stratford the literary Mecca of the world's pilgrimage on a rainy day, but it was suggestive of the tears of joy which millions shed on Shakespeare's grave to keep his memory green. We put up at the Red Horse hotel, where Irving wrote his suggestive sketch. After a big dinner we viewed Child's American memorial fountain with its Gothic tower and clock, then strolled across the fields to Ann

Hathaway's cottage to see where Shakespeare had played Romeo to the original Juliet. The Memorial library is filled with thousands of volumes of the dramatist and his commentators, and there is a fine theater auditorium where his plays are yearly acted. Of course, we went to his humble home with its low-ceiling room all scribbled over with autographs of Byron, Dickens, Scott and some other less illustrious people. At his school the guide pointed out the place where Shakespeare used to sit, where he studied and where he was flogged. One of the most interesting points was Trinity church, by clear-flowing Avon. It made a pretty picture, with its old elms, gray tombstones and half-faded inscriptions. I slowly entered the building, walked down its cross-formed aisles, which the sexton told me inclined at an angle to "represent the bended head of the Saviour." I admired the memorial windows, and like steel to a magnet, was drawn to Shakespeare's bust and the slab beneath, with its quaint inscription and request for rest, which every "good friend" continues to respect for his and "Jesus' sake."

Who was Shakespeare, anyhow? He has been dead so long he cannot speak for himself, and various answers have been given. Some think he was a combination of boyish poetry and

passion, prose and poaching; others hold he was a mad genius who married his wife by a kind of poet's license, and resembled Horace Greeley in clothes and penmanship; others maintain him to be the myriad-minded man who "possessed a capacity for universal knowledge without the universal experience." Ignatius Donnelly thought that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, while a recent writer declared that Shakespeare wrote Bacon, and there it is. Well, we have the immortal works. How much was called out of night to everlasting day! The world has set up a tablet in its heart and written thereon the tribute of love and respect.

Stoke-Pogis is a prosy place but immortally renowned on account of Gray and his "Elegy." I saw the writer's cottage with its flowers and foliage. I wandered to the church with its "ivy-mantled tower," and looked at the grave beneath the Oriel window. He was a poet who more than the warrior Wellington left a deathless fame in hearts by verses whose sentiment will continue to sing through all eternity. Seven years is a pretty long time to work off and on on one poem, but he did and the end justifies the means. I wonder if seven times seven would enable another man to write its equal?

Warwick is eight miles from Stratford and

the road which had led through pretty scenery at last came to bedrock, covered with ivy and trees. In imagination the old Knights and their Ladies once more came out to meet us and stood and sat beside us. Here are towers of Caesar, and the gateways of Guy and Sundial. The cedars of Lebanon, which you see, are grown from seed which the brave earl brought from Palestine. The castle looks bold and frowning as William the Conquerer who stopped here on his first campaign. Windsor castle is a fine feudal mansion; its reception room is decorated with antlers, axes and armor; its drawing room is filled with bronzes, mosaics and historic paintings. These were all of interest to me but I had a woman's curiosity to see Beauchamp chapel of stone, oak, stained glass, and its armor-clad sculptured dead. Here continue to lie the remains of Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, that admirer of women who was Queen Elizabeth's favorite. She thought so much of him that she gave him Kenilworth castle for a Christmas gift. The earl spent barrels of money on it, had it guarded by thousands of soldiers, and ran a lusher banquet hall which was the scene of many a revel. It was presto change when Cromwell came and knocked it into a cocked hat. Today it is a beautiful ivy-covered red sandstone ruin.

Sir Walter Scott visited it, took notes and gave us his Kenilworth. How the vision of the past rises at the pen of this Wizard of the North. The ruins are as empty as a church contribution box, but he has made them full of interest.

Chester: "Charge, Chester, charge!" and you may believe they did, for it was Derby Day and an American horse had won the race. An Englishman wanted to bet with me. I told him it was against the ethics of my profession. He begged my "pawdon," and said that he would give half of what he won to the collection the following Sunday. I'm sure he lost.

Chester is an old Roman town on the river Dee. There are two miles of circular stone walls, forty feet high in places, and wide enough for a promenade. Briton, Saxon and Dane have in turn occupied this place. You find good old timber houses which have come down from the seventeenth century, while some modern buildings are made to imitate them in their crazy looking style. There is a curious covered sidewalk following the old Roman thoroughfare and four streets at right angles, making roads of continuous galleries over and under which the leaning houses line the streets. Antiquarians have found many coins, altars and Roman inscriptions. On a spot called the "Wishing Steps" I

loitered and lounged wishing that I could "strike it rich."

At last we reached Birkenhead on the Mersey river, opposite Liverpool. It has mammoth floating docks and big ferries. There was something that struck me more forcibly than all this and that was the first good English argument I had heard for the Boer war. There were a lot of lazy men standing around to whom an old lady said, "The war in Africa would be a good thing if you could just be sent over there and do something."

Liverpool at last, or Whirlpool, it seemed to me that night, and Hotel Adelphi was a friend in need and deed. Next morning we met some of the party whom we had been separated from for weeks. After a breakfast washed down by a cup of English tea we drove through shaded boulevards to Princes' park. The most wonderful docks in the world line the shore for a distance of seven miles. We had time to look in the Old Town Hall, St. George's hall, built in the form of a Greek temple, and to attend the Walker gallery filled with art treasures and where, at this time, Munckacksy's "Ecce Homo" was on exhibition. The "Grand Old Man" was born in this town, and our distinguished novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne, was United States

consul here from '53 to '57. We took pride in this and wrote our name in a black and not Scarlet Letter.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GOOD OLD YANKEELAND.

I had planned a call at Blarney Castle and a visit to an old friend in Edinburgh, but it was too late. Time, tide and ship wait for no man, and I consoled myself by saying Ireland and Scotland were near by and I could run over there any time.

It was Thursday, May 10, and we were to leave Old England on the New England. The dock was filled with people, and we were glad to start for home.

Fifty little orphans in line started down the gang-plank, one fell down and then there were forty-nine on top of him, but I rescued him and laughter filled the dimpled faces which had been full of tears.

All ashore, a signal, a rush of steam, and we were off. As the city and shore disappeared, my eyes splashed with water salter than the sea, and in the spirit of Charles Dickens, with the

words of his Tiny Tim, I said, "God bless us all every one."

After dinner that night I watched the steerage passengers fiddle and dance and knew that joy was no respecter of persons. Later in the grand salon, after promenade, music and talk, a lady passenger drank the toast, "Bon Voyage," in a glass of hot lemonade, which shivered in her hands and spattered over all. She laughed and said it was a good sign, but I was a little skeptical, so I went to my room, read "Double Thread," and prepared for rough weather by sewing buttons on my storm coat and pants. This done I stuck the needle into my chum, Professor P., who was an organist at home, and lay snoring in a way equal to three reed stops plus his mouth for a trombone.

Next morning we anchored at Queenstown and, begorry, the auld Emerald isle was just before us. We didn't land but some of the natives boarded our ship and sold us beads, lace and black thorn canes. These salesmen were jolly Irish beggars and the women recalled Moore's lines: "On she went and her maiden smile in safety lighted her round the green isle."

Life on the ocean wave is calm and restful. Every one wears easy clothes and manners. You eat, drink, doze, read, chat, promenade, play po-

ker, ring-toss or shuffle board, recount experiences or swap stories. One evening I played the Wedding March for a couple who had celebrated their anniversary on board. Later I went to an orphans' concert in the aft cabin where men and women played and sang in all keys and none. It seems I was somewhat of a prophet, for one morning I began to feel a little "homesick" and came on deck without a shave or a necktie. I would have gone by land if I could, but "Mr. Captain would not stop the boat and let me off and walk." Sunday I was convalescent and preached from the Traveler's Psalm, "He maketh the storm a calm so that the waves thereof are still; then are they glad because they be quiet."

It was "good" Friday indeed when the pilot whom we had picked up brought us into the harbor. Christopher C. guessed his way across the ocean but we came straight as a Kentucky colonel to a Louisville bar. There is no doubt that the greatest genii in the Arabian Nights was the steam that came out of the little bottle and took shape. We slowed up in the bay because of the fog. Later the wharf appeared and in my attempts to attract the attention of a friend, I slipped and fell on the wet boards but the old flag that I carried didn't mop the deck.

No matter what your religion or politics may be you are always a free-trader when you come to shore. A government official was on to his job and mine. I offered him good advice and assistance which he ignored politely, as he proceeded to play Vesuvius with my picked up plunder. I had several narrow escapes, but he let me off free. He was a gentleman. Home again! I was so intoxicated with its atmosphere and patriotism that I didn't know whether I walked or flew over Boston Common and Bunker Hill monument. My relative, "Little Nell," tried to sober me but I only subsided when I saw a burly policeman who eyed me suspiciously and acted as if he would like to run me in.

I came back to America with a conviction which I would write in capital letters: That there is no land in all the world like ours in respect to its domain, history and citizenship; that for unity, wages, education and religion, we are "foremost in the files of time." I had rather be born poor here than a prince anywhere else.

Travel had always been a fruit of "restless poison" to my blood, whether I was in the glaciers of Alaska, palms of Mexico, granite of Massachusetts or gold of California. I believe man was made to live a great while in a little

while if he only knew how, and no man can travel more and know less than he did before.

It is one thing to read, hear and see pictures of places, it is another to realize their history, and be with Virgil's hero a part of what you have seen. Tennyson told Bayard Taylor, "A book of travels may be so written that it shall be as immortal as a great poem."

The successful tourist should know how to see, listen and describe. I have tried to do all three, with what success or failure my readers now know. I have learned some things; this is a big world and at best one's soul only dips its wings into the ocean of God's beauty. All the violets do not grow in one place and God's untranslated gospel of love is found everywhere. Go where you may, you will always find eyes which flash forth intelligence and patriotism.

I may forget all the trip cost, of money, time, energy, hardship and patience, but I know that in spite of who, what and where I may be, Memory "will bring to mind the light of other days around me;" Egypt with its antiquity; Palestine with its sanctity; Asia with its luxury; Greece with its beauty; Pompeii with its desolation; Italy with its art; Switzerland with its scenery; Germany with its music; Holland and Belgium with their heroism; France with its beauty; England

with its history. Of these places and peoples visited I feel:

Oh, the years I lost before I knew you, Love!
Oh, the hills I climbed and came not to you, Love!
Ah, who shall render unto us to make us glad,
The things which for and of each other's sake
We might have had?

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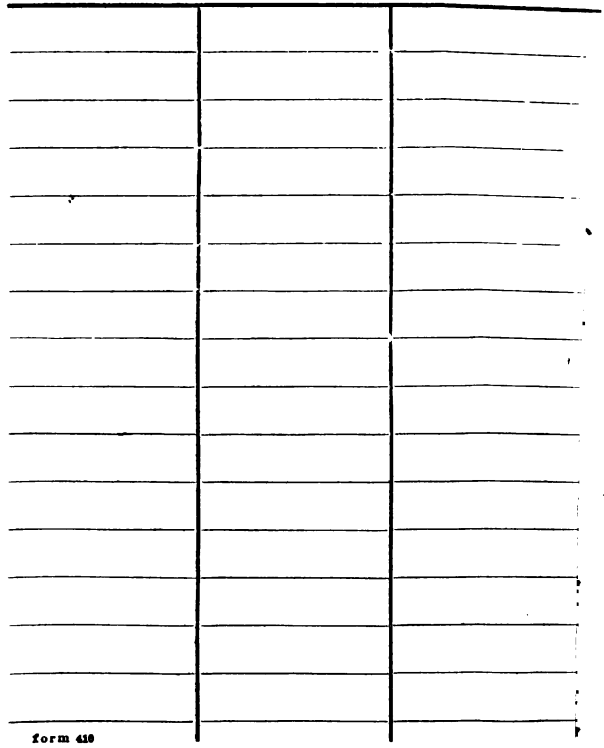
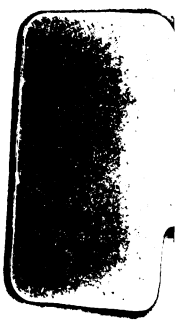
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